

ment of roguery is a proof that the savages in question have not been demoralized, but have actually been raised in the social scale.

Mr. Chapman's experiences of the Makoba tribe were anything but agreeable. They stole, and they lied, and they cheated him. He had a large cargo of ivory, and found that his oxen were getting weaker, and could not draw their costly load. So he applied to the Makoba for canoes, and found that they were perfectly aware of his distress, and were ready to take advantage of it, by demanding exorbitant sums, and robbing him whenever they could, knowing that he could not well proceed without their assistance. At last he succeeded in hiring a boat in which the main part of his cargo could be carried along the river. By one excuse and another the Makoba chief delayed the start until the light wagon had gone on past immediate recall, and then said that he really could not convey the ivory by boat, but that he would be very generous, and take his ivory across the river to the same side as the wagon. Presently, the traveller found that the chief had contrived to open a tin-box in which he kept the beads that were his money, and had stolen the most valuable kinds. As all the trade depended on the beads he saw that determined measures were needful, presented his rifle at the breast of the chief's son, who was on board during the absence of his father, and assumed so menacing an aspect that the young man kicked aside a lump of mud, which is always plastered into the bottom of the boats, and discovered some of the missing property. The rest was produced from another spot by means of the same inducement.

As soon as the threatening muzzles were removed, he got on shore, and ran off with a rapidity that convinced Mr. Chapman that some roguery was as yet undiscovered. On counting the tusks it was found that the thief had stolen ivory as well as beads, but he had made such good use of his legs that he could not be overtaken, and the traveller had to put up with his loss as he best could.

Yet it would be unfair to give all the Makoba a bad character on account of this conduct. They can be, and for the most part are, very pleasant men, as far as can be expected from savages. Mr. Baines had no particular reason to complain of them, and seems to have liked them well enough.

The Makoba are essentially a boatman tribe, being accustomed to their canoes from earliest infancy, and being obliged to navigate them through the perpetual changes of this capricious river, which at one time is tolerably quiet, and at another is changed into a series of whirling eddies and dangerous rapids, the former being aggravated by occasional back-flow of the waters. The canoes are like the racing river-boats of our own country, enormously long in proportion

to their width, and appear to be so frail that they could hardly endure the weight of a single human being. Yet they are much less perilous than they look, and their safety is as much owing to their construction as to the skill of their navigator. It is scarcely possible, without having seen the Makoba at work, to appreciate the wonderful skill with which they manage their frail barks, and the enormous cargoes which they will take safely through the rapids. It often happens that the waves break over the side, and rush into the canoe, so that, unless the water were baled out, down the vessel must go.

The Makoba, however, do not take the trouble to stop when engaged in baling out their boats, nor do they use any tool for this purpose. When the canoe gets too full of water, the boatman goes to one end of it so as to depress it, and cause the water to run toward him. With one foot he then kicks out the water, making it fly from his instep as if from a rapidly-wielded scoop. In fact, the canoe is to the Makoba what the camel is to the Arab, and the horse to the Comanches, and, however they may feel an inferiority on shore, they are the masters when on board their canoes. The various warlike tribes which surround them have proved their superiority on land, but when once they are fairly launched into the rapids of the river or the wild waves of the lake, the Makobas are masters of the situation, and the others are obliged to be very civil to them.

One of the typical men of this tribe was Makata, a petty chief, or headman of a village. He was considered to be the best boatman and hunter on the river, especially distinguishing himself in the chase of the hippopotamus. The illustration No. 1 on page 351 is from a sketch by Mr. Baines, who depicts forcibly the bold and graceful manner in which the Makobas manage their frail craft. The spot on which the sketch was taken is a portion of the Bo-tlet-le river, and shows the fragile nature of the canoes, as well as the sort of water through which the daring boatman will take them. The figure in the front of the canoe is a celebrated boatman and hunter named Zanguellah. He was so successful in the latter pursuit that his house and court-yard were filled with the skulls of the hippopotami which he had slain with his own hand. He is standing in the place of honor, and guiding his boat with a light but strong pole. The other figure is that of his assistant. He has been hunting up the river, and has killed two sable antelopes, which he is bringing home. The canoe is only fifteen or sixteen feet long, and eighteen inches wide, and yet Zanguellah ventured to load it with two large and heavy antelopes, besides the weight of himself and assistant. So small are some of these canoes, that if a man sits in them, and places his hands on the sides, his fingers are in the water.

The reeds that are seen on the left of the illustration are very characteristic of the country. Wherever they are seen the water is sure to be tolerably deep—say at least four or five feet—and they grow to a great height, forming thick clumps some fifteen feet in height. It often happens that they are broken by the hippopotamus or other aquatic creatures, and then they lie recumbent on the water, with their heads pointing down the stream. When this is the case, they seem to grow *ad libitum*, inasmuch as the water supports their weight, and the root still continues to supply nourishment.

In the background are seen two canoes propelled by paddles. The scene which is here represented really occurred, and was rather a ludicrous one. The first canoe belongs to the Makololo chief, M'Bopo, who was carrying Messrs. Baines and Chapman in his canoe. He was essentially a gentleman, being free from the habit of constant begging which makes so many savages disagreeable. He had been exceedingly useful to the white men, who intended to present him with beads as a recompense for his services. It so happened that another chief, named M'skotlani, who was a thorough specimen of the begging, pilfering, unpleasant native, suspected that his countryman might possibly procure beads from the white men, and wanted to have his share. So he stuck close by M'Bopo's canoe, and watched it so jealously that no beads could pass without his knowledge. However, M'skotlani had his paddle, and M'Bopo had his beads, though they were given to him on shore, where his jealous compatriot could not see the transaction.

It has been mentioned that Mikáta was a mighty hunter as well as an accomplished boatman, and, indeed, great skill in the management of canoes is an absolute essential in a hunter's life, inasmuch as the chief game is the hippopotamus. The next few pages will be given to the bold and sportsmanlike mode of hunting the hippopotamus which is employed by the Makoba and some other tribes, and the drawings which illustrate the account are from sketches by Mr. Baines. As these sketches were taken on the spot, they have the advantage of perfect accuracy, while the fire and spirit which animates them could only have been attained by one who was an eye-witness as well as an artist.

According to Dr. Livingstone, these people are strangely fearful of the lion, while they meet with perfect unconcern animals which are quite as dangerous, if not more so. That they will follow unconcernedly the buffalo into the bush has already been mentioned, and yet the buffalo is even more to be dreaded than the lion himself, being quite as fierce, more cunning, and more steadily vindictive. A lion will leap on a man with a terrific roar, strike him to the

ground, carry him off to the den, and then eat him, so that the pressure of hunger forms some excuse for the act. But, with the buffalo no such excuse can be found.

A "rogue" buffalo, *i. e.*, one which has been driven from his fellows, and is obliged to lead a solitary life, is as fierce, as cunning, and as treacherous an animal as can be found. He does not eat mankind, and yet he delights in hiding in thick bushes, rushing out unexpectedly on any one who may happen to approach, and killing him at a blow. Nor is he content with the death of his victim. He stands over the body, kneels on it, pounds it into the earth with his feet, walks away, comes back again, as if drawn by some irresistible attraction, and never leaves it, until nothing is visible save a mere shapeless mass of bones and flesh.

Yet against this animal the Makoba hunters will match themselves, and they will even attack the hippopotamus, an animal which, in its own element, is quite as formidable as the buffalo on land. Their first care is to prepare a number of harpoons, which are made in the following manner. A stout pole is cut of hard and very heavy wood some ten or twelve feet long, and three or four inches in thickness. At one end a hole is bored, and into this hole is the iron head of the harpoon. The shape of this head can be seen in the illustration No. 1 on page 343. It consists of a spear-shaped piece of iron, with a bold barb, and is about a foot in length.

The head is attached to the shaft by a strong band composed of a great number of small ropes or strands laid parallel to each other, and being quite loosely arranged. The object of this multitude of ropes is to prevent the hippopotamus from severing the cord with his teeth, which are sharp as a chisel, and would cut through any single cord with the greatest ease. The animal is sure to snap at the cords as soon as he feels the wound, but, on account of the loose manner in which they are laid, they only become entangled among the long curved teeth, and, even if one or two are severed, the others retain their hold. To the other end of the shaft is attached a long and strongly-made rope of palm-leaf, which is coiled up in such manner as to be carried out readily when loosened. Each canoe has on board two or three of these harpoons, and a quantity of ordinary spears. Preserving perfect silence, the boatmen allow themselves to float down the stream until they come to the spot which has been chosen by the herd for a bathing-place. They do not give chase to any particular animal, but wait until one of them comes close to the boat, when the harpooner takes his weapon, strikes it into the animal's back and loosens his hold.

The first illustration on page 343 represents this phase of the proceedings. In the



front is seen the head of a hippopotamus as it usually appears when the animal is swimming, the only portion seen above the water being the ears, the eyes, and the nostrils. It is a remarkable fact that when the hippopotamus is at liberty in its native stream, not only the ears and the nostrils, but even the ridge over the eyes are of a bright scarlet color, so brilliant indeed that color can scarcely convey an idea of the hue. The specimens in the Zoological Gardens, although fine examples of the species, never exhibit this brilliancy of color, and, indeed, are no more like the hippopotamus in its own river than a prize hog is like a wild boar.

A very characteristic attitude is shown in the second animal, which is represented as it appears when lifting its head out of the water for the purpose of reconnoitring. The horse-like expression is easily recognizable, and Mr. Baines tells me that he never understood how appropriate was the term River Horse (which is the literal translation of the word hippopotamus) until he saw the animals disporting themselves at liberty in their own streams.

In the front of the canoes is standing Makita, about to plunge the harpoon into the back of the hippopotamus, while his assistants are looking after the rope, and keeping themselves in readiness to paddle out of the way of the animal, should it make an attack. Perfect stillness is required for planting the harpoon properly, as, if a splash were made in the water, or a sudden noise heard on land, the animals would take flight, and keep out of the way of the canoes. On the left is a clump of the tall reeds which have already been mentioned, accompanied by some papyrus. The huge trees seen on the bank are baobabs, which sometimes attain the enormous girth of a hundred feet and even more. The small white flowers that are floating on the surface of the water are the white lotus. They shine out very conspicuously on the bosom of the clear, deep-blue water, and sometimes occur in such numbers that they look like stars in the blue firmament, rather than mere flowers on the water. It is rather curious, by the way, that the Damaras, who are much more familiar with the land than the water, call the hippopotamus the Water Rhinoceros, whereas the Makoka, Batoka, and other tribes, who are more at home on the water, call the rhinoceros the Land Hippopotamus.

Now comes the next scene in this savage and most exciting drama. Stung by the sudden and unexpected pang of the wound, the hippopotamus gives a convulsive spring, which shakes the head of the harpoon out of its socket, and leaves it only attached to the shaft by its many-stranded rope. At this period, the animal seldom shows fight, but dashes down the stream at its full speed, only the upper part of its head and

back being visible above the surface, and towing the canoe along as if it were a cork. Meanwhile, the harpooner and his comrades hold tightly to the rope, paying out if necessary, and hauling in whenever possible—in fact, playing their gigantic prey just as an angler plays a large fish. Their object is twofold, first to tire the animal, and then to get it into shallow water; for a hippopotamus in all its strength, and with the advantage of deep water, would be too much even for these courageous hunters. The pace that the animal attains is something wonderful, and, on looking at its apparently clumsy means of propulsion, the swiftness of its course is really astonishing.

Sometimes, but very rarely, it happens that the animal is so active and fierce, that the hunters are obliged to cast loose the rope, and make off as they best can. They do not, however, think of abandoning so valuable a prey—not to mention the harpoon and rope—and manage as well as they can to keep the animal in sight. At the earliest opportunity, they paddle toward the wounded, and by this time weakened animal, and renew the chase.

The hippopotamus is most dangerous when he feels his strength failing, and with the courage of despair dashes at the canoe. The hunters have then no child's play before them. Regardless of everything but pain and fury, the animal rushes at the canoe, tries to knock it to pieces by blows from his enormous head, or seizes the edge in his jaws, and tears out the side. Should he succeed in capsizing or destroying the canoe, the hunters have an anxious time to pass; for if the furious animal can gripe one of them in his huge jaws, the curved, chisel-like teeth inflict certain death, and have been known to cut an unfortunate man fairly in two.

Whenever the animal does succeed in upsetting or breaking the boat, the men have recourse to a curious expedient. They dive to the bottom of the river, and grasp a stone, a root, or anything that will keep them below the surface, and hold on as long as their lungs will allow them. The reason for this manoeuvre is, that when the animal has sent the crew into the river, it raises its head, as seen on page 000, and looks about on the surface for its enemies. It has no idea of foes beneath the surface, and if it does not see anything that looks like a man, it makes off, and so allows the hunters to emerge, half drowned, into the air. In order to keep off the animal, spears are freely used; some being thrust at him by hand, and others flung like javelins. They cannot, however, do much harm, unless one should happen to enter the eye, which is so well protected by its bony penthouse that it is almost impregnable to anything except a bullet. The head is one huge mass of solid bone, so thick and hard that even fire-



(1.) SPEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.  
(See page 342.)



(2.) THE FINAL ATTACK.  
(See page 345.)



arms make little impression on it, except in one or two small spots. The hunters, therefore, cannot expect to inflict any material damage on the animal, and only hope to deter it from charging by the pain which the spears can cause.

The last scene is now approaching. Having effectually tired the animal, which is also weakened by loss of blood from the wound, and guided it into shallow water, several of the crew jump overboard, carry the end of the rope ashore, and pass it with a "double turn" round a tree. The fate of the animal is then sealed. Finding itself suddenly checked in its course, it makes new efforts, and fights and struggles as if it were quite fresh. Despite the pain, it tries to tear itself away from the fatal cord; but the rope is too strong to be broken, and the inch-thick hide of the hippopotamus holds the barb so firmly that even the enormous strength and weight of the animal cannot cause it to give way. Finding that a fierce pull in one direction is useless, it rushes in another, and thus slackens the rope, which is immediately hauled taut by the hunters on shore, so that the end is much shortened, and the animal brought nearer to the bank. Each struggle only has the same result, the hunters holding the rope fast as long as there is a strain upon it, and hauling it in as soon as it is slackened. The reader may easily see how this is done by watching a sailor make fast a steamer to the pier, a single man being able to resist the strain of several tons.

As soon as the hippopotamus is hauled up close to the bank, and its range of movements limited, the rope is made fast, and the hunters all combine for the final assault. Armed with large, heavy, long-bladed spears, made for the express purpose, they boldly approach the infuriated animal, and hurl their weapons at him. Should the water be deep beyond him, some of the hunters take to their canoes, and are able to attack the animal with perfect security, because the rope which is affixed to the tree prevents him from reaching them. At last, the unfortunate animal, literally worried to death by numerous wounds, none of which would be immediately fatal, succumbs to fatigue and loss of blood, and falls, never to rise again.

The second illustration on page 343 represents this, the most active and exciting scene of the three. In the centre is the hippopotamus, which has been driven into shallow water, and is plunging about in mingled rage and terror. With his terrible jaws he has already crushed the shaft of the harpoon, and is trying to bite the cords which secure the head to the shaft. He has severed a few of them, but the others are lying entangled among his teeth, and retain their hold. Some of the hunters have just carried the end of the rope ashore, and are going to pass it round the trunk of the tree,

while some of their comrades are boldly attacking the animal on foot, and others are coming up behind him in canoes.

On the Zambesi River, a harpoon is used which is made on a similar principle, but which differs in several details of construction. The shaft is made of light wood, and acts as a float. The head fits into a socket, like that which has already been mentioned; but, instead of being secured to the shaft by a number of small cords, it is fastened to one end of the long rope, the other end of which is attached to the butt of the shaft. When arranged for use, the rope is wound spirally round the shaft, which it covers completely. As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, the shaft is shaken from the head by the wounded animal's struggles, the rope is unwound, and the light shaft acts as a buoy, whereby the rope can be recovered, in case the hippopotamus should sever it, or the hunters should be obliged to cast it loose.

Sometimes these tribes, *i. e.* the Makololo, Bayeye, and others, use a singularly ingenious raft in this sport. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this raft. A quantity of reeds are cut down just above the surface, and are thrown in a heap upon the water. More reeds are then cut, and thrown crosswise upon the others, and so the natives proceed until the raft is formed. No poles, beams, nor other supports, are used, neither are the reeds lashed together in bundles. They are merely flung on the water, and left to entangle themselves into form. By degrees the lower reeds become soaked with water, and sink, so that fresh material must be added above. Nothing can look more insecure or fragile than this rude reed-raft, and yet it is far safer than the canoe. It is, in fact, so strong that it allows a mast to be erected on it. A stout pole is merely thrust into the centre of the reedy mass, and remains fixed without the assistance of stays. To this mast is fastened a long rope, by means of which the raft can be moored when the voyagers wish to land. One great advantage of the raft is, the extreme ease with which it is made. Three or four skilful men can in the course of an hour build a raft which is strong enough to bear them and all their baggage.

The canoes are always kept fastened to the raft, so that the crew can go ashore whenever they like, though they do not seem to tow or guide the raft, which is simply allowed to float down the stream, and steers itself without the aid of a rudder. Should it meet with any obstacle, it only swings round and disentangles itself; and the chief difficulty in its management is its aptitude to become entangled in overhanging branches.

Such a raft as this is much used in the chase of the hippopotamus. It looks like a mere mass of reeds floating down the stream,

and does not alarm the wary animal as much as a boat would be likely to do. When the natives use the raft in pursuit of the hippopotamus, they always haul their canoes upon it, so that they are ready to be launched in pursuit of the buoy as soon as the animal is struck.

The same tribes use reeds if they wish to cross the river. They cut a quantity of them, and throw them into the river as if they were going to make a raft. They then twist up some of the reeds at each corner, so as to look like small posts, and connect these posts by means of sticks or long reeds, by way of bulwarks. In this primitive ferry-boat the man seats himself, and is able to carry as much luggage as he likes, the simple bulwarks preventing it from falling overboard.

It is rather a strange thing that a Makololo cannot be induced to plant the mango tree, the men having imbibed the notion from other tribes among whom they had been travelling. They are exceedingly fond of its fruit, as well they may be, it being excellent, and supplying the natives with food for several weeks, while it may be plucked in tolerable abundance during four months of the year. Yet all the trees are self-planted, the natives believing that any one who plants one of these trees will soon die. This superstition is prevalent throughout the whole of this part of Africa, the Batoka being almost the only tribe among whom it does not prevail.

The Makololo have contrived to make themselves victims to a wonderful number of superstitions. This is likely enough, seeing that they are essentially usurpers, having swept through a vast number of tribes, and settled themselves in the country of the vanquished. Now, there is nothing more contagious than superstition, and, in such a case, the superstitions of the conquered tribes are sure to be added to those of the victors.

The idea that certain persons can change themselves into the forms of animals prevails among them. One of these potent conjurers came to Dr. Livingstone's party, and began to shake and tremble in every limb as he approached. The Makololo explained that the Pondoro, as these men are called, smelled the gunpowder, and, on account of his leonine habits, he was very much afraid of it. The interpreter was asked to offer the Pondoro a bribe of a cloth to change himself into a lion forthwith, but the man declined to give the message, through genuine fear that the transfiguration might really take place.

The Pondoro in question was really a clever man. He used to go off into the woods for a month at a time, during which period he was supposed to be a lion. His wife had built him a hut under the shade of a baobab tree, and used to bring him regular

supplies of food and beer, his leonine appetite being supposed to be subsidiary to that which belonged to him as a human being. No one is allowed to enter this hut except the Pondoro and his wife, and not even the chief will venture so much as to rest his weapons against the baobab tree; and so strictly is this rule observed that the chief of the village wished to inflict a fine on some of Dr. Livingstone's party, because they had placed their guns against the sacred hut.

Sometimes the Pondoro is believed to be hunting for the benefit of the village, catching and killing game as a lion, and then resuming his human form, and telling the people where the dead animal is lying. There is also among these tribes a belief that the spirits of departed chiefs enter the bodies of lions, and this belief may probably account for the fear which they feel when opposed to a lion, and their unwillingness to attack the animal. In Livingstone's "Zambesi and its tributaries," there is a passage which well illustrates the prevalence of this feeling.

"On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kapie, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring. Tuba Moroko (the 'Canoe-smasher'), imbued with the popular belief that the beast was a chief in disguise, scolded him roundly during his brief intervals of silence. 'You a chief! Eh! You call yourself a chief, do you? What kind of a chief are you, to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo-meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief, truly! You are like the scavenger-beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief; why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all, indeed!'"

The "Canoe-smasher" producing no effect by his impassioned outcry, the lion was addressed by another man named Maenza, the most sedate and taciturn of the party. "In his slow, quiet way he expostulated with him on the impropriety of such conduct to strangers who had never injured him. 'We were travelling peaceably through the country back to our own chief. We never killed people, nor stole anything. The buffalo-meat was ours, not his, and it did not become a great chief like him to be prowling about in the dark, trying, like a hyena, to steal the meat of strangers. He might go and hunt for himself, as there was plenty of game in the forest.' The Pondoro being deaf to reason, and only roaring the louder, the men became angry, and threatened to send a ball through him if he did not go away. They snatched up their guns to shoot him, but he prudently kept in the dark, outside of the luminous circle made by our

camp fires, and there they did not like to venture."

Another superstition is very prevalent among these tribes. It is to the effect that every animal is specially affected by an appropriate medicine. Ordinary medicines are prepared by the regular witch-doctors, of whom there are plenty; but special medicines require special professionals. One man, for example, takes as his specialty the preparation of elephant medicine, and no hunter will go after the elephant without providing himself with some of the potent medicine. Another makes crocodile medicine, the use of which is to protect its owner from the crocodile. On one occasion, when the white man had shot a crocodile as it lay basking in the sun, the doctors came in wrath, and remonstrated with their visitors for shooting an animal which they looked

upon as their special property. On another occasion, when a baited hook was laid for the crocodile, the doctors removed the bait, partly because it was a dog, and they preferred to eat it themselves, and partly because any diminution in the number of crocodiles would cause a corresponding loss of fees.

Then since the introduction of fire-arms there are gun-doctors, who make medicines that enable the gun to shoot straight. Sulphur is the usual gun medicine, and is mostly administered by making little incisions in the hands, and rubbing the sulphur into them. Magic dice are also used, and are chiefly employed for the discovery of thieves. Even the white men have come to believe in the efficacy of the dice, and the native conjurer is consulted as often by the Portuguese as by his own countrymen.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE BATOKA AND MANGANJA TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE BATOKA—THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE AND DRESS—THEIR SKILL AS BOATMEN—THE BAENDA-PEZI, OR GO-NAKEDS—AGRICULTURE—MODE OF HUNTING—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—WAR CUSTOMS—THE MANGANJA TRIBE—GOVERNMENT—INDUSTRY OF BOTH SEXES—SALUTATION—DRESS—THE PELELE, OR LIP-RING—TATTOOING—WANT OF CLEANLINESS—BEER-BREWING AND DRINKING—EXCHANGING NAMES—SUPERSTITIONS—FUNERAL AND MOURNING.

SOMEWHERE about lat. 17° S. and long. 27° E. is a tribe called the Batoka, or Batonga, of which there are two distinct varieties; of whom those who live on low-lying lands, such as the banks of the Zambesi, are very dark, and somewhat resemble the negro in appearance, while those of the higher lands are light brown, much of the same hue as *café au lait*. Their character seems to differ with their complexions, the former variety being dull, stupid, and intractable, while the latter are comparatively intellectual.

They do not improve their personal appearance by an odd habit of depriving themselves of their two upper incisor teeth. The want of these teeth makes the corresponding incisors of the lower jaw project outward, and to force the lip with them; so that even in youth they all have an aged expression of countenance. Knocking out these teeth is part of a ceremony which is practised on both sexes when they are admitted into the ranks of men and women, and is probably the remains of some religious rite. The reason which they give is absurd enough, namely, that they like to resemble oxen, which have no upper incisors, and not to have all their teeth like zebras. It is probable, however, that this statement may be merely intended as an evasion of questions which they think themselves bound to parry, but which may also have reference to the extreme veneration for oxen which prevails in an African's mind.

In spite of its disfiguring effect, the custom is universal among the various sub-tribes of which the Batoka are composed,

and not even the definite commands of the chief himself, nor the threats of punishment, could induce the people to forego it. Girls and lads would suddenly make their appearance without their teeth, and no amount of questioning could induce them to state when, and by whom, they were knocked out. Fourteen or fifteen is the usual age for performing the operation.

Their dress is not a little remarkable, especially the mode in which some of them arrange their hair. The hair on the top of the head is drawn and plastered together in a circle some six or seven inches in diameter. By dint of careful training, and plenty of grease and other appliances, it is at last formed into a cone some eight or ten inches in height, and slightly leaning forward. In some cases the cone is of wonderful height, the head-man of a Batoka village wearing one which was trained into a long spike that projected a full yard from his head, and which must have caused him considerable inconvenience. In this case other materials were evidently mixed with the hair, and it is said that the long hair of various animals is often added, so as to mingle with the real growth, and aid in raising the edifice. Around the edges of this cone the hair is shaven closely, so that the appearance of the head is very remarkable, and somewhat ludicrous.

The figures of the second engraving on page 357 are portraits by Mr. Baines. Mantanyani, the man who is sitting on the edge of the boat, was a rather remarkable man. He really belongs to the Batoka tribe,



though he was thought at first to be one of the Makololo. Perhaps he thought it better to assume the membership of the victorious than the conquered tribe. This was certainly the case with many of the men who, like Mantanyani, accompanied Dr. Livingstone. He was a singularly skillful boatman, and managed an ordinary whaling boat as easily as one of his own canoes. The ornament which he wears in his hair is a comb made of bamboo. It was not manufactured by himself, but was taken from Shimbesi's tribe on the Shire, or Sheereh River. He and his companions forced the boat up the many rapids, and, on being interrogated as to the danger, he said that he had no fears, for that he could swim like a fish, and that, if by any mischance he should allow Mr. Baines to fall overboard and be drowned, he should never dare to show his face to Dr. Livingstone again.

Mr. Baines remarks in his MS. notes, that Mantanyani ought to have made a good sailor, for he was not only an adept at the management of boats, but could appreciate rum as well as any British tar. It so happened that at night, after the day's boating was over, grog was served out to the men, and yet for two or three nights Mantanyani would not touch it. Accordingly one night the following colloquy took place:—

"Mantanyani, non quero grog?" (*i. e.* Can not you take grog?)

"Non quero." (*I cannot.*)

"Porquoi non quero grog?" (*Why cannot you take grog?*)

"Garaffa poco, Zambesi munta." (*The bottle is little and the Zambesi is big.*)

The hint was taken, and rum unmixed with water was offered to Mantanyani, who drank it off like a sailor.

A spirited account of the skill of the natives in managing canoes is given in "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." The canoe belonged to a man named Tuba-Mokoro, or the "Canoe-smasher," a rather ominous, but apparently undeserved, title, inasmuch as he proved to be a most skillful and steady boatman. He seemed also to be modest, for he took no credit to himself for his management, but attributed his success entirely to a certain charm or medicine which he had, and which he kept a profound secret. He was employed to take the party through the rapids to an island close to the edge of the great Mosi-oa-tunya, *i. e.* Smoke Sounding Falls, now called the Victoria Falls. This island can only be reached when the water happens to be very low, and, even in that case, none but the most experienced boatmen can venture so near to the Fall, which is double the depth of Niagara, and a mile in width, formed entirely by a vast and sudden rift in the basaltic bed of the Zambesi.

"Before entering the race of water, we

were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the value of the medicine, and no one with such boiling, eddying rapids before his eyes would think of disobeying the orders of a 'canoe-smasher.' It soon became evident that there was sound sense in the request of Tuba's, though the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come.

"It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and, when he saw a rock or a snag, to call out to the steersman. Tuba doubtless thought that talking on board might divert the attention of his steersman at a time when the neglect of an order, or a slight mistake, would be sure to spill us all into the chafing river. There were places where the utmost exertions of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapid and to prevent it from sweeping broadside on, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves among the plotuses and cormorants which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish.

"At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutting out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then, with ready pole, turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. Once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy.

"We were driving swiftly down, a black rock over which the white foam flew lay directly in our path, the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still, shallow place, to bail the water out. He gave us to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault—that had lost none of its virtue; the accident was owing to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said that we never let Tuba go without that meal again."

Among them there is a body of men called in their own language the "Baenda-pezi," *i. e.* the Go-nakeds. These men never wear an atom of any kind of clothing, but are entirely naked, their only coat being one of red ochre. These Baenda-pezi are rather a remarkable set of men, and why they should voluntarily live without clothing is not very evident. Some travellers think that they are a separate order among the Batoka, but this is not at all certain. It is not that they are devoid of vanity, for

they are extremely fond of ornaments upon their heads, which they dress in various fantastic ways. The conical style has already been mentioned, but they have many other fashions. One of their favorite modes is, to plait a fillet of bark, some two inches wide, and tie it round the head in diadem fashion. They then rub grease and red ochre plentifully into the hair, and fasten it to the fillet, which it completely covers. The head being then shaved as far as the edge of the fillet, the native looks as if he were wearing a red, polished forage-cap.

Rings of iron wire and beads are worn round the arms; and a fashionable member of this order thinks himself scarcely fit for society unless he carries a pipe and a small pair of iron tongs, with which to lift a coal from the fire and kindle his pipe, the stem of which is often ornamented by being bound with polished iron wire.

The Baenda-pezi seem to be as devoid of the sense of shame as their bodies are of covering. They could not in the least be made to see that they ought to wear clothing, and quite laughed at the absurdity of such an idea; evidently looking on a proposal to wear clothing much as we should entertain a request to dress ourselves in plate armor.

The pipe is in constant requisition among these men, who are seldom seen without a pipe in their mouths, and never without it in their possession. Yet, whenever they came into the presence of their white visitors, they always asked permission before lighting their pipes, an innate politeness being strong within them. Their tobacco is exceedingly powerful, and on that account is much valued by other tribes, who will travel great distances to purchase it from the Batoka. It is also very cheap, a few beads purchasing a sufficient quantity to last even these inveterate smokers for six months. Their mode of smoking is very peculiar. They first take a whiff after the usual manner, and puff out the smoke. But, when they have expelled nearly the whole of the smoke, they make a kind of catch at the last tiny wreath, and swallow it. This they are pleased to consider the very essence or spirit of the tobacco, which is lost if the smoke is exhaled in the usual manner.

The Batoka are a polite people in their way, though they have rather an odd method of expressing their feelings. The ordinary mode of salutation is for the women to clap their hands and produce that ululating sound which has already been mentioned, and for the men to stoop and clap their hands on their hips. But, when they wish to be especially respectful, they have another mode of salutation. They throw themselves on their backs, and roll from side to side, slapping the outside of their thighs vigorously, and calling out "Kina-bomba! kina-bomba!" with great energy. Dr. Livingstone says

that he never could accustom his eyes to like the spectacle of great naked men wallowing on their backs and slapping themselves, and tried to stop them. They, however, always thought that he was not satisfied with the heartiness of his reception, and so rolled about and slapped themselves all the more vigorously. This rolling and slapping seems to be reserved for the welcoming of great men, and, of course, whenever the Batoka present themselves before the chief, the performance is doubly vigorous.

When a gift is presented, it is etiquette for the donor to hold the present in one hand, and to slap the thigh with the other, as he approaches the person to whom he is about to give it. He then delivers the gift, claps his hands together, sits down, and then strikes his thighs with both hands. The same formalities are observed when a return gift is presented; and so tenacious are they of this branch of etiquette, that it is taught regularly to children by their parents.

They are an industrious people, cultivating wonderfully large tracts of land with the simple but effective hoe of their country. With this hoe, which looks something like a large adze, they not only break up the ground, but perform other tasks of less importance, such as smoothing the earth as a foundation for their beds. Some of these fields are so large, that the traveller may walk for hours through the native corn, and scarcely come upon an uncultivated spot. The quantity of corn which is grown is very large, and the natives make such numbers of granaries, that their villages seem to be far more populous than is really the case. Plenty, in consequence, reigns among this people. But it is a rather remarkable fact that, in spite of the vast quantities of grain, which they produce, they cannot keep it in store.

The corn has too many enemies. In the first place, the neighboring tribes are apt to send out marauding parties, who prefer stealing the corn which their industrious neighbors have grown and stored to cultivating the ground for themselves. Mice, too, are very injurious to the corn. But against these two enemies the Batoka can tolerably guard, by tying up quantities of corn in bundles of grass, plastering them over with clay, and hiding them in the low sand islands left by the subsiding waters of the Zambesi. But the worst of all enemies is the native weevil, an insect so small that no precautions are available against its ravages, and which, as we too often find in this country, destroys an enormous amount of corn in a very short time. It is impossible for the Batoka to preserve their corn more than a year, and it is as much as they can do to make it last until the next crop is ready.

As, therefore, the whole of the annual crop must be consumed by themselves or



(1.) BOATING SCENE ON THE BO-TLET-LE RIVER.

(See page 340.)



(2.) BATOKA SALUTATION.

(See page 350.)



the weevil, they prefer the former, and what they cannot eat they make into beer, which they brew in large quantities, and drink abundantly; yet they seldom, if ever, intoxicate themselves, in spite of the quantities which they consume. This beer is called by them either "boala" or "pombe," just as we speak of beer or ale; and it is sweet in flavor, with just enough acidity to render it agreeable. Even Europeans soon come to like it, and its effect on the natives is to make them plump and well nourished. The Batoka do not content themselves with simply growing corn and vegetables, but even plant fruit and oil-bearing trees—a practice which is not found among the other tribes.

Possibly on account of the plenty with which their land is blessed, they are a most hospitable race of men, always glad to see guests, and receiving them in the kindest manner. If a traveller passes through a village, he is continually hailed from the various huts with invitations to eat and drink, while the men welcome the visitor by clapping their hands, and the women by "lullilooling." They even feel pained if the stranger passes the village without being entertained. When he halts in a village for the night, the inhabitants turn out to make him comfortable; some running to fetch firewood, others bringing jars of water, while some engage themselves in preparing the bed, and erecting a fence to keep off the wind.

They are skilful and fearless hunters, and are not afraid even of the elephant or buffalo, going up closely to these formidable animals, and killing them with large spears. A complete system of game-laws is in operation among the Batoka, not for the purpose of prohibiting the chase of certain game, but in order to settle the disposal of the game when killed. Among them, the man who inflicts the first wound on an animal has the right to the spoil, no matter how trifling may be the wound which he inflicts. In case he does not kill the animal himself, he is bound to give to the hunter who inflicts the fatal wound both legs of one side.

As to the laws which regulate ordinary life, there is but little that calls for special notice, except a sort of ordeal for which they have a great veneration. This is called the ordeal of the Muave, and is analogous to the corned and similar ordeals of the early ages of England. The dread of witchcraft is very strong here, as in other parts of Southern Africa; but among the Batoka the accused has the opportunity of clearing himself by drinking a poisonous preparation called muave. Sometimes the accused dies from the draught, and in that case his guilt is clear; but in others the poison acts as an emetic, which is supposed to prove his innocence, the poison finding no congenial evil in the body, and therefore being rejected.

No one seems to be free from such an accusation, as is clear from Dr. Livingstone's account: "Near the confluence of the Kapoe the Mambo, or chief, with some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present. Their foreheads were smeared with white flour, and an unusual seriousness marked their demeanor. Shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft: conscious of innocence, they accepted the ordeal, and undertook to drink the poisoned muave. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill of Nchomokela, on which repose the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirit to attest the innocence of their children, they swallowed the muave, vomited, and were therefore declared not guilty.

"It is evident that they believe that the soul has a continued existence, and that the spirits of the departed know what those they have left behind are doing, and are pleased or not, according as their deeds are good or evil. This belief is universal. The owner of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirit of his father, who helped him when he killed the hippopotamus. Another, when the bargain for his canoe was nearly completed, seeing a large serpent on a branch of a tree overhead, refused to complete the sale, alleging that this was the spirit of his father, come to protest against it.

Some of the Batoka believe that a medicine could be prepared which would cure the bite of the tsetse, that small but terrible fly which makes such destruction among the cattle, but has no hurtful influence on mankind. This medicine was discovered by a chief, whose son Moyara showed it to Dr. Livingstone. It consisted chiefly of a plant, which was apparently new to botanical science. The root was peeled, and the peel sliced and reduced to powder, together with a dozen or two of the tsetse themselves. The remainder of the plant is also dried. When an animal shows symptoms of being bitten by the tsetse, some of the powder is administered to the animal, and the rest of the dried plant is burned under it so as to fumigate it thoroughly. Moyara did not assert that the remedy was infallible, but only stated that if a herd of cattle were to stray into a district infested with the tsetse, some of them would be saved by the use of the medicine, whereas they would all die without it.

The Batoka are fond of using a musical instrument that prevails, with some modifications, over a considerable portion of Central Africa. In its simplest form it consists of a board, on which are fixed a number of flat wooden strips, which, when pressed down and suddenly released, produce a kind of musical tone. In fact, the principle of the *mbira* is exactly that of our musical-boxes, the only difference being that the teeth,

or keys, of our instrument are steel, and that they are sounded by little pegs, and not by the fingers. Even among this one tribe there are great differences in the formation of the sansa.

The best and most elaborate form is that in which the sounding-board of the sansa is hollow, in order to increase the resonance; and the keys are made of iron instead of wood, so that a really musical sound is produced. Moreover, the instrument is enclosed in a hollow calabash, for the purpose of intensifying the sound; and both the sansa and the calabash are furnished with bits of steel and tin, which make a jingling accompaniment to the music. The calabash is generally covered with carvings. When the sansa is used, it is held with the hollow or ornamented end toward the player, and the keys are struck with the thumbs, the rest of the hand being occupied in holding the instrument.

This curious instrument is used in accompanying songs. Dr. Livingstone mentions that a genuine native poet attached himself to the party, and composed a poem in honor of the white men, singing it whenever they halted, and accompanying himself on the sansa. At first, as he did not know much about his subject, he modestly curtailed his poem, but extended it day by day, until at last it became quite a long ode. There was an evident rhythm in it, each line consisting of five syllables. Another native poet was in the habit of solacing himself every evening with an extempore song, in which he enumerated everything that the white men had done. He was not so accomplished a poet as his brother improvisatore, and occasionally found words to fail him. However, his sansa helped him when he was at a loss for a word, just as the piano helps out an unskilful singer when at a loss for a note.

They have several musical instruments besides the sansa. One is called the marimba, and is in fact a simple sort of harmonicon, the place of the glass or metal keys being supplied by strips of hard wood fixed on a frame. These strips are large at one end of the instrument, and diminish regularly toward the other. Under each of the wooden keys is fixed a hollow gourd, or calabash, the object of which is to increase the resonance. Two sticks of hard wood are used for striking the keys, and a skilful performer really handles them with wonderful agility. Simple as is this instrument, pleasing sounds can be produced from it. It has even been introduced into England, under the name of "xylophone," and, when played by a dexterous and energetic performer, really produces effects that could hardly have been expected from it. The sounds are, of course, deficient in musical tone; but still the various notes can be obtained with tolerable accuracy by trimming the wooden keys to the proper dimensions.

A similar instrument is made with strips of stone, the sounds of which are superior to those produced by the wooden bars.

The Batoka are remarkable for their clanish feeling; and, when a large party are travelling in company, those of one tribe always keep together, and assist each other in every difficulty. Also, if they should happen to come upon a village or dwelling belonging to one of their own tribe, they are sure of a welcome and plentiful hospitality.

The Batoka appear from all accounts to be rather a contentious people, quarrelsome at home, and sometimes extending their strife to other villages. In domestic fights — i. e. in combats between inhabitants of the same village — the antagonists are careful not to inflict fatal injuries. But when village fights against village, as is sometimes the case, the loss on both sides may be considerable. The result of such a battle would be exceedingly disagreeable, as the two villages would always be in a state of deadly feud, and an inhabitant of one would not dare to go near the other. The Batoka, however, have invented a plan by which the feud is stopped. When the victors have driven their opponents off the field, they take the body of one of the dead warriors, quarter it, and perform a series of ceremonies over it. This appears to be a kind of challenge that they are masters of the field. The conquered party acknowledge their defeat by sending a deputation to ask for the body of their comrade, and, when they receive it, they go through the same ceremonies; after which peace is supposed to be restored, and the inhabitants of the villages may visit each other in safety.

Dr. Livingstone's informant further said, that when a warrior had slain an enemy, he took the head, and placed it on an ant-hill, until all the flesh was taken from the bones. He then removed the lower jaw, and wore it as a trophy. He did not see one of these trophies worn, and evidently thinks that the above account may be inaccurate in some places, as it was given through an interpreter; and it is very possible that both the interpreter and the Batoka may have invented a tale for the occasion. The account of the pacificatory ceremonies really seems to be too consistent with itself to be falsehood; but the wearing of the enemy's jaw, uncorroborated by a single example, seems to be rather doubtful. Indeed, Dr. Livingstone expressly warns the reader against receiving with implicit belief accounts that are given by a native African. The dark interlocutor amiably desires to please, and, having no conception of truth as a principle, says exactly what he thinks will be most acceptable to the great white chief, on whom he looks as a sort of erratic supernatural being. Ask a native whether the mountains in his own district are lofty, or whether

gold is found there, and he will assuredly answer in the affirmative. So he will if he be asked whether unicorns live in his country, or whether he knows of a race of tailed men, being only anxious to please, and not thinking that the truth or falsehood of the answer can be of the least consequence. If the white sportsman shoots at an animal, and makes a palpable miss, his dusky attendants are sure to say that the bullet went through the animal's heart, and that it only bounded away for a short distance. "He is our father," say the natives, "and he would be displeased if we told him that he had missed." It is even worse with the slaves, who are often used as interpreters; and it is hardly possible to induce them to interpret with any modicum of truth.

### THE MANGANJA TRIBE.

On the river Shire (pronounced Sheerch), a northern tributary of the Zambesi, there is a rather curious tribe called the Manganja. The country which they inhabit is well and fully watered, abounding in clear and cool streams, which do not dry up even in the dry season. Pasturage is consequently abundant, and yet the people do not trouble themselves about cattle, allowing to lie unused tracts of land which would feed vast herds of oxen, not to mention sheep and goats.

Their mode of government is rather curious, and yet simple. The country is divided into a number of districts, the head of which goes by the title of Rundo. A great number of villages are under the command of each Rundo, though each of the divisions is independent of the others, and they do not acknowledge one common chief or king. The chieftainship is not restricted to the male sex, as in one of the districts a woman named Nyango was the Rundo, and exercised her authority judiciously, by improving the social status of the women throughout her dominions. An annual tribute is paid to the Rundo by each village, mostly consisting of one tusk of each elephant killed, and he in return is bound to assist and protect them should they be threatened or attacked.

The Manganjas are an industrious race, being good workers in metal, especially iron, growing cotton, making baskets, and cultivating the ground, in which occupation both sexes equally share; and it is a pleasant thing to see men, women, and children all at work together in the fields, with perhaps the baby lying asleep in the shadow of a bush. They clear the forest ground exactly as is done in America, cutting down the trees with their axes, piling up the branches and trunks in heaps, burning them, and scattering the ashes over the ground by way of manure. The stumps are left to rot in the ground, and the corn is sown among them. Grass land is cleared in a different manner. The grass in that country is enormously thick and long. The cultivator gathers a bundle into his hands, twists the ends together, and ties them in a knot. He then cuts the roots with his adze-like hoe, so as to leave the bunch of grass still standing, like a sheaf of wheat. When a field has been entirely cut, it looks to a stranger as if

it were in harvest, the bundles of grass standing at intervals like the grain shocks. Just before the rainy season comes on, the bundles are fired, the ashes are roughly dug into the soil, and an abundant harvest is the result.

The cotton is prepared after a very simple and slow fashion, the fibre being picked by hand, drawn out into a "roving," partially twisted, and then rolled up into a ball. It is the opinion of those who have had practical experience of this cotton, that, if the natives could be induced to plant and dress it in large quantities, an enormous market might be found for it. The "staple," or fibre, of this cotton is not so long as that which comes from America, and has a harsh, woolly feeling in the hand. But, as it is very strong, and the fabrics made from it are very durable, the natives prefer it to the foreign plant. Almost every Manganja family of importance has its own little cotton patch, from half an acre to an acre in size, which is kept carefully tended, and free from weeds. The loom in which they weave their simple cloth is very rude, and is one of the primitive forms of a weaver's apparatus. It is placed horizontally, and not vertically, and the weaver has to squat on the ground when engaged in his work. The shuttle is a mere stick, with the thread wound spirally round it, and, when it is passed between the crossed threads of the warp, the warp is beaten into its place with a flat stick.

They are a hospitable people, and have a well-understood code of ceremony in the reception of strangers. In each village there is a spot called the Boala, i.e. a space of about thirty or forty yards diameter, which is sheltered by baobab, or other spreading trees, and which is always kept neat and clean. This is chiefly used as a place where the basket makers and others who are engaged in sedentary occupations can work in company, and also serves as a meeting-place in evenings, where they sing, dance, smoke, and drink beer after the toils of the day.

As soon as a stranger enters a village, he is conducted to the Boala, where he takes his seat on the mats that are spread for him, and awaits the coming of the chief man of the village. As soon as he makes his appearance, his people welcome him by clapping



their hands in unison, and continue this salutation until he has taken his seat, accompanied by his councillors. "Our guides," writes Livingstone, "then sit down in front of the chief and his councillors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other. The chief repeats a word, such as 'Ambuiata' (our father, or master), or 'Moio' (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last dies away, or is brought to an end, by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette."

This curious salutation is valued very highly, and the people are carefully instructed in it from childhood. The chief guide of the stranger party then addresses the chief, and tells him about his visitors,—who they are, why they have come, &c.; and mostly does so in a kind of blank verse—the power of improvising a poetical narrative being valued as highly as the court salutations, and sedulously cultivated by all of any pretensions to station. It is rather amusing at first to the traveller to find that, if he should happen to inquire his way at a hut, his own guide addresses the owner of the hut in blank verse, and is answered in the same fashion.

The dress of this tribe is rather peculiar, the head being the chief part of the person which is decorated. Some of the men save themselves the trouble of dressing their hair by shaving it off entirely, but a greater number take a pride in decorating it in various ways. The headdress which seems to be most admired is that in which the hair is trained to resemble the horns of the buffalo. This is done by taking two pieces of hide while they are wet and pliable, and bending them into the required shape. When the two horns are dry and hard, they are fastened on the head, and the hair is trained over them, and fixed in its place by grease and clay. Sometimes only one horn is used, which projects immediately over the forehead; but the double horn is the form which is most in vogue.

Others divide their hair into numerous tufts, and separate them by winding round each tuft a thin bandage, made of the inner bark of a tree, so that they radiate from the head in all directions, and produce an effect which is much valued by this simple race. Some draw the hair together toward the back of the head, and train it so as to hang down their backs in a shape closely resembling the pigtail which was so fashionable an ornament of the British sailor in Nelson's time. Others, again, allow the hair to grow much as nature formed it, but train it to grow in heavy masses all round their heads.

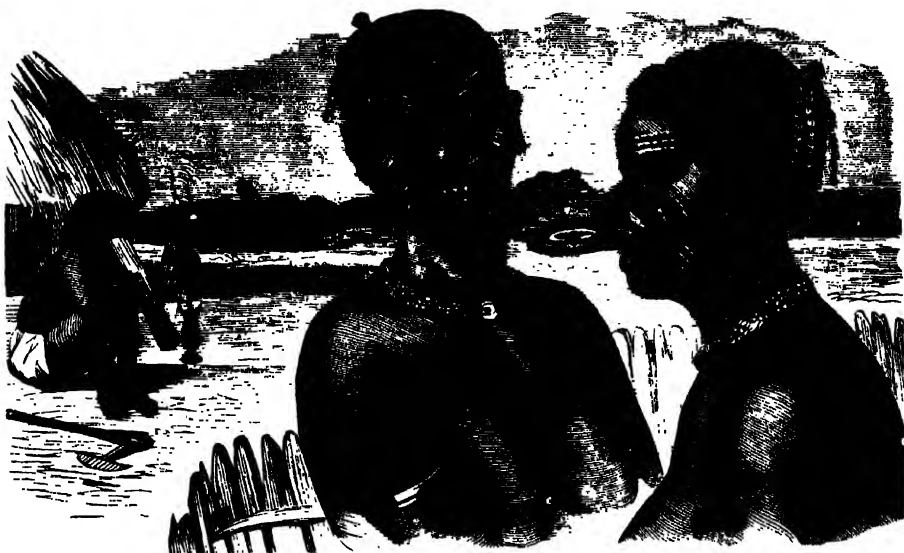
The women are equally fastidious with the men, but have in addition a most singular ornament called the "pelele." This is a ring that is not fixed into the ear or nose, but into the upper lip, and gives to the wearer an appearance that is most repulsive to an European. The artist has illustrated its form and effect, in an engraving on page 357. The pelele is a ring made of ivory, metal, or bamboo, nearly an inch in thickness, and variable in diameter, sometimes measuring two inches across. When the girl is very young, the upper lip is pierced close to the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the orifice from closing. When the wound is healed, the small pin is withdrawn, and a larger one introduced; and this plan is carried on for years, until at last the full-sized "pelele" can be worn.

The commonest sort of pelele is made of bamboo, and is in consequence very light. When a wearer of this pelele smiles, or rather tries to smile, the contraction of the muscles turns the ring upward, so that its upper edge comes in front of the eyes, the nose appearing through its middle. The whole front teeth are exposed by this motion, so as to exhibit the fashionable way in which the teeth have been chipped, and, as Livingstone says, they resemble the fangs of a cat or a crocodile. One old lady, named Chikanda Kadze, had a pelele so wide and heavy that it hung below her chin. But then she was a chief, and could consequently afford to possess so valuable an ornament.

The use of the pelele quite alters the natural shape of the jaws. In the natural state the teeth of the upper jaw are set in an outward curve, but in a wearer of the pelele the constant, though slight, pressure of the ring first diminishes the curve, then flattens it, and, lastly, reverses it. Livingstone suggests that a similar application of gradual pressure should be applied to persons whose teeth project forward, not knowing that such a plan has long been practised by dentists.

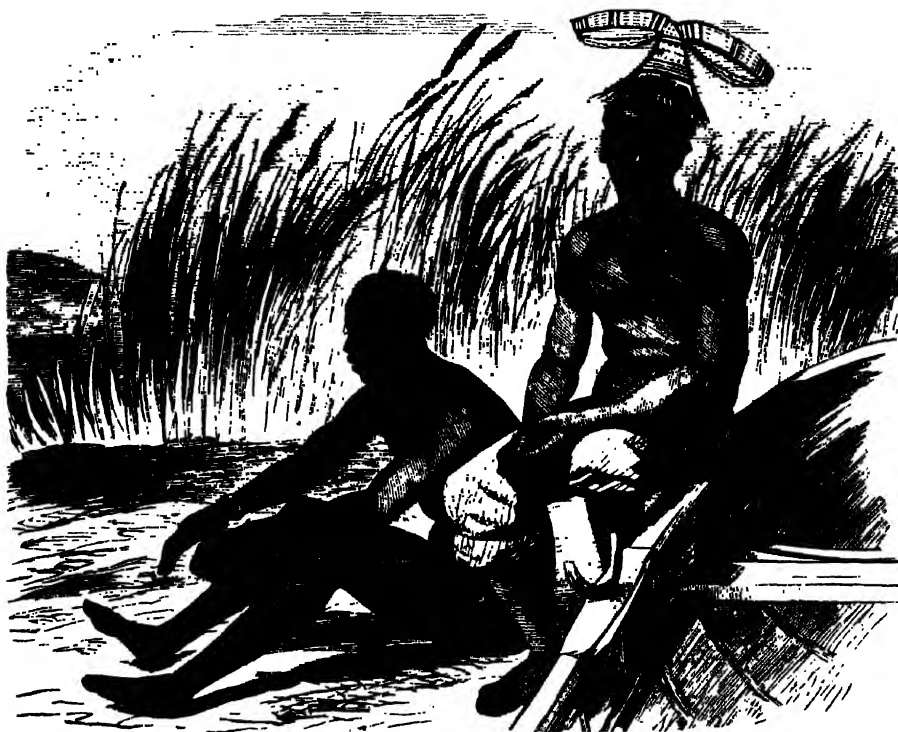
How this frightful ornament came to be first introduced is unknown. The reasons which they give for wearing it are rather amusing. A man, say they, has whiskers and a beard, whereas a woman has none. "What kind of a creature would a woman be, without whiskers and without the pelele? She would have a mouth like a man, and no beard!" As a natural result of wearing this instrument, the language has undergone a modification as well as the lips. The labial letters cannot be pronounced properly, the under lip having the whole duty thrown upon them.

In different parts of the country the pelele takes different shapes. The most valued pelele is a piece of pure tin hammered into a dish-like shape. Some are made of a red kind of pipeclay, and others of a white quartz. These latter ornaments are gener-



(1.) PELELE, OR LIP-RING.

(See page 356.)



(2.) BATOKA MEN.

(See page 348.)



ally cylindrical in form, so that, as has been well observed, the wearer looks as if she had an inch or so of wax-candle thrust through the lips, and projecting beyond the nose. Some of them are so determined to be fashionable that they do not content themselves with a pelele in the upper lip, but also wear one in the lower, the effect upon the expression of countenance being better imagined than described. The pelele is seen to the greatest advantage in the lak district, where every woman wears it, and where it takes the greatest variety of form. Along the river it is not so universally worn, and the form is almost always that of the ring or dish.

In this part of the country the sub-tribes are distinguished by certain marks where-with they tattoo themselves, and thereby succeed in still farther disfiguring countenances which, if allowed to remain untouched, would be agreeable enough. Some of them have a fashion of pricking holes all over their faces, and treating the wound in such a way that, when they heal, the skin is raised in little knobs, and the face looks as if it were covered with warts. Add to this fashion the pelele, and the reader may form an opinion of the beauty of a fashionable woman. If the object of fashion be to conceal age, this must be a most successful fashion, as it entirely destroys the lines of the countenance, and hardens and distorts the features to such an extent, that it is difficult to judge by the face whether the owner be sixteen or sixty.

One of the women had her body most curiously adorned by tattooing, and, indeed, was a remarkable specimen of Munganja fashion. She had shaved all her head, and supplied the want of hair by a feather tuft over her forehead, tied on by a band. From a point on the top of her forehead ran lines radiating over the cheeks as far as the ear, looking something like the marks on a New Zealander's face. This radiating principle was carried out all over her body. A similar point was marked on each shoulder blade, from which the lines radiated down the back and over the shoulders, and on the lower part of the spine and on each arm were other patterns of a similar nature. She of course wore the pelele; but she seemed ashamed of it, probably because she was a travelled woman, and had seen white men before. So when she was about to speak to them, she retired to her hut, removed the pelele, and, while speaking, held her hand before her mouth, so as to conceal the ugly aperture in her lip.

Cleanliness seems to be unsuitable to the Munganja constitution. They could not in the least understand why travellers should wash themselves, and seemed to be personally ignorant of the process. One very old man, however, said that he did remember once to have washed himself; but that it

was so long ago that he had quite forgotten how he felt. A very amusing use was once made of this antipathy to cold water. One of the Manganjas took a fancy to attach himself to the expedition, and nothing could drive him away. He insisted on accompanying them, and annoyed them greatly by proclaiming in every village to which they came, "These people have wandered; they do not know where they are going." He was driven off repeatedly; but, as soon as the march was resumed, there he was, with his little bag over his shoulder, ready to proclaim the wandering propensities of the strangers, as usual. At last a happy idea struck them. They threatened to take him down to the river and wash him; whereupon he made off in a fright, and never made his appearance again.

Perhaps in consequence of this uncleanness, skin diseases are rife among the Manganjas, and appear to be equally contagious and durable; many persons having white blotches over their bodies, and many others being afflicted with a sort of leprosy, which, however, does not seem to trouble them particularly. Even the fowls are liable to a similar disease, and have their feet deformed by a thickening of the skin.

Sobriety seems as rare with the Manganjas as cleanliness; for they are notable topers, and actually contrive to intoxicate themselves on their native beer, a liquid of so exceedingly mild a character that nothing but strong determination and a capability of consuming vast quantities of liquid would produce the desired effect. The beer is totally unlike the English drink. In the first place, it is quite thick and opaque, and looks much like gruel of a pinkish hue. It is made by pounding the vegetating grain, mixing it with water, boiling it, and allowing it to ferment. When it is about two days old, it is pleasant enough, having a slightly sweetish-acid flavor, which has the property of immediately quenching thirst, and is therefore most valuable to the traveller, for whose refreshment the hospitable people generally produce it.

As to themselves, there is some excuse for their intemperate habits. They do not possess hops or any other substance that will preserve the beer, and in consequence they are obliged to consume the whole brewing within a day or two. When, therefore, a chief has a great brew of beer, the people assemble, and by day and night they continue drinking, drumming, dancing, and feasting, until the whole of the beer is gone. Yet, probably on account of the nourishing qualities of the beer—which is, in fact, little more than very thin porridge—the excessive drinking does not seem to have any injurious effect on the people, many being seen who were evidently very old, and yet who had been accustomed to drink beer in the usual quantities. The women

seem to appreciate the beer as well as the men, though they do not appear to be so liable to intoxication. Perhaps the reason for this comparative temperance is, that their husbands do not give them enough of it. In their dispositions they seem to be lively and agreeable, and have a peculiarly merry laugh, which seems to proceed from the heart, and is not in the least like the senseless laugh of the Western negro.

In this part of the country, not only among the Manganjias, but in other tribes, the custom of changing names is prevalent, and sometimes leads to odd results. One day a headman named Sininyane was called as usual, but made no answer; nor did a third and fourth call produce any result. At last one of his men replied that he was no longer Sininyane, but Moshoshama, and to that name he at once responded. It then turned out that he had exchanged names with a Zulu. The object of the exchange is, that the two persons are thenceforth bound to consider each other as comrades, and to give assistance in every way. If, for example, Sininyane had happened to travel into the country where Moshoshama lived, the latter was bound to receive him into his house, and treat him like a brother.

They seem to be an intelligent race, and to appreciate the notion of a Creator, and of the immortality of the soul; but, like most African races, they cannot believe that the white and the black races have anything in common, or that the religion of the former can suit the latter. They are very ready to admit that Christianity is an admirable religion for white men, but will by no means be persuaded that it would be equally good for themselves.

They have a hazy sort of idea of *their*

Creator, the invisible head-chief of the spirits, and ground their belief in the immortality of the soul on the fact that their departed relatives come and speak to them in their dreams. They have the same idea of the muave poison that has already been mentioned; and so strong is their belief in its efficacy that, in a dispute, one man will challenge the other to drink muave; and even the chiefs themselves will often offer to test its discriminating powers.

When a Manganja dies, a great wailing is kept up in his house for two days; his tools and weapons are broken, together with the cooking vessels. All food in the house is taken out and destroyed; and even the beer is poured on the earth.

The burial grounds seem to be carefully cherished — as carefully, indeed, as many of the churchyards in England. The graves are all arranged north and south, and the sexes of the dead are marked by the implements laid on the grave. These implements are always broken; partly, perhaps, to signify that they can be used no more, and partly to save them from being stolen. Thus a broken mortar and pestle for pounding corn, together with the fragments of a sieve, tell that there lies below a woman who once had used them; whilst a piece of a net and a shattered paddle are emblems of the fisherman's trade, and tell that a fisherman is interred below. Broken calabashes, gourds, and other vessels, are laid on almost every grave; and in some instances a banana is planted at the head. The relatives wear a kind of mourning, consisting of narrow strips of palm leaf wound round their heads, necks, arms, legs, and breasts, and allowed to remain there until they drop off by decay.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE BANYAI AND BADEMA TRIBES.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BANYAI TRIBE—GOVERNMENT AND LAW OF SUCCESSION—DISCIPLINE OF YOUTH—MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—HUNTING—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS-TRAP—MANGROVE SWAMP—RAPACITY OF THE BANYAI CHIEF—BANYAI AXES, AND MODE OF MAKING THEM—ELEPHANT HUNTING—BOLDNESS OF THE MEN—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BANYAI—IDEA ABOUT THE HYENA—THE “TABOO”—CURIOUS BEEHIVES—THE BADEMA TRIBE—FISHING AND HUNTING WITH NETS—CONCEALMENT OF PROPERTY.

ON the south bank of the Zambesi, somewhere about lat. 16° S. and long. 30° E., there is a tribe called the Banyai, who inhabit a tract of country called Shidima. The Banyai are a remarkably fine race of men, being tall, well made, and agile, and are moreover very fair, being of that *café au lait* color which is so fashionable in many parts of Africa. As some of their customs are unlike those of other tribes, a short mention will be made of them.

Their appearance is rather pleasing, and they have a curious fashion of dressing their hair, which much resembles that which was in use among the ancient Egyptians. The fashionable Banyai youth first divides his hair into small tufts, and draws them out as far as he can, encircling each tuft with a spiral bandage of vegetable tissue. The various tufts are then dyed red, and as they are sometimes a foot in length, and hang upon the shoulders, they present a very remarkable aspect. When the Banyai travel, they are fearful of damaging their elaborate head-dress, and so they gather it up in a bundle, and tie it on the top of the head.

Their government is equally simple and sensible. They choose their own chief, although they always keep to the same family. When a chief dies, his people consult together as to his successor. His immediate descendants are never selected, and, if possible, one of his brothers, or a nephew, is chosen. If they cannot find a qualified person at home, they go further afield, and look out for those relatives who have mingled with other tribes, thus bringing a new popu-

lation into their own tribe. Traders from other tribes are always very cautious about visiting the Banyai during the interregnum, as the people think that while there is no chief there is no law, and will in consequence rob without compunction those whom they would never venture to touch as long as the chief was living.

When the future chief is chosen, the electors go to him and tell him of their choice. It is then thought manners for him to assume a *nolo episcopari* air, to modestly deprecate his own character, and to remonstrate with the deputation for having elected a person so unworthy to fill the place of his revered predecessor, who possessed all the virtues and none of the weaknesses of humanity. In fact, the speech of the Banyai king-elect would answer excellently for newly-elected dignitaries of our own country, who make exactly the same kind of oration, and would be equally offended were they to be taken at their word.

Of course the new chief, after his deprecatory speech, assumes the vacant office, together with all the property, including the wives and children, of his predecessor, and takes very good care to keep the latter in subservience. Sometimes one of the sons thinks that he ought to be a man, and set up for a kind of chief himself, and accordingly secedes from the paternal roof, gathers round him as many youths as he can persuade to accompany him, and becomes a petty chief accordingly. The principal chief, however, has no idea of allowing an *imperium in imperio* in his dominions, and, when the young

## THE BANYAI TRIBE.

chieftain has built his village and fairly settled down, he sends a body of his own soldiery to offer his congratulations. If the young chieftain receives them with clapping of hands and humble obeisance, all is well, as the supreme authority of the chief is thereby acknowledged. If not, they burn down all the village, and so teach by very intelligible language that before a youth dares to be a chieftain he had better perform the duties which a vassal owes to his sovereign.

There is a system among the Banyai which has a singular resemblance to the instruction of pages in the days of chivalry. When a man attains to eminence, he gathers around him a band of young boys, who are placed by their parents under his charge, and who are taught to become accomplished gentlemen after Banyai ideas. While they are yet in the condition of pagehood, they are kept under strict discipline, and obliged to be humble and punctilious toward their superiors, whom they recognize with the hand-clapping which is the salute common throughout Central Africa. At meal-times they are not allowed to help themselves, but are obliged to wait patiently until the food is divided for them by one of the men. They are also instructed in the Banyai law; and when they return to their parents, a case is submitted to them, and the progress which they have made is ascertained by their answers. To their teachers they are exceedingly useful. They are all sons of free men who are tolerably well off, and who send servants to accompany their sons, and to till the ground for their maintenance. They also send ivory to the teacher, with which he purchases clothing for the young scholars.

This custom shows that a certain amount of culture has been attained by the Banyai, and the social condition of their women is a still stronger proof. In most parts of savage Africa the woman is little more than a beast of burden, and has no more to do with the management of affairs or with her husband's counsels than the cows for which he has bought her. In Banyai-land, however, the women have not only their full share of power, but rather more than their share, the husbands never venturing to undertake any business or to conduct any bargain without the consent of their wives. The women even act as traders, visiting other towns with merchandise, and acting fairly toward both the purchaser and themselves.

Their marriages are conducted in a manner which shows that the wife is quite the equal of her husband. In most parts of Southern Africa a wife is bought for a stipulated number of cows, and, as soon as the bargain is concluded, and the girl handed over to the purchaser, she becomes his property, and is treated as such. But, among the Banyai, the young bridegroom

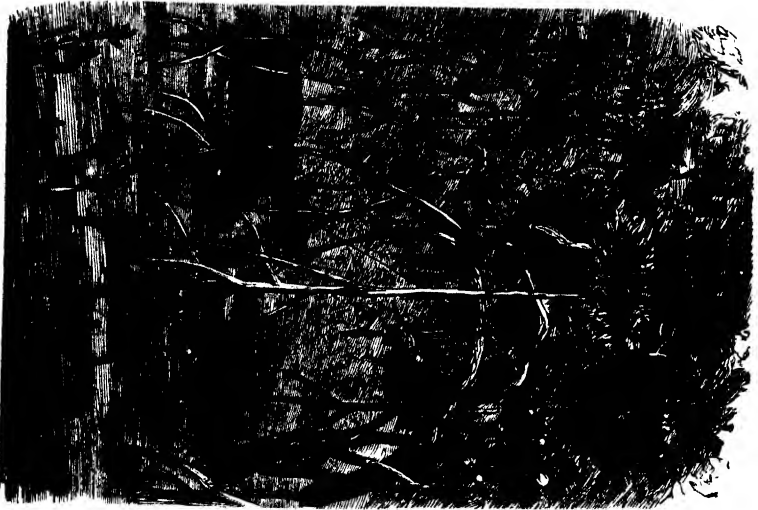
does not take his wife to his hut; he goes to the house of her parents. Here he is quite the inferior, and is the special servant of his mother-in-law, cutting wood for her use, and being very respectful in demeanor. Should he not like this kind of life, and be desirous of leaving it, he may do so whenever he likes; but he has to relinquish wife and children, unless he can pay the parents of the wife a sufficient sum to compensate them for their loss. Nevertheless, this is the principle on which the custom of buying wives is founded; but there are few places where the theory is reduced to practice.

Among the Banyai, as among many of the tribes along the river, the flesh of the hippopotamus is much eaten, and the capture of the animal is consequently a matter of importance. They do not care for boldly chasing the hippopotamus, as do the tribes which have already been mentioned, but they prefer to resort to the pitfall and the drop-trap. The pitfalls are always dug in places where the animal is likely to tread; and the pits are not only numerous, but generally placed in pairs close to each other. On one occasion a white traveller happened to fall into one of these pits, and after he had recovered from the shock of finding himself suddenly deprived of the light of day and enclosed in a deep hole, he set to work, and after many hours' labor managed to free himself from his unpleasant position. But no sooner had he fairly got out of the pit than he unfortunately stepped upon its companion, and fell into it just as he had fallen into the other.

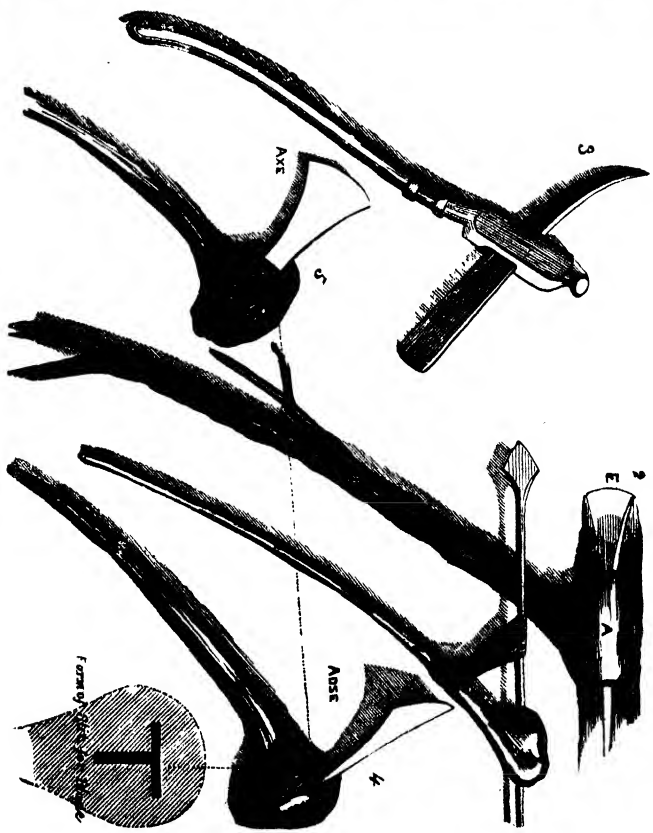
The most ingenious mode of capturing the animal is by means of the drop-trap. For this purpose the native cuts a rather long and heavy log of wood, and, in order to make it still heavier, a couple of large stones are tied to it near one end, or a quantity of clay is kneaded round it. At the loaded end a hole is made, into which is set a spear-head, sometimes that of a large assagai, but mostly a sort of harpoon like that which has been described on page 341. A rope loop is then fastened to the other end, and the weapon is ready. The hunter now goes to a hippopotamus track, and looks out for a branch that overhangs it. Generally he can find a branch that will suit his purpose; but if not, he rigs up a sort of gallows on which he can suspend the armed log. When he has found a convenient branch, he takes a long rope, one end of which is fastened to a stick, places the stick across the branch, and hangs the loop of the harpoon upon the other end. He next passes the cord round a peg at the foot of the tree, about eighteen inches or so from the ground, draws it across the path, and then makes it fast.

The engraving No. 1, opposite, will explain how the whole business is managed. The tree on which the weapon is suspended





(1.) HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAP.  
(See page 362.)



(2.) AXES.  
(See page 366.)



is the mangrove, a tree utterly unlike any of those which we have in this land. The extraordinary vitality of this tree is well shown by the sketch, which was made by Mr. Buines. The trunk has been broken off, but the upper part has fallen against another tree and been supported by it. It has then thrown out a number of roots, which have descended to the moist ground, and give the tree a new support of its own. In such a case, the branches that tend downward wither away and die, those that tend upward increase rapidly, while those that project sideways take a turn, and then curve themselves upward. Examples of these branches may be seen in the sketch.

The mangrove is a self-sowing tree, and performs this act in a very curious manner. The seeds are very long, and furnished at the end with a hard, pointed tip. As soon as it is ripe, the seed falls, burying the pointed tip several inches into the soft, swampy soil, which mangroves love, and there remains. The object of this curious provision of Nature is, that the seed shall not be washed away by the periodical floods which inundate the country.

In such a soil there is no difficulty in finding the path of the hippopotamus, for the heavy and clumsy animal leaves a track which could be followed in the darkest night. Owing to the great width of its body, the feet of the opposite sides are set rather wider apart than is the case with lighter animals, so that when the hippopotamus walks through grass it makes a distinct double path, with a ridge of grass in the middle. When it walks on the soft muddy soil of the river bank, the animal makes a most curious track, the feet sinking deeply into the earth, and forming a sort of double rut studded with holes at the distance of an inch or two from each other, a ridge some two inches in width dividing the ruts.

There is no path so trying to a traveller as a hippopotamus track. In that part of the country it is necessary to walk barefoot, or, at all events, to use nothing more than the native sandals. If the traveller tries to walk on the central ridge, he finds that the exertion of keeping the balance is almost equivalent to walking on a tight-rope or a Bornean "batang," and that the pressure on the middle of the foot soon becomes too painful to be borne. If he tries to walk in the ruts, he is no better off, for his feet sink deeply into the holes punched by the limbs of the hippopotamus, the toes are forcibly pressed upward, and the leg is fixed so tightly in the hole that the traveller cannot withdraw it until the earth has been removed.

Over one of these tracks the native hunter suspends his harpoon, taking care that the blade shall hang exactly above the central ridge. As the hippopotamus comes walking along he strikes his foot against the cord.

The blow releases the harpoon, which falls with tremendous violence, burying the iron head deep into the animal's back. Now and then the head comes exactly on the spine, and in that case the animal falls helpless on the spot. Usually, however, the wound is not immediately fatal, and the hippopotamus rushes to the river, hoping thus to shake off the cruel weapon which had tortured him on land. Sooner or later, he is sure to die from the wound, and then the natives, who, like the hippopotamus, never hurry themselves, drag the huge carcass to land, and hold a mighty feast upon it.

In some parts of the country these fall-traps are set nearly as thickly as the pits which have already been mentioned, and the result is, that the animals have become exceedingly suspicious, and will not approach anything that looks like a trap. They are so thoroughly afraid of being injured, that the native agriculturists are in the habit of imitating traps by suspending mangrove seeds, bits of sticks, and other objects, to the branches of the trees, knowing that the wary animal will keep very clear of so dangerous-looking a locality. The trap has to be set with considerable skill, and much care must be taken to conceal the rope which crosses the path, or the animal will not strike it. Large and heavy, and apparently clumsy, as he is, he can look out for himself, and, in places where traps are plentiful, he becomes so suspicious that if even a twig lie across his path he will rather go round it than tread it under foot.

The Banyai chiefs do not neglect the usual African custom of demanding toll from every traveller who passes through their territories, although they do not appear to be quite so rapacious as some, of whom we shall presently treat. The Banyai enforce their tribute much as the owner of a ferry compels payment for the passengers. Knowing that their permission, and even assistance, is needed in passing through the country, they set a very high price upon their services, and will not allow the traveller to proceed until he has complied with their demands. Feeling sure of their position, they are apt to be violent as well as extortionate, flinging down the offered sum with contemptuous gestures, and abusing their victims with a wonderful flow of disparaging language.

Dr. Livingstone, knowing their customs, contrived to get the better of the Banyai in a place where they were accustomed to carry things with a high hand, even over the Portuguese traders. At night, when the time came for repose, instead of going ashore, after the usual custom of the native canoe men, he anchored in the middle of the stream, and had couches made on board. This device completely disconcerted the plans of the Banyai, who expected the travellers to come ashore, and, of course, would

have kept them prisoners until they had paid a heavy toll for permission to embark again. They even shouted invitations from the river bank to come and sleep on land, but dared not attack a boat filled with armed men commanded by Europeans. The odddest part of the whole proceeding was, that the Makololo and Batoka boatmen, who were accompanying Dr. Livingstone, had never thought of so simple a device, and roared exultant jeers from their boat to the Banyai on shore.

The country in which the Banyai live furnishes various kinds of food of which an European would be ignorant, and therefore would run a great risk of starving in a place where the Banyai would be reveling in plenty. Ant-hills, for example, almost always furnish huge mushrooms, which are at once palatable and nutritious; and there are several kinds of subterranean tubers that are only to be found by striking the ground with stones and listening to the sound. One of these tubers is remarkable for the fact that in winter time it has a slight but perceptible quantity of salt in it.

The Banyai, like other African tribes, have their peculiar superstitions, such as pouring out the contents of their snuff box as an offering to the spirits of the dead when they are engaged in hunting, hoping thereby to propitiate them and procure their aid. One man who had performed this act of devotion was quite scandalized at the irreverence of hunters who belonged to other tribes, and who, as he said, did not know how to pray. The same man took to himself the credit of having destroyed an elephant which had been killed by others, his prayers and snuff, and not the weapons of the hunters, having, according to his idea, been the real instruments by which the animal fell.

The particular animal, by the way, was killed in a manner peculiar to some of the tribes in this part of Africa. These native hunters are very Nimrods for skill and courage, going after the elephant into the depths of his own forest, and boldly coping with him, though armed with weapons which an European would despise.

The chief weapon which is used by these tribes is a kind of axe. It is made much after the fashion of those used by the Bechuanas described on page 290. The "tang," however, which is fastened into the handle, is at least three feet in length, and the handle is sometimes six or seven feet long, so that the instrument looks more like a scythe than an axe. The handle is made by cutting off a branch of convenient thickness, and also a foot or two of the trunk at its junction. A hole is then bored through the piece of the trunk, the tang of the head inserted into it, and the rough wood then dressed into shape; thus the necessary

weight is gained without the expenditure of valuable metal.

The illustration No. 2 on page 363 will make this ingenious process clear. Fig. 2 represents part of the trunk of a tree, marked A, from which starts a convenient branch. Seeing that this branch will answer for the handle of an axe, the native cuts across the trunk, and thus has a very rude kind of mallet, possessed of considerable weight. A hole is next bored through the part of the trunk, and the iron tang of the axehd thrust through it. The superabundant wood is then trimmed off, as shown in the cut, the branch is scraped and smoothed, and the simple but effective axe is complete.

Figs. 4 and 5 represent a convertible axe which is much used by this people. As in their work they sometimes need an adze, and sometimes an axe, they have ingeniously made a tool which will serve either purpose. The handle and butt are made exactly as has already been described, but, instead of piercing a single hole for the iron head, the Banyai cut two holes at right angles to each other, as seen in the diagram, fig. 4. The iron, therefore, can be fixed in either of these sockets, and, according to the mode in which it is inserted, the tool becomes either an axe or an adze. At fig. 4 it is placed in the horizontal socket, and accordingly the tool is an adze; but at fig. 5 it is transformed into an axe, merely by shifting the iron head into the perpendicular socket.

It is a curious fact that the Water Dyaks of Borneo have a very similar tool, which they use in boat-building. It is much smaller than the Banyai axe, being only used in one hand, and the head is fixed to the handle by an elaborate binding of split rattan, which is so contrived that the head can be turned at pleasure with its edge parallel to or across the handle.

Fig. 3 represents a rather curious form of axe, which is sometimes found among the Banyai and other tribes. The head is made very long, and it is made so that, when the owner wishes to carry it from one place to another, he does not trouble himself to hold it in his hand, but merely hangs it over his shoulder.

The elephant axe is shown at fig. 1, but it is hardly long enough in the handle. In one part of Central Africa the head is fastened to the handle by means of a socket; but this form is exceedingly rare, and, in such a climate as is afforded by tropical Africa, is far inferior to that which has been described.

The hunters who use this curious weapon go in pairs, one having the axe, which has been most carefully sharpened, and the other not troubling himself about any weapon, except perhaps a spear or two. When they have found an elephant with

good tusks, they separate, and work their way round a wide circuit, so as to come upon him from different quarters, the axeman always approaching from behind, and the assistant coming toward the front. As soon as they know, by well-understood signals, that they are near the animal, they begin their work. The assistant begins to rustle among the branches at some distance in front, not in such a manner as to alarm the elephant, but to keep his attention fixed, and make him wonder what the singular movements can mean. While he is engaged with the man in front, the axeman steals gradually on him from behind, and with a sweep of his huge weapon severs the tendon of the hock, which in the elephant is at a very short distance from the ground. From that moment the animal is helpless, its enormous weight requiring the full use of all its limbs; and the hunters can, if they choose, leave it there and go after another, being quite sure that they will find the lamed animal in the same place where it was left. Even if the axe blow should not quite sever the tendon, it is sure to cut so deeply that at the first step which the animal takes the tendon gives way with a loud snap.

To return to the religious notions of the Banyai. The man who made oblation of his snuff said that the elephant was specially directed by the Great Spirit to come to the hunters, because they were hungry and wanted food; a plain proof that they have some idea, however confused and imperfect it may be, of a superintending and guiding Providence. The other Banyai showed by their conduct that this feeling was common to the tribe, and not peculiar to the individual; for when they brought corn, poultry, and beads, as thank-offerings to the hunters who had killed the elephant, they mentioned that they had already given thanks to the Barimo, or gods, for the successful chase. The Banyai seem to have odd ideas about animals; for when the hyenas set up their hideous laugh, the men said that they were laughing because they knew that the men

could not eat all the elephant, and must leave some for the hyenas. In some parts of the country the hyenas and lions are so numerous, that when the inhabitants are benighted at a distance from human habitations, they build little resting places in the branches of trees, and lodge there for the night, leaving their little huts in the branches as memorials of their visit.

Among the peculiar superstitions is one which is much in vogue. This is a mode of protecting property from thieves, and consists of a strip of palm leaf, smeared with some compound, and decorated with tufts of grass, bits of wood, little roots, and the like. It is chiefly used for the protection of honey, which is sometimes wild, the bees making a nest for themselves in the hollow of a tree, and sometimes preserved in hives, which are made of bark, and placed in the branches. The hives are long and cylindrical, and laid on their sides. The protecting palm leaf is tied round the tree, and the natives firmly believe that if a thief were to climb over it, much more to remove it, he would be at once afflicted with illness, and soon die. The reader will see here an analogous superstition to the "tapu," or taboo, of Polynesia.

The hives are made simply enough. Two incisions are made completely round the tree, about five feet apart, and a longitudinal slit is then cut from one incision to the other. The bark is carefully opened at this slit, and by proper management it comes off the tree without being broken, returning by its own elasticity to its original shape. The edges of the slit are then sewed together, or fastened by a series of little wooden pegs. The ends are next closed with grass ropes, coiled up just like the targets which are used by modern archers; and, a hole being made in one of the ends, the hive is complete. Large quantities of honey and wax are thus collected and used for exportation; indeed all the wax that comes from Londa is collected from these hives.

### THE BADÉMA TRIBE.

THERE is still left a small fragment of one of the many African tribes which are rapidly expiring. These people are called BADÉMA, and from their ingenuity seem to deserve a better fate. They are careful husbandmen, and cultivate small quantities of tobacco, maize, and cotton in the hollows of the valleys, where sufficient moisture lingers to support vegetation. They are clever sportsmen, and make great use of the net, as well on the land as in the water. For fishing they have a kind of casting net, and when they go out to catch zebras,

antelopes, and other animals, they do so by stretching nets across the narrow outlets of ravines, and then driving the game into them. The nets are made of baobab bark, and are very strong.

They have a singularly ingenious mode of preserving their corn. Like many other failing tribes, they are much persecuted by their stronger neighbors, who are apt to make raids upon them, and carry off all their property, the chief part of which consists of corn. Consequently they are obliged to conceal their stores in the hills, and only keep

a small portion in their huts, just sufficient for the day's consumption. But the mice and monkeys are quite as fond of corn as their human enemies, and would soon destroy all their stores, had not the men a plan by which they can be preserved. The Badéma have found out a tree, the bark of which is hateful both to the mice and the monkeys. Accordingly they strip off the bark, which is of a very bitter character, roll it up into cylindrical vessels, and in these vessels they keep their corn safely in caves and crevices among the rocks. Of course, when their enemies come upon them, they always deny that they have any food except that which is in their huts, and when Dr. Livingstone came among them for the first time they made the stereotyped denial, stating that they had been robbed only a few weeks before.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE BALONDO OR BALONDA AND THE ANGOLESE.

GENERAL APPEARANCE—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—WOMAN'S DRESS—MANENKO AND HER STRANGE COSTUME—FASHIONS IN HAIR-DRESSING—COSTUME OF THE MEN—THEIR ORNAMENTS—PECULIAR GAIT—MODE OF SALUTATION—CURIOSITY—MILDNESS OF TEMPERAMENT—AN ATTEMPT AT EXTORTION—A SCENE AT COURT—BALONDA MUSIC—MANENKO IN COMMAND—KATEMA AND HIS BEARER—LOVE OF CATTLE—FOOD OF THE BALONDA—FISH-CATCHING—BALONDA ARCHITECTURE—CEMENTING FRIENDSHIP—RELIGION AND IDOLS—A WILD LEGEND—FUNERAL CUSTOMS—THE ANGOLESE—THEIR CHARACTER—AGRICULTURE—THE MANIOC, AND ITS USES—MEDICINES AND CUPPING—SUPERSTITIONS—MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS—DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SUMMARY.

WE now come to a rather important tribe that lives very close to the equator. This is called the Balondo or Balonda tribe, *i. e.* the people who inhabit Londa-land, a very large district on the western side of Africa. A great number of small tribes inhabit this country, but, as they really are offshoots of the one tribe, we will treat of them all under the common name of Balondo.

The chief ruler, or king, of the Balonda tribes is Matiambo, a name which is hereditary, like that of the Czar or Pharaoh. He has absolute power of life and death, and one of them had a way of proving this authority by occasionally running about the town and beheading every one whom he met, until sometimes quite a heap of human heads was collected. He said that his people were too numerous to be prosperous, and so he took this simple method of diminishing their numbers. There seems to be no doubt that he was insane, and his people thought so too; but their reverence for his office was so great that he was allowed to pursue his mad course without check, and at length died peaceably, instead of being murdered, as might have been expected.

He was a great slave-dealer, and used to conduct the transaction in a manner remarkable for its simplicity. When a slave-merchant came to his town, he took all his visitor's property, and kept him as a guest for a week or ten days. After that time, having shown his hospitality, he sent out a party of armed men against some populous

village, killed the headman, and gave the rest of the inhabitants to the slave merchant in payment for his goods. Thus he enriched his treasury and thinned his population by the same act. Indeed, he seemed always to look upon villages as property which could be realized at any time, and had, besides, the advantage of steadily increasing in value. If he heard of or saw anything which he desired exceedingly, and the owner declined to part with it, he would destroy a whole village, and offer the plunder to the owner of the coveted property.

Still, under this régime, the people lead, as a general rule, tolerably happy and contented lives. They are not subjected to the same despotism as the tribes of the Southern districts, and, indeed, often refuse to obey the orders of the chief. Once, when Katema sent to the Balobale, a sub-tribe under his protection, and ordered them to furnish men, to carry Dr. Livingstone's goods, they flatly refused to do so, in spite of Katema's threat that, if they did not obey, he would deprive them of his countenance, and send them back to their former oppressors. The fact is, each of the chiefs is anxious to collect round himself as many people as possible, in order to swell his own importance, and he does not like to do anything that might drive them away from him into the ranks of some rival chief. Dr. Livingstone remarks, that this disobedience is the more remarkable, as it occurs in a country where the slave-trade



is in full force, and where people may be kidnapped and sold under any pretext that may happen to occur to the chief.

As is frequently the case with African tribes, there is considerable variety of color among the Balondo, some being of a notably pale chocolate hue, while others are so black as to rival the negro in darkness of complexion. They appear to be a rather pleasing set of men, tainted, as must be the case, with the ordinary vices of savage life, but not morose, cruel, or treacherous, as is too often the case. The women appear to be almost exceptionally lively, being full of animal spirits, and spending all their leisure time, which seems to be considerable, in chattering, weddings, funerals, and similar amusements. Dr. Livingstone offers a suggestion that this flow of spirits may be one reason why they are so indestructible a race, and thinks that their total want of care is caused by the fatalism of their religious theories, such as they are. Indeed, he draws rather a curious conclusion from their happy and cheerful mode of life, considering that it would be a difficulty in the way of a missionary, though why a lively disposition and Christianity should be opposed to each other is not easy to see.

One woman, named Manenko, afforded a curious example of mixed energy, liveliness, and authority. She was a chief, and, though married, retained the command in her own hands. When she first visited Dr. Livingstone, she was a remarkably tall and fine woman of twenty or thereabouts, and rather astonished her guest by appearing before him in a bright coat of red ochre, and nothing else, except some charms hung round her neck. This absence of clothing was entirely a voluntary act on her part, as, being a chief, she might have had any amount of clothing that she liked; but she evidently thought that her dignity required her to outdo the generality of Balondo ladies in the scantiness of apparel which distinguishes them.

In one part of Londa-land the women are almost wholly without clothes, caring nothing for garments, except those of European manufacture, which they wear with much pride. Even in this latter case the raiment is not worn so much as a covering to the body as a kind of ornament which shows the wealth of the wearer, for the women will purchase calico and other stuffs at extravagant prices. They were willing to give twenty pounds' weight of meal and a fowl for a little strip of calico barely two feet in length, and, having put it on, were quite charmed with their new dress.

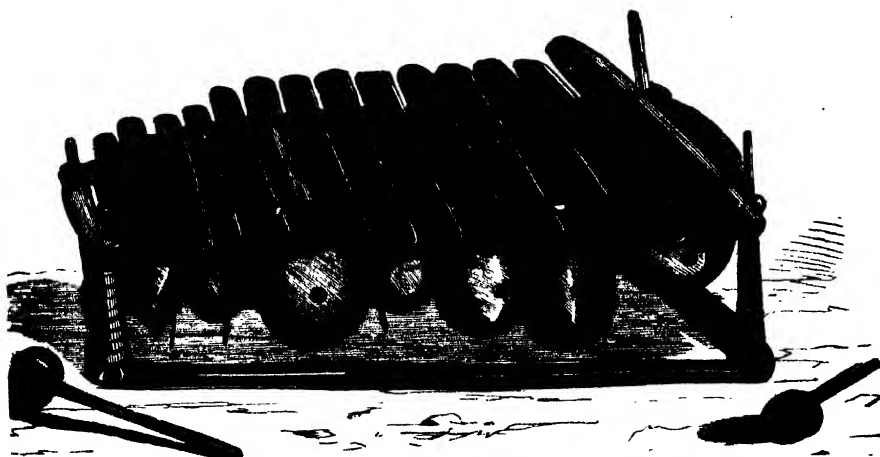
The fact is, they have never been accustomed to dress, and "are all face," the weather having no more effect on their bodies than it does on our faces. Even the very babies are deprived of the warm fur-clad wrapper in which the generality of

African mothers carry them, and the infant is as exposed to the weather as its mother. The Londa mother carries her child in a very simple manner. She plaits a bark belt, some four inches or so in width, and hangs it over one shoulder and under the other, like the sash of a light infantry officer. The child is partly seated on its mother's hip, and partly supported by the belt, which, as is evident, does not afford the least protection against the weather. They even sleep in the same state of nudity, keeping up a fire at night, which they say is their clothing. The women tried very hard to move the compassionate feelings of their white visitors by holding up their little naked babies, and begging for clothes; but it was clear that the real destination of such clothes was for ornaments for themselves.

As is the case with several other tribes which care little for clothes, they decorate their heads with the greatest care, weaving their hair into a variety of patterns, that must cost infinite trouble to make, and scarcely less to preserve. They often employ the "buffalo-horn" pattern, which has already been mentioned, sometimes working their hair into two horns, and sometimes into one, which projects over the forehead. Some of them divide the hair into a number of cords or plaits, and allow them to hang all round the face. The most singular method of dressing the hair is one which is positively startling at first sight, on account of the curious resemblance which it bears to the "nimbus" with which the heads of saints are conventionally surrounded. The hair is dressed in plaits, as has already been mentioned, but, instead of being allowed to hang down, each plait or strand is drawn out in a radiating fashion, and the ends are fastened to a hoop of light wood. When this is done, the hoop itself represents the nimbus, and the strands of hair the radiating beams of light. (See next page.)

The features of the Balondo women are pleasing enough, and in some cases are even tolerably regular. The teeth are allowed to retain their original form and whiteness; and it is a pity that so many good countenances are disfigured by the custom of thrusting pieces of reed through the septum of the nose.

The dress of the Balondo men is more worthy of the name than that of the women, as it consists of a girdle round the waist, with a softly-dressed skin of a jackal in front, and a similar skin behind. Dr. Livingstone relates an anecdote concerning this dress, which shows how arbitrary is the feeling of decency and its opposite. He had with him a number of Makololo men, whose dress is similar to that of many other tribes, and consists merely of a piece of soft hide fastened to the girdle in front, brought under the legs, and tucked into the girdle behind. Now this dress is much more



(1.) THE MARIMBA OR AFRICAN PIANO. (See page 375.)



(2.) HEADRESSES. (See page 370.)



worthy of the name than the double skin of the Balonda. Yet the Balonda girls, themselves in a state of almost complete nudity, were very much shocked when they found that the Makololo men wore no back-apron. Whenever a Makololo man happened to turn his back upon the women and girls, they laughed and jeered at him to such an extent that he was made quite wretched by their scorn. Had they been even moderately clad, such behavior might seem excusable, but, when it is remembered that the dress of the despised visitor would have furnished costumes to four or five of the women who were laughing at him, we can but wonder at the singular hold which fashion takes of the human mind.

The Balondo men are as fond of ornaments as their wives, and, as with them, the decorations chiefly belong to the head and the feet. In some places they have a fashion of dressing their hair into a conical form, similar to that which has been already mentioned; while a man who is fond of dress will generally show his foppery by twisting his beard into three distinct plaits. Some of the Balondo men have a considerable quantity of thick woolly hair, and dress it in a singular fashion. They begin by parting it down the middle, and then forming the hair of each side into two thick rolls, which pass between the ears and fall down as far as the shoulders. The rest of the hair is gathered up into a bundle, and hangs on the back of the neck.

Whenever they can afford it, the Balondo men will carry one of the large knives which are so prevalent in this part of the continent. Throughout the whole of Western Africa there is one type of knife, which undergoes various modifications according to the particular district in which it is made, and this type is as characteristic of Western Africa as the Bechuana knife is of the southern parts. Their curious form is almost identical with that of weapons taken from tumuli in Europe. The sheath is always very wide, and is made with great care, being mostly ornamental as well as useful.

Heavy rings of copper and other metals are as much in vogue as among the Damaras; only the men prefer to wear them on their own limbs, instead of handing them over to their wives. As wealth is mostly carried on the person in this country, a rich Balondo man will have six or seven great copper rings encircling his ankles, each ring weighing two pounds or so. The gait of a rich man is therefore singularly ungraceful, the feet being planted widely apart, so that the massive rings should not come in contact. The peculiar gait which is caused by the presence of the treasured rings is much admired among the Balondo, and is studiously imitated by those who have no need to use it. A young man, for example, who is only worth half a dozen rings weighing

half an ounce or so each, will strut about with his feet wide apart, as if he could hardly walk for the weight of his anklets.

The ornament which is most prized is made from a large species of shell belonging to the genus *Conus*. The greater part of the shell is chipped away, and only the flat and spiral base is left. This is pierced in the middle, and a string is passed through the middle, so that it can be hung round the neck. Dr. Livingstone tells an anecdote which shows the estimation in which this ornament is held. Just before his departure the king, Shinte, came into his tent, and passed a considerable time in examining his books, watch, and other curiosities. At last he carefully closed the door of the tent, so that none of his people might see the extravagance of which he was about to be guilty, and drew one of these shells from his clothing, hung it round his host's neck, with the words, "There, now you have a proof of my friendship." These shells are used, like stars and crosses in England, as emblems of rank; and they have besides a heavy intrinsic value, costing the king at the rate of a slave for two, or a large elephant's tusk for five.

The very fact that they possess insignia of rank shows that they must possess some degree of civilization; and this is also shown by the manner in which inferiors are bound to salute those above them. If a man of low rank should meet a superior, the former immediately drops on his knees, picks up a little dirt, rubs it on his arms and chest, and then claps his hands until the great man has passed. So punctilious are they in their manner, that when Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, was making a speech to the people of a village, he interspersed his discourse with frequent salutations, although he was a man of consequence himself, being the husband of the chief.

There are many gradations in the mode of saluting. Great chiefs go through the movements of rubbing the sand, but they only make a pretence of picking up sand. If a man desires to be very polite indeed, he carries with him some white ashes or powdered pipe-clay in a piece of skin, and, after kneeling in the usual manner, rubs it on his chest and arms, the white powder being an ocular proof that the salutation has been properly conducted. He then claps his hands, stoops forward, lays first one cheek and then the other on the ground, and continues his clapping for some little time. Sometimes, instead of clapping his hands, he drums with his elbows against his ribs.

On the whole, those travellers who have passed through Londa seem to be pleased with the character of the inhabitants. Dr. Livingstone appears to have had but little trouble with them, except when resisting the extortionate demands which they, like other tribes, were apt to make for leave

of passage through their country. He writes:—

"One could detect, in passing, the variety of character found among the owners of gardens and villages. Some villages were the picture of neatness. We entered others enveloped in a wilderness of weeds, so high that, when sitting on an ox-back in the middle of the village, we could only see the tops of the huts. If we entered at mid-day, the owners would come lazily forth, pipe in hand, and leisurely puff away in dreamy indifference. In some villages weeds were not allowed to grow; cotton, tobacco, and different plants used as relishes, are planted round the huts; fowls are kept in cages; and the gardens present the pleasant spectacle of different kinds of grain and pulse at various periods of their growth. I sometimes admired the one class, and at times wished I could have taken the world easy, like the other.

"Every village swarms with children, who turn out to see the white man pass, and run along with strange cries and antics; some run up trees to get a good view—all are agile climbers through Londa. At friendly villages they have scampered alongside our party for miles at a time. We usually made a little hedge round our sheds; crowds of women came to the entrance of it, with children on their backs, and pipes in their mouths, gazing at us for hours. The men, rather than disturb them, crawled through a hole in the hedge; and it was common to hear a man in running off say to them, "I am going to tell my mamma to come and see the white man's oxen."

According to the same authority, the Balonda do not appear to be a very quarrelsome race, generally restricting themselves to the tongue as a weapon, and seldom resorting to anything more actively offensive. The only occasion on which he saw a real quarrel take place was rather a curious one. An old woman had been steadily abusing a young man for an hour or two, with that singular fluency of invective with which those women seem to be gifted. He endured it patiently for some time, but at last uttered an exclamation of anger. On which another man sprang forward, and angrily demanded why the other had cursed his mother. They immediately closed with each other, and a scuffle commenced, in the course of which they contrived to tear off the whole of each other's clothing. The man who began the assault then picked up his clothes and ran away, threatening to bring his gun, but he did not return, and the old woman proceeded with her abuse of the remaining combatant. In their quarrels the Balonda make plenty of noise, but after a while they suddenly cease from their mutual invective, and conclude the dispute with a hearty laugh.

Once a most flagrant attempt at extortion

was made by Kawawa, a Balonda chief who had a very bad character, and was in disfavor with Matiamvo, the supreme chief of the Balonda. He sent a body of men to a ferry which they had to cross, in order to prevent the boatman taking them over the river. The canoes were removed; and as the river was at least a hundred yards wide, and very deep, Kawawa thought he had the strangers at his mercy, and that if the cart, the ox, the gun, the powder, and the slave, which he required, were not forthcoming, he could keep the strangers until they were forced to comply with his demands. However, during the night Dr. Livingstone swam to the place where the canoes were hidden, ferried the whole party across, replaced the canoe, together with some beads as payment for its use, and quietly swam to the side on which their party were now safely landed. Kawawa had no idea that any of the travellers could swim, and the whole party were greatly amused at the astonishment which they knew he must feel when he found the travellers vanished and the canoes still in their place of concealment.

Some of the Balonda have a very clever but rather mean method of extorting money from travellers. When they ferry a party over the river, they purposely drop or leave in a canoe a knife or some other object of value. They then watch to see if any one will pick it up, and, if so, seize their victim and accuse him of the theft. They always manage to do so just before the headman of the party has been ferried across, and threaten to retain him as a hostage until their demand be paid. Dr. Livingstone once fell a victim to this trick, a lad belonging to his party having picked up a knife which was thrown down as a bait by one of the rascally boatmen. As the lad happened to possess one of those precious shells which have been mentioned, he was forced to surrender it to secure his liberty. Such conduct was, however, unusual with the Balonda, and the two great chiefs, Shinte and Katema, behaved with the greatest kindness to the travellers. The former chief gave them a grand reception, which exhibited many of the manners and customs of the people.

The royal throne was placed under the shade of a spreading banian tree, and was covered with a leopard skin. The chief had disfigured himself with a checked jacket and a green baize kilt; but, besides these portions of civilized costume, he wore a multitude of native ornaments, the most conspicuous being the number of copper and iron rings round his arms and ankles, and a sort of head helmet adorned with a large plume of feathers. His three pages were close to him, and behind him sat a number of women headed by his chief wife, who was distinguished from the others by a cap of scarlet material.

In many other parts of Africa the women would have been rigidly excluded from a public ceremony, and at the best might have been permitted to see it from a distance; but among the Balonda the women take their own part in such meetings: and on the present occasion Shinte often turned and spoke to them, as if asking their opinion.

Manenko's husband, Sambanza, introduced the party, and did so in the usual manner, by saluting with ashes. After him the various subdivisions of the tribe came forward in their order, headed by its chief man, who carried ashes with him, and saluted the king on behalf of his company. Then came the soldiers, who dashed forward at the white visitor in their usually impetuous manner, shaking their spears in his face, brandishing their shields, and making all kinds of menacing gestures, which in this country is their usual way of doing honor to a visitor. They then turned and saluted the king, and took their places.

Next came the speeches, Sambanza marching about before Shinte, and announcing in a stentorian voice and with measured accents the whole history of the white men and their reasons for visiting the country. His argument for giving the travellers leave to pass through the territory was rather an odd one. The white man certainly said that he had come for the purpose of opening the country for trade, making peace among the various tribes, and teaching them a better religion than their own. Perhaps he was telling lies; for it was not easy to believe that a white man who had such treasures at home would take the trouble of coming out of the sea where he lived for the mere purpose of conferring benefits on those whom he had never seen. On the whole, they rather thought he was not speaking the truth. But still, though he had plenty of fire-arms, he had not attacked the Balonda; and it was perhaps more consistent with Shinte's character as a wise and humane chief, that he should receive the white men kindly, and allow them to pass on.

Between the speeches the women filled up the time by chanting a wild and plaintive melody; and that they were allowed to take more than a passive part in the proceedings was evident from the frequency with which they applauded the various speeches. Music was also employed at the reception, the instruments being the marimba, which has already been mentioned, and drums. These latter instruments are carved from solid blocks of wood, cut into hollow cylinders, the ends of which are covered with antelope skin, and tightly fastened by a row of small wooden pegs. There is no method of bracing the skins such as we use with our drums, and when the drum-heads become slack they are tightened by being held to the fire. These drums are played with the hand, and not with sticks.

The most curious part of these drums is the use of a small square hole in the side, which seems to serve the same purpose as the percussion hole in the European instrument. Instead, however, of being left open, it is closed with a piece of spider's web, which allows the needful escape of air, while it seems to have a resonant effect. The web which is used for this purpose is taken from the egg-case of a large species of spider. It is of a yellow color, rather larger than a crown piece in diameter, and is of wonderful toughness and elasticity. The custom of using spider's web in this manner prevails through a very large portion of Africa, and is even found in those parts of Western Africa which have introduced many European instruments among those which belonged to them before they had made acquaintance with civilization.

The drums and marimba are played together; and on this occasion the performers walked round and round the enclosure, producing music which was really not unpleasant even to European ears. The marimba is found, with various modifications, throughout the whole of this part of Africa. Generally the framework is straight, and in that case the instrument is mostly placed on the ground, and the musician plays it while in a sitting or kneeling posture. But in some places, especially where it is to be played by the musician on the march, the framework is curved like the tire of a cart-wheel, so that, when the instrument is suspended in front of the performer, he can reach the highest and lowest keys without difficulty. The illustration on page 371 represents one of the straight-framed marimbabs, and is drawn from a specimen in Colonel Lane Fox's collection.

After this interview Shinte always behaved very kindly to the whole party, and, as we have already seen, invested Dr. Livingstone with the precious shell ornament before his departure.

As to Shinte's niece, Manenko, the female chief, she was a woman who really deserved her rank, from her bold and energetic character. She insisted on conducting the party in her own manner; and when they set out, she headed the expedition in person. It happened to be a singularly unpleasant one, the rain falling in torrents, and yet this very energetic lady marched on at a pace that could be equalled by few of the men, and without the slightest protection from the weather, save the coat of red grease and a charmed necklace. When asked why she did not wear clothes, she said that a chief ought to despise such luxuries, and ought to set an example of fortitude to the rest of the tribe. Nearly all the members of the expedition complained of cold, wet, and hunger, but this indefatigable lady pressed on in the very lightest marching order, and not until they were all thoroughly wearied

would she consent to halt for the night. Her husband, Sambanza, had to march in her train, accompanied by a man who had instructions to beat a drum incessantly, which he did until the perpetual rain soaked the skin-heads so completely that they would not produce a sound. Sambanza had then to chant all kinds of invocations to the rain, which he did, but without any particular effect.

She knew well what was her dignity, and never allowed it to be encroached upon. On one occasion Dr. Livingstone had presented an ox to Shinte. Manenko heard of it, and was extremely angry that such a gift should have been made. She said that, as she was the chief of the party who had brought the white men, the ox was hers, and not theirs, as long as she was in command. So she sent for the ox straightway, had it slaughtered by her own men, and then sent Shinte a leg. The latter chief seemed to think that she was justified in what she had done, took the leg, and said nothing about it.

Yet she did not forget that, although she was a chief, she was a woman, and ought therefore to perform a woman's duties. When the party stopped for the night in some village, Manenko was accustomed to go to the huts and ask for some maize, which she ground and prepared with her own hands and brought to Dr. Livingstone, as he could not eat the ordinary country meal without being ill afterward. She was also careful to inform him of the proper mode of approaching a Balonda town or village. It is bad manners to pass on and enter a town without having first sent notice to the headman. As soon as a traveller comes within sight of the houses, he ought to halt, and send forward a messenger to state his name, and ask for permission to enter. The headman or chief then comes out, meets the stranger under a tree, just as Shinte received Dr. Livingstone, giving him a welcome, and appointing him a place where he may sleep. Before he learned this piece of etiquette, several villages had been much alarmed by the unannounced arrival of the visitors, who were in consequence looked upon with fear and suspicion.

Afterward, when they came to visit the great chief Katema, they found him quite as friendly as Shinte had been. He received them much after the same manner, being seated, and having around him a number of armed men or guards, and about thirty women behind him. In going to or coming from the place of council, he rode on the shoulders of a man appointed for the purpose, and who, through dint of long practice, performed his task with apparent ease, though he was slightly made, and Katema was a tall and powerful man. He had a great idea of his own dignity, and made a speech in which he compared himself with

Matiamvo, saying that he was the great Moéne, or lord, the fellow of Matiamvo.

He was very proud of a small herd of cattle, about thirty in number, mostly white in color, and as active as antelopes. He had bred them all himself, but had no idea of utilizing them, and was quite delighted when told that they could be milked, and the milk used for food. It is strange that the Balonda are not a more pastoral people, as the country is admirably adapted for the nurture of cattle, and all those which were possessed by Katema, or even by Matiamvo himself, were in splendid condition. So wild were Katema's cattle, that when the chief had presented the party with a cow, they were obliged to stalk and shoot it, as if it had been a buffalo. The native who shot the cow being a bad marksman, the cow was only wounded, and dashed off into the forest, together with the rest of the herd. Even the herdsman was afraid to go among them, and, after two days' hunting, the wounded cow was at last killed by another ball.

The Balonda are not only fond of cattle, but they do their best to improve the breed. When a number of them went with Dr. Livingstone into Angola, they expressed much contemptuous wonder at the neglect both of land and of domesticated animals. They themselves are always on the look-out for better specimens than their own, and even took the trouble of carrying some large fowls all the way from Angola to Shinte's village. When they saw that even the Portuguese settlers slaughtered little cows and heifer calves, and made no use of the milk, they at once set the white men down as an inferior race. When they heard that the flour used by these same settlers was nearly all imported from a foreign country, they were astonished at the neglect of a land so suited for agriculture as Angola. "These know nothing but buying and selling; they are not men," was the verdict given by the so called savages.

The food of the Balonda is mostly of a vegetable character, and consists in a great measure of the manioc, or cassava, which grows in great abundance. There are two varieties of this plant, namely, the sweet and the bitter, i. e. the poisonous. The latter, however, is the quicker of growth, and consequently is chiefly cultivated. In order to prepare it for consumption, it is steeped in water for four days, when it becomes partially rotten, the skin comes off easily, and the poisonous matter is easily extracted. It is then dried in the sun, and can be pounded into a sort of meal.

When this meal is cooked, it is simply stirred into boiling water, one man holding the vessel and putting in the meal, while the other stirs it with all his might. The natives like this simple diet very much, but to an European it is simply detestable. It

has no flavor except that which arises from partial decomposition, and it looks exactly like ordinary starch when ready for the laundress. It has but little nutritive power, and, however much a man may contrive to eat, he is as hungry two hours afterward as if he had fasted. Dr. Livingstone compares it in appearance, taste, and odor, to potato starch made from diseased tubers. Moreover, owing to the mode of preparing it, the cooking is exceedingly imperfect, and, in consequence, its effects upon ordinary European digestions may be imagined.

The manioc plant is largely cultivated, and requires but little labor, the first planting involving nearly all the trouble. In the low-lying valleys the earth is dug with the curious Balonda hoe, which has two handles and one blade, and is scraped into parallel beds, about three feet wide and one foot in height, much resembling those in which asparagus is planted in England. In these beds pieces of the manioc stalk are planted at four feet apart. In order to save space, ground-nuts, beans, or other plants are sown between the beds, and, after the crop is gathered, the ground is cleared of weeds, and the manioc is left to nurture itself. It is fit for eating in a year or eighteen months, according to the character of the soil; but there is no necessity for digging it at once, as it may be left in the ground for three years before it becomes dry and bitter. When a root is dug, the woman cuts off two or three pieces of the stalk, puts them in the hole which she has made, and thus a new crop is begun. Not only the root is edible, but also the leaves, which are boiled and cooked as vegetables.

The Balonda seldom can obtain meat, and even Shinte himself, great chief as he was, had to ask for an ox, saying that his mouth was bitter for the want of meat. The reader may remember that when the ox in question was given, he was very thankful for the single leg which Manenko allowed him to receive. The people are not so fastidious in their food as many other tribes, and they are not above eating mice and other small animals with their tasteless porridge. They also eat fowls and eggs, and are fond of fish, which they catch in a very ingenious manner.

When the floods are out, many fish, especially the silurus, or mosala, as the natives call it, spread themselves over the land. Just before the waters retire, the Balonda construct a number of earthen banks across the outlets, leaving only small apertures for the water to pass through. In these apertures they fix creels or baskets, so made that the fish are forced to enter them as they follow the retreating waters, but, once in, they cannot get out again. Sometimes, instead of earthen walls, they plant rows of mats stretched between sticks, which answer the same purpose.

They also use fish traps very like our own lobster pots, and place a bait inside in order to attract the fish. Hooks are also employed; and in some places they descend to the practice of poisoning the water, by which means they destroy every fish, small and great, that comes within range of the deadly juice. The fish when taken are cleaned, split open, and dried in the smoke, so that they can be kept for a considerable time.

Like other Africans, the Balonda make great quantities of beer, which has more a stupefying than an intoxicating character, those who drink it habitually being often seen lying on their faces fast asleep. A more intoxicating drink is a kind of mead which they make, and of which some of them are as fond as the old Ossianic heroes. Shinte had a great idea of the medicinal properties of this mead, and recommended it to Dr. Livingstone when he was very ill with a fever: "Drink plenty of mead," said he, "and it will drive the fever out." Probably on account of its value as a febrifuge, Shinte took plenty of his own prescription.

They have a most elaborate code of etiquette in eating. They will not partake of food which has been cooked by strangers, neither will they eat it except when alone. If a party of Balonda are travelling with men of other tribes, they always go aside to cook their food, and then come back, clap their hands, and return thanks to the leader of the party. Each hut has always its own fire, and, instead of kindling it at the chief's fire, as is the custom with the Damaras, they always light it at once with fire produced by friction.

So careful are the Balonda in this respect, that when Dr. Livingstone killed an ox, and offered some of the cooked meat to his party, the Balonda would not take it, in spite of their fondness for meat, and the very few chances which they have of obtaining it. They did, however, accept some of the raw meat, which they took away and cooked after their own fashion. One of them was almost absurd in the many little fashions which he followed and probably invented. When the meat was offered to him, he would not take it himself, as it was below his dignity to carry meat. Accordingly he marched home in state, with a servant behind him carrying a few ounces of meat on a platter. Neither would he sit on the grass beside Dr. Livingstone. "He had never sat on the ground during the late Matiamvo's reign, and was not going to degrade himself at his time of life." So he sat on a log of wood, and was happy at his untarnished dignity.

One of the little sub-tribes, an offshoot of the Balonda, was remarkable for never eating beef on principle, saying that cattle are like human beings, and live at home like men. (There are other tribes who will not



keep cattle, because, as they rightly say, the oxen bring enemies and war upon them. But they are always glad to eat beef when they can get it.) This tribe seems to be unique in its abstinence. Although they have this idea about cattle, they will eat without compunction the flesh of most wild animals, and in many cases display great ingenuity in hunting them. They stalk the animals through the long grass and brush-wood, disguising themselves by wearing a cap made of the skin taken from the head of an antelope, to which the horns are still attached. When the animal which they are pursuing begins to be alarmed at the rustling of the boughs or shaking of the grass, they only thrust the horned mask into view, and move it about as if it were the head of a veritable antelope. This device quiets suspicion, and so the hunter proceeds until he is near enough to deliver his arrow. Some of these hunters prefer the head and neck of the jabiru, or great African crane.

As far as is known, the Balonda are not a warlike people, though they are in the habit of carrying arms, and have a very formidable look. Their weapons are short knife-like swords, shields, and bows and arrows, the latter being iron headed. The shields are made of reeds plaited firmly together. They are square or rather oblong, in form, measuring about five feet in length and three in width.

The architecture of the Balonda is simple, but ingenious. Every house is surrounded with a palisade which to all appearance has no door, and is always kept closed, so that a stranger may walk round and round it, and never find the entrance. In one part of the palisade the stakes are not fastened to each other, but two or three are merely stuck into their holes in the ground. When the inhabitants of the huts wish to enter or leave their dwellings, they simply pull up two or three stakes, squeeze themselves through the aperture, and replace them, so that no sign of a doorway is left. The reader may perhaps remember that the little wooden bird-cages in which canaries are brought to England are opened and closed in exactly the same manner, some movable bars supplying the place of a door.

Sometimes they vary the material of their fences, and make them of tall and comparatively slight rods fastened tightly together. Shinte's palace was formed after this manner, and the interior space was decorated with clumps of trees which had been planted for the sake of the shade which they afforded. That these trees had really been planted, and not merely left standing, was evident from the fact that several young trees were seen recently set, with a quantity of grass twisted round their stems to protect them against the sun. Even the

corners of the streets were planted with sugar-canes and bananas, so that the social system of the Balonda seems to be of rather a high order. One petty chief, called Mozinkwa, had made the hedge of his enclosure of green banian branches which had taken root, and so formed a living hedge.

It is a pity that so much care and skill should be so often thrown away. As the traveller passes through the Londa districts he often sees deserted houses, and even villages. The fact is, that either the husband or the chief wife has died, and the invariable custom is to desert the locality, and never to revisit it except to make offerings to the dead. Thus it happens that permanent localities are impossible, because the death of a chief's wife would cause the whole village to be deserted, just as is the case with a house when an ordinary man dies. This very house and garden underwent the usual lot, for Mozinkwa lost his favorite wife, and in a few months house, garden, and hedges had all gone to ruin.

The Balonda have a most remarkable custom of cementing friendship. When two men agree to be special friends, they go through a singular ceremony. The men sit opposite each other with clasped hands, and by the side of each is a vessel of beer. Slight cuts are then made on the clasped hands, on the pit of the stomach, on the right cheek, and on the forehead. The point of a grass blade is then pressed against each of these cuts, so as to take up a little of the blood, and each man washes the grass blade in his own beer-vessel. The vessels are then exchanged and the contents drunk, so that each imbibes the blood of the other. They are then considered as blood relations, and are bound to assist each other in every possible manner. While the beer is being drunk, the friends of each of the men beat on the ground with clubs, and bawl out certain sentences as ratification of the treaty. It is thought correct for all the friends of each party to the contract to drink a little of the beer. This ceremony is called "kasendi." After the ceremony has been completed, gifts are exchanged, and both parties always give their most precious possessions.

Dr. Livingstone once became related to a young woman in rather a curious manner. She had a tumor in her arm, and asked him to remove it. As he was doing so, a little blood spirted from one of the small arteries and entered his eye. As he was wiping it out, she hailed him as a blood relation, and said that whenever he passed through the country he was to send word to her, that she might wait upon him, and cook for him. Men of different tribes often go through this ceremony, and on the present occasion all Dr. Livingstone's men, whether they were Batoka, Makololo, or of other tribes, became *Molekane*, or friends, to the Balonda.

As to their religious belief, it is but con-

fused and hazy, still it exercises a kind of influence over them. They have a tolerably clear idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call by different names according to their dialect. The Balonda use the word *Zambi*, but *Morimo* is one name which is understood through a very large tract of country. The Balonda believe that *Zambi* rules over all other spirits and minor deities just as their king *Matiamvo* rules over the greater and lesser chiefs. When they undergo the poison ordeal, which is used as much among them as in other tribes, they hold up their hands to heaven, and thus appeal to the Great Spirit to judge according to right.

Among the Balonda we come for the first time among idols or fetishes, whichever may be the correct title. One form of idol is very common in Balonda villages, and is called by the name of a lion, though a stranger uninitiated in its mysteries would certainly take it for a crocodile, or at all events a lizard of some kind. It is a long cylindrical roll of grass plastered over with clay. One end represents the head, and is accordingly furnished with a mouth, and a couple of cowrie shells by way of eyes. The other end tapers gradually into a tail, and the whole is supported on four short straight legs. The native modeller seems to have a misgiving that the imitation is not quite so close as might be wished, and so sticks in the neck a number of hairs from an elephant's tail, which are supposed to represent the mane.

These singular idols are to be seen in most Balonda villages. They are supposed to represent the deities who have dominion over disease; and when any inhabitant of the village is ill, his friends go to the lion idol, and pray all night before it, beating their drums, and producing that amount of noise which seems to be an essential accompaniment of religious rites among Africans. Some idols may be perhaps more properly called teraphim, as by their means the medicine men foretell future events. These idols generally rest on a horizontal beam fastened to two uprights—a custom which is followed in Dahomé when a human sacrifice has been made. The medicine men tell their clients that by their ministrations they can force the teraphim to speak, and that thus they are acquainted with the future. They are chiefly brought into requisition in war-time, when they are supposed to give notice of the enemy's approach.

These idols take various shapes. Sometimes they are intended to represent certain animals, and sometimes are fashioned into the rude semblance of the human head. When the superstitious native does not care to take the trouble of carving or modelling an idol, he takes a crooked stick, fixes it in the ground, rubs it with some strange compound, and so his idol is completed. Trees are pressed into the service of the heathen worshipper. Offerings of maize or manioc

root are laid on the branches, and incisions are made in the bark, some being mere knife-cuts, and others rude outlines of the human face. Sticks, too, are thrown on the ground in heaps, and each traveller that passes by is supposed to throw at least one stick on the heap.

Sometimes little models of huts are made, and in them are placed pots of medicine; and in one instance a small farmhouse was seen, and in it was the skull of an ox by way of an idol. The offerings which are made are generally some article of food; and some of the Balonda are so fearful of offending the denizens of the unseen world, that whenever they receive a present, they always offer a portion of it to the spirits of their dead relations.

One curious legend was told to Dr. Livingstone, and is worthy of mention, because it bears a resemblance to the old mythological story of *Latona*. There is a certain lake called in Londa-land *Dilolo*, respecting which the following story was told to the white visitors:—

"A female chief, called *Moéne* (lord) *Monenga*, came one evening to the village of *Mosogo*, a man who lived in the vicinity, but who had gone to hunt with his dogs. She asked for a supply of food, and *Mosogo's* wife gave her a sufficient quantity. Proceeding to another village, standing on the spot now occupied by the water, she preferred the same demand, and was not only refused, but, when she uttered a threat for their niggardliness, was taunted with the question, 'What could she do though she were thus treated?'

"In order to show what she could do, she began a song in slow time, and uttered her own name, '*Monenga-wo-o*.' As she prolonged the last note, the village, people, fowls, and dogs sank into the space now called *Dilolo*. When *Kasimakâte*, the headman of the village, came home and found out the catastrophe, he cast himself into the lake, and is supposed to be in it still. The name is taken from '*idlo*,' despair, because this man gave up all hope when his family was destroyed. *Monenga* was put to death."

The Balonda are certainly possessed of a greater sense of religion than is the case with tribes which have been described. They occasionally exhibit a feeling of reverence, which implies a religious turn of mind, though the object toward which it may manifest itself be an unworthy one. During Dr. Livingstone's march through the Londa country the party was accompanied by a medicine man belonging to the tribe which was ruled by *Manenko*. The wizard in question carried his sacred implements in a basket, and was very reverential in his manner toward them. When near these sacred objects, he kept silence as far as possible, and, if he were forced to speak,

never raised his voice above a whisper. Once, when a Batoka man happened to speak in his usual loud tones when close to the basket, the doctor administered a sharp reproof, his anxious glances at the basket showing that he was really in earnest. It so happened that another female chief, called Nyamoana, was of the party, and, when they had to cross a stream that passed by her own village, she would not venture to do so until the doctor had waved his charms over her, and she had further fortified herself by taking some in her hands, and hanging others round her neck.

As the Balonda believe in a Supreme Being, it is evident that they also believe in the immortality of the human spirit. Here their belief has a sort of consistency, and opposes a curious obstacle to the efforts of missionaries; even Dr. Livingstone being unable to make any real impression on them. They fancy that when a Balonda man dies, he may perhaps take the form of some animal, or he may assume his place among the Barimo, or inferior deities, this word being merely the plural form of Morimo. In either case the enfranchised spirit still belongs to earth, and has no aspirations for a higher state of existence.

Nor can the missionary make any impression on their minds with regard to the ultimate destiny of human souls. They admit the existence of the Supreme Being; they see no objection to the doctrine that the Maker of mankind took on Himself the humanity which He had created; they say that they always have believed that man lives after the death of the body; and apparently afford a good basis for instruction in the Christian religion. But, although the teachers can advance thus far, they are suddenly checked by the old objection that white and black men are totally different, and that, although the spirits of deceased

white men may go into a mysterious and incomprehensible heaven, the deceased Balonda prefer to remain near their villages which were familiar to them in life, and to assist those who have succeeded them in their duties. This idea may probably account for the habit of deserting their houses after the death of any of the family.

During the funeral ceremonies a perpetual and deafening clamor is kept up, the popular notion seeming to be, that the more noise they can make, the greater honor is due to the deceased. Wailing is carried on with loud piercing cries, drums are beaten, and, if fire-arms have been introduced among them, guns are fired. These drums are not beaten at random, but with regular measured beats. They are played all night long, and their sound has been compared to the regular beating of a paddle-wheel engine. Oxen are slaughtered and the flesh cooked for a feast, and great quantities of beer and mead are drunk. The cost of a funeral in these parts is therefore very great, and it is thought a point of honor to expend as much wealth as can be got together for the purpose.

The religious element is represented by a kind of idol or figure covered with feathers, which is carried about during some parts of the ceremony; and in some places a man, in a strange dress, covered with feathers, dances with the mourners all night, and retires to the feast in the early morning. He is supposed to be the representative of the Barimo, or spirits.

The position of the grave is usually marked with certain objects. One of these graves was covered with a huge cone of sticks laid together like the roof of a hut, and a palisade was erected round the cone. There was an opening on one side, in which was placed an ugly idol, and a number of bits of cloth and strings of beads were hung around.

### THE ANGOLESE.

WESTWARD of the country which has just been described is a large district that embraces a considerable portion of the coast, and extends far inward. This country is well known under the name of Angola. As this country has been held for several centuries by the Portuguese, who have extended their settlements for six or seven hundred miles into the interior, but few of the original manners and customs have survived, and even those have been modified by the contact with white settlers. As, however, Angola is a very important, as well as large country, a short account will be given of the natives before we proceed more northward.

The chiefs of the Angolese are elected, and the choice must be made from certain

families. In one place there are three families from which the chief is chosen in rotation. The law of succession is rather remarkable, the eldest brother inheriting property in preference to the son; and if a married man dies, his children belong to his widow's eldest brother, who not unfrequently converts them into property by selling them to the slave dealers. It is in this manner, as has been well remarked, that the slave trade is supplied, rather than by war.

The inhabitants of this land, although dark, are seldom if ever black, their color being brownish red, with a tinge of yellow; and, although they are so close to the country inhabited by the true negroes, they have but few of the negro traits. Their features

are not those of the negro, the nose being rather aquiline, and broad at base, their hair woolly, but tolerably long and very abundant, and their lips moderately thick. The hands and feet are exquisitely small, and, as Mr. Reade observes, Angolese slaves afford a bold contrast with those who are brought from the Congo.

Of the women the same traveller writes in terms of considerable praise, as far as their personal appearance goes. There are girls in that country who have such soft dark eyes, such sweet smiles, and such graceful ways, that they involuntarily win a kind of love, only it is that sort of semi-love which is extended to a dog, a horse, or a bird, and has in it nothing of the intellect. They are gentle, and faithful, and loving in their own way; but, though they can inspire a passion, they cannot retain the love of an intellectual man.

As is the case with the Balonda, the Angolese live greatly on manioc roots, chiefly for the same reason as the Irish peasantry live so much on the potato, *i. e.* because its culture and cooking give very little trouble. The preparation of the soil and planting of the shrub are the work of slaves, the true Angolese having a very horror of hard work. Consequently the labor is very imperfectly performed, the ground being barely scratched by the double-handled hoe, which is used by dragging it along the ground rather than by striking it into the earth.

The manioc is, however, a far more useful plant than the potato, especially the "sweet" variety, which is free from the poisonous principle. It can be eaten raw, just as it comes out of the ground, or it can be roasted or boiled. Sometimes it is partially fermented, then dried and ground into meal, or reduced to powder by a rasp, mixed with sugar, and made into a sort of confectionery. The leaves can be boiled and eaten as a vegetable, or, if they be given to goats, the latter yield a bountiful supply of milk. The wood affords an excellent fuel, and, when burned, it furnishes a large quantity of potash. On the average, it takes about a year to come to perfection in Angola, and only requires to be weeded once during that time.

The meal or roots cannot be stored, as they are liable to the attacks of a weevil which quickly destroys them, and therefore another plan is followed. The root is scraped like horseradish, and laid on a cloth which is held over a vessel. Water is then poured on it, and the white shavings are well rubbed with the hands. All the starch-globules are thus washed out of their cells, and pass through the cloth into the vessel below together with the water. When this mixture has been allowed to stand for some time, the starchy matter collects in a sort of sediment, and the water is poured away.

The sediment is then scraped out, and placed on an iron plate which is held over a fire. The gelatinous mass is then continually stirred with a stick, and by degrees it forms itself into little translucent globules, which are almost exactly identical with the tapioca of commerce. The advantage of converting the manioc-root into tapioca is, that in the latter state it is impervious to the destructive weevil.

Some parts of Angola are low, marshy, and fever-breeding, and even the natives feel the effects of the damp, hot, malarious climate. Of medicine, however, they have but little idea, their two principal remedies being cupping and charms. The former is a remedy which is singularly popular, and is conducted in much the same way throughout the whole of Africa south of the equator. The operator has three implements, namely, a small horn, a knife, and a piece of wax. The horn is cut quite level at the base, and great care is taken that the edge be perfectly smooth. The smaller end is perforated with a very small hole. This horn is generally tied to a string and hung round the neck of the owner, who is usually a professional physician. The knife is small, and shaped exactly like the little Bechuana knife shown at the top of page 281.

When the cupping horn is to be used, the wide end is placed on the afflicted part, and pressed down tightly, while the mouth is applied to the small end, and the air exhausted. The operator continues to suck for some moments, and then removes the horn, and suddenly makes three or four gashes with the knife on the raised and reddened skin. The horn is again applied, and when the operator has sucked out the air as far as his lungs will allow him, he places with his tongue a small piece of wax on the end of the horn, introduces his finger into his mouth, presses the wax firmly on the little aperture so as to exclude the air, and then allows the horn to remain adherent by the pressure of the atmosphere. The blood of course runs into the horn, and in a short time coagulates into a flat circular cake. The wax is then removed from the end of the horn, the latter is taken off, the cake of blood put aside, and the process repeated until the operator and patient are satisfied.

Dr. Livingstone mentions a case in which this strange predilection for the cupping horn clearly hastened, even if it did not produce, the death of a child. The whole story is rather a singular one, and shows the state of religious, or rather superstitious, feeling among the native Angolese. It so happened that a Portuguese trader died in a village, and after his death the other traders met and disposed of his property among themselves, each man accounting for his portion to the relations of the deceased, who lived at Loanda, the principal town of Angola. The

generality of the natives, not understanding the nature of written obligations, thought that the traders had simply sold the goods and appropriated the money.

Some time afterward the child of a man who had bought some of this property fell ill, and the mother sent for the diviner in order to find out the cause of its ailment. After throwing his magic dice, and working himself up to the proper pitch of ecstatic fury, the prophet announced that the child was being killed by the spirit of the deceased trader in revenge for his stolen property. The mother was quite satisfied with the revelation, and wanted to give the prophet a slave by way of a fee. The father, however, was less amenable, and, on learning the result of the investigation, he took a friend with him to the place where the diviner was still in his state of trance, and by the application of two sticks to his back restored him to his senses. Even after this the ignorant mother would not allow the child to be treated with European medicines, but insisted on cupping it on the cheek; and the consequence was, that in a short time the child died.

The Angolese are a marvellously superstitious people, and, so far from having lost any of their superstitions by four centuries of connection with the Portuguese, they seem rather to have infected their white visitors with them. Ordeals of several kinds are in great use among them, especially the poison ordeal, which has extended itself through so large a portion of Africa, and slays its thousands annually. One curious point in the Angolese ordeal is, that it is administered in one particular spot on the banks of the river Dna, and that persons who are accused of crime, especially of witchcraft, will travel hundreds of miles to the sacred spot, strong in their belief that the poison tree will do them no harm. It is hardly necessary to state that the guilt or innocence of the person on trial depends wholly on the caprice of the medicine man who prepares the poisonous draught, and that he may either weaken it or substitute another material without being discovered by these credulous people.

As, according to Balonda ideas, the spirits of the deceased are always with their friends on earth, partaking equally in their joys and sorrows, helping those whom they love, and thwarting those whom they hate, they are therefore supposed to share in an ethereal sort of way in the meals taken by their friends; and it follows that when a man denies himself food, he is not only starving himself, but afflicting the spirits of his ancestors. Sacrifices are a necessary result of this idea, as is the cooking and eating of the flesh by those who offer them.

Their theory of sickness is a very simple one. They fancy that if the spirits of the dead find that their living friends do not

treat them properly, and give them plenty to eat and drink, the best thing to do is to take out of the world such useless allies, in order to make room for others who will treat them better. The same idea also runs into their propitiatory sacrifices. If one man kills another, the murderer offers sacrifices to his victim, thinking that if when he first finds himself a spirit, instead of a man, he is treated to an abundant feast, he will not harbor feelings of revenge against the man who sent him out of the world, and deprived him of all its joys and pleasures. It is said that in some parts of the country human sacrifices are used, a certain sect existing who kill men in order to offer their hearts to the spirits.

Marriages among the Angolese still retain some remnant of their original ceremonies. The bride is taken to a hut, anointed with various charmed preparations, and then left alone while prayers are offered for a happy marriage and plenty of male children, a large family of sons being one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of an Angolese household. Daughters are comparatively despised, but a woman who has never presented her husband with children of either sex is looked upon with the greatest scorn and contempt. Her more fortunate companions are by no means slow in expressing their opinion of her, and in the wedding songs sung in honor of a bride are sure to introduce a line or two reflecting upon her uselessness, and hoping that the bride will not be so unprofitable a wife as to give neither sons nor daughters to her husband as a recompense for the money which he has paid for her. So bitter are these words, that the woman at whom they were aimed has been more than once known to rush off and destroy herself.

After several days of this performance, the bride is taken to another hut, clothed in all the finery that she possesses or can borrow for the occasion, led out in public, and acknowledged as a married woman. She then goes to her husband's dwelling, but always has a hut to herself.

Into their funeral ceremonies the Angolese contrive to introduce many of their superstitions. Just before death the friends set up their wailing cry (which must be very consolatory to the dying person), and continue this outcry for a day or two almost without cessation, accompanying themselves with a peculiar musical instrument which produces tones of a similar character. For a day or two the survivors are employed in gathering materials for a grand feast, in which they expend so much of their property that they are often impoverished for years. They even keep pigs and other animals in case some of their friends might die, when they would be useful at the funeral. True to the idea that the spirit of the dead partakes of the pleasures of the liv-

ing, they feast continually until all the food is expended, interposing their revelling with songs and dances. The usual drum beating goes on during the time, and scarcely one of the party is to be found sober. Indeed, a man who would voluntarily remain sober would be looked upon as despising the memory of the dead. Dr. Livingstone mentions that a native who appeared in a state of intoxication, and was blamed for it, remarked in a surprised tone, "Why, my mother is dead!"

They have a curious hankering after cross-roads as a place of interment, and although the Portuguese, the real masters of the land, have endeavored to abolish the custom, they have not yet succeeded in doing so, even though they inflict heavy fines on those who disobeyed them, and appointed places of public interment. Even when the interment of the body in the cross-road itself has been prevented, the natives have succeeded in digging the grave by the side of the path. On and around it they plant certain species of euphorbias, and on the grave they lay various articles, such as cooking vessels, water bottles, pipes, and arms. These, however, are all broken and useless, being thought equally serviceable to the dead as the perfect specimens, and affording no temptation to thieves.

A very remarkable and striking picture of the Angolese, their superstitions, and their country, is given by Dr. Livingstone in the following passage:—

"When the natives turn their eyes to the future world, they have a view cheerless enough of their own utter helplessness and hopelessness. They fancy themselves completely in the power of the disembodied spirits, and look upon the prospect of following them as the greatest of misfortunes. Hence they are constantly deprecating the wrath of departed souls, believing that, if

they are appeased, there is no other cause of death but witchcraft, which may be averted by charms.

"The whole of the colored population of Angola are sunk in these gross superstitions, but have the opinion, notwithstanding, that they are wiser in these matters than their white neighbors. Each tribe has a consciousness of following its own best interests in the best way. They are by no means destitute of that self-esteem which is so common in other nations; yet they fear all manner of phantom, and have half-developed ideas and traditions of something or other, they know not what. The pleasures of animal life are ever present to their minds as the supreme good; and, but for the innumerable invisibilities, they might enjoy their luxurious climate as much as it is possible for man to do.

"I have often thought, in travelling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld in still mornings scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth! yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness, as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping; the groups of herdboys with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river, with water-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians; and old gray-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE WAGOGO AND WANYAMUEZI.

THE MANY AND TRANSITORY TRIBES OF AFRICA—UGOGO AND THE PEOPLE—UNPLEASANT CHARACTER OF THE WAGOGO—THEFT AND EXTORTION—WAGOGO GREEDINESS—THE WANYAMUEZI OR WEEZEE TRIBE—THEIR VALUE AS GUIDES—DRESS OF THE MEN—"SAMBO" RINGS—WOMEN'S DRESS AND ORNAMENTS—HAIR-DRESSING—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN—WEEZEE ARCHITECTURE—USE OF THE DRUM—SALUTATION—SULTAN STIRABOUT—THE HUSBAND'S WELCOME—GAMES AND DANCES—SHAM FIGHTS—PITCH AND TOSS—NIGHT IN A WEEZEE VILLAGE—BREWING AND DRINKING POMBE—HARVEST SCENE—SUPERSTITIONS—FUNERALS.

WE will now pass from the west to the east of Africa, and accompany Captains Speke and Grant in their journey through the extraordinary tribes that exist between Zanzibar and Northern Africa. It will be impossible to describe in detail the many tribes that inhabit this tract, or even to give the briefest account of them. We shall therefore select a few of the most important among them, and describe them as fully as our very limited space will permit.

Perhaps the reader may think it strange that we are lingering so long in this part of the world. The reason is, that Africa, southern and equatorial, is filled with a bewildering variety of singular tribes, each of which has manners and customs unique in themselves, and presents as great a contrast to its neighbors as if they were separated by seas or mountain ranges. Sometimes they merge into each other by indefinable gradations, but often the line of demarcation is boldly and sharply drawn, so that the tribe which inhabits one bank of a river is utterly unlike that which occupies the opposite bank, in appearance, in habits, and in language. In one case, for example, the people who live on one side of the river are remarkable for the scrupulous completeness with which both sexes are clad, while on the other side no clothing whatever is worn.

The same cause which has given us the knowledge of these remarkable tribes will inevitably be the precursor of their disappearance. The white man has set his foot on their soil, and from that moment may

be dated their gradual but certain decadence. They have learned the value of fire-arms, and covet them beyond everything. Their chiefs have already abandoned the use of their native weapons, having been wealthy enough to purchase muskets from the white men, or powerful enough to extort them as presents. The example which they have set is sure to extend to the people, and a few years will therefore witness the entire abandonment of native-made weapons. With the weapons their mode of warfare will be changed, and in course of time the whole people will undergo such modifications that they will be an essentially different race. It is the object of this work to bring together, as far as possible in a limited space, the most remarkable of these perishing usages, and it is therefore necessary to expend the most space on the country that affords most of them.

The line that we now have to follow can be seen by referring to a map of Africa. We shall start from Zanzibar on the east coast, go westward and northward, passing by the Unyamuezi and Wahuma to the great N'yanza lakes. Here we shall come upon the track of Sir Samuel Baker, and shall then accompany him northward among the tribes which he visited.

Passing by a number of tribes which we cannot stop to investigate, we come upon the Wagogo, who inhabit Ugogo, a district about lat. 4° S. and long. 36° E. Here I may mention that, although the language of

some of these tribes is so different that the people cannot understand each other, in most of them the prefix "Wa" indicates plurality, like the word "men" in English. Thus the people of Ugogo are the Wagogo, and the inhabitants of Unyamuezi are the Wanyamuezi, pronounced, for brevity's sake, Weeze. An individual of the Wagogo is called Mgogo.

The Wagogo are a wild set of people, such as might be expected from the country in which they live. Their color is reddish-brown, with a tinge of black; and when the skin happens to be clean, it is said to look like a very ripe plum. They are scanty dressers, wearing little except a cloth of some kind round the waist; but they are exceedingly fond of ornaments, by means of which they generally contrive to make themselves as ugly as possible. Their principal ornament is the tubular end of a gourd, which is thrust through the ear; but they also decorate their heads with hanks of bark fibre, which they twist among their thick woolly hair, and which have a most absurd appearance when the wearer is running or leaping. Sometimes they weave strings of beads into the hair in a similar manner, or fasten an ostrich feather upon their heads.

They are not a warlike people, but, like others who are not remarkable for courage, they always go armed; a Mgogo never walking without his spear and shield, and perhaps a short club, also to be used as a missile. The shield is oblong, and made of leather, and the spear has nothing remarkable about it; and, as Captain Speke remarks, these weapons are carried more for show than for use.

They are not a pleasant people, being avaricious, intrusive, and inquisitive, ingrained liars, and sure to bully if they think they can do so with safety. If travellers pass through their country, they are annoying beyond endurance, jeering at them with words and insolent gestures, intruding themselves among the party, and turning over everything that they can reach, and sometimes even forcing themselves into the tents. Consequently the travellers never enter the villages, but encamp at some distance from them, under the shelter of the wide-spreading "gouty-limbed trees" that are found in this country, and surround their camp with a strong hedge of thorns, which the naked Mgogo does not choose to encounter.

Covetous even beyond the ordinary avarice of African tribes, the Wagogo seize every opportunity of fleecing travellers who come into their territory. Beside the usual tax or "hongo," which is demanded for permission to pass through the country, they demand all sorts of presents, or rather bribes. When one of Captain Speke's porters happened to break a bow by accident,

the owner immediately claimed as compensation something of ten times its value.

Magomba, the chief, proved himself an adept at extortion. First he sent a very polite message, requesting Captain Speke to reside in his own house, but this flattering though treacherous proposal was at once declined. In the first place, the houses of this part of the country are small and inconvenient, being nothing more than mud huts with flat-topped roofs, this kind of architecture being called by the name of "tembe." In the next place, the chief's object was evidently to isolate the leader of the expedition from his companions, and so to have a hold upon him. This he could more easily do, as the villages are strongly walled, so that a traveller who is once decoyed inside them could not escape without submitting to the terms of the inhabitants. Unlike the villages of the Southern Africans, which are invariably circular, these are invariably oblong, and both the walls and the houses are made of mud.

Next day Magomba had drunk so much pombé that he was quite unfit for business, but on the following day the hongo was settled, through the chief's prime minister, who straightway did a little business on his own account by presenting a small quantity of food, and asking for an adequate return, which, of course, meant one of twenty times its value. Having secured this, he proceeded to further extortion by accusing Captain Grant of having shot a lizard on a stone which he was pleased to call sacred. So, too, none of them would give any information without being paid for it. And, because they thought that their extortion was not sufficiently successful, they revenged themselves by telling the native porters such horrifying tales of the countries which they were about to visit and the cruelty of the white men, that the porters were frightened, and ran away, some forgetting to put down their loads. These tactics were repeated at every village near which the party had to pass, and at one place the chief threatened to attack Captain Speke's party, and at the same time sent word to all the porters that they had better escape, or they would be killed. Half of them did escape, taking with them the goods which would have been due to them as payment; and, as appeared afterward, the rascally Wagogo had arranged that they should do so, and then they would go shares in the plunder.

They were so greedy, that they not only refused to sell provisions except at an exorbitant rate, but, when the leaders of the expedition shot game to supply food for their men, the Wagogo flocked to the spot in multitudes, each man with his arms, and did their best to carry off the meat before the rightful owners could reach it. Once, when they were sadly in want of food, Cap-



tain Speke went at night in search of game, and shot a rhinoceros. By earliest dawn he gave notice to his men that there was plenty of meat for them.

"We had all now to hurry back to the carcass before the Wagogo could find it; but, though this precaution was quickly taken, still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with my men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but at the same time grotesque, scene than that which followed cannot be described. All fell to work with swords, spears, knives, and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbor would seize

and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might be afterward seen, covered with blood, scampering home each one with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with." The artist has represented this scene on the next page.

It might be imagined that the travellers were only too glad to be fairly out of the dominions of this tribe, who had contrived to cheat and rob them in every way, and had moreover, through sheer spite and covetousness, frightened away more than a hundred porters who had been engaged to carry the vast quantities of goods with which the traveller must bribe the chiefs of the different places through which he passes.

---

### THE WANYAMUEZI.

THE next tribe which we shall mention is that which is called Wanyamuezi. Fortunately the natives seldom use this word in full, and speak of themselves as Weezee, a word much easier to say, and certainly simpler to write. In the singular the name is Myamuezi. The country which they inhabit is called Unyamuezi, The Country of the Moon. Unyamuezi is a large district about the size of England, in lat. 5° S. and between long. 3° and 5° E. Formerly it must have been a great empire, but it has now suffered the fate of most African tribes, and is split into a number of petty tribes, each jealous of the other, and each liable to continual subdivision.

For many reasons this is a most remarkable tribe. They are almost the only people near Central Africa who will willingly leave their own country, and, for the sake of wages, will act as porters or guides to distant countries. It seems that this capability of travel is hereditary among them, and that they have been from time immemorial the greatest trading tribe in Africa. It was to this tribe that the porters belonged who were induced by the Wagogo to desert Captain Speke, and none knew better than themselves that in no other tribe could he find men to supply their places.

The Weezee are not a handsome race, being inferior in personal appearance to the Wagogo, though handsome individuals of both sexes may be found among them. Like the Wagogo, they are not a martial race, though they always travel with their weapons, such as they are, i. e. a very inefficient bow and a couple of arrows. Their dress is simple enough. They wear the ordinary cloth round the loins; but when they start on a journey they hang over their shoulders a dressed goatskin, which passes

over one shoulder and under the other. On account of its narrowness, it can hardly answer any purpose of warmth, and for the same reason can hardly be intended to serve as a covering. However, it seems to be the fashion, and they all wear it.

They decorate themselves with plenty of ornaments, some of which are used as amulets, and the others merely worn as decoration. They have one very curious mode of making their bracelets. They take a single hair of a giraffe's tail, wrap it round with wire, just like the bass string of a violin, and then twist this compound rope round their wrists or ankles. These rings are called by the name of "sambo," and, though they are mostly worn by women, the men will put them on when they have nothing better. Their usual bracelets are, however, heavy bars of copper or iron, beaten into the proper shape. Like other natives in the extreme South, they knock out the two central incisor teeth of the lower jaw, and chip a V-like space between the corresponding teeth of the upper jaw.

The women are far better dressed. They wear tolerably large cloths made by themselves of native cotton, and cover the whole body from under the arms to below the knees. They wear the sambo rings in vast profusion, winding them round and round their wrists and ankles until the limbs are sheathed in metallic armor for six or seven inches. If they can do so, they naturally prefer wearing calico and other materials brought from Europe, partly because it is a sign of wealth, and partly because it is much lighter than the native-made cotton cloths, though not so durable.

Their woolly hair is plentifully dressed with oil and twisted up, until at a little distance they look as if they had a headdress





(1.) WAGOGO GREEDINESS (See page 386.)



(2.) ARCHITECTURE OF THE WEEZEE. (See page 389.)

of black-beetle shards. Sometimes they screw it into tassels, and hang beads at the end of each tassel, or decorate them with little charms made of beads. The manner in which these "tags" are made is very simple. There is a kind of banian tree called the *miambo*, and from this are cut a quantity of slender twigs. These twigs are then split longitudinally, the outer and inner bark separated, and then well chewed until the fibres are properly arranged. At first they are much lighter in color than the black woolly hair to which they are fastened, but they soon become blackened by use and grease. They use a little tattooing, but not much, making three lines on each temple, and another down the middle of the nose. Lines of blue are often seen on the foreheads of both sexes, but these are the permanent remains of the peculiar treatment which they pursue for the headache, and which, with them, seems to be effectual.

The character of the women is, on the whole, good, as they are decent and well-conducted, and, for savages, tidy, though scarcely clean in their persons. They will sometimes accompany their husbands on the march, and have a weakness for smoking all the time that they walk. They carry their children on their backs, a stool or two and other implements on their heads, and yet contrive to act as cooks as soon as they halt, preparing some savory dish of herbs for their husbands. They have a really wonderful practical knowledge of botany, and a Weezee will live in comfort where a man from another tribe would starve. Besides cooking, they also contrive to run up little huts made of boughs, in shape like a reversed bell, and very tiny, but yet large enough to afford shelter during sleep.

The houses of the Weezee are mostly of that mud-walled, flat-topped kind which is called "tembe," though some are shaped like haystacks, and they are built with considerable care. Some of these have the roof extending beyond the walls, so as to form a verandah like that of a Bechuana house; and the villages are surrounded with a strong fence. The door is very small, and only allows one person to pass at a time. It is made of boards, and can be lifted to allow ingress and egress. Some of the stakes above and at the side of the door are decorated with blocks of wood on their tops; and some of the chiefs are in the habit of fixing on the posts the skulls of those whom they have put to death, just as in former years the heads of traitors were fixed over Temple Bar. The architecture of the Weezee is illustrated on page 387.

Some of the villages may lay claim to the title of fortified towns, so elaborately are they constructed. The palisading which surrounds them is very high and strong, and defended in a most artistic manner, first by a covered way, then a quickset hedge of

euphorbia, and, lastly, a broad dry ditch, or moat. Occasionally the wall is built out in bastion-fashion, so as to give a good flanking fire. Within the valleys the houses extend to the right and left of the entrances, and are carefully nailed off, so that the whole structure is really a very strong one in a military point of view.

They are a tolerably polite race, and have a complete code of etiquette for receiving persons, whether friends or strangers. If a chief receives another chief, he gets up quite a ceremony, assembling all the people of the village with their drums and other musical instruments, and causing them to honor the coming guest with a dance, and as much noise as can be extracted out of their meagre band. If they have fire-arms, they will discharge them as long as their powder lasts; and, if not, they content themselves with their voices, which are naturally loud, the drums, and any other musical instrument that they may possess.

But, whatever may be used, the drum is a necessity in these parts, and is indispensable to a proper welcome. Even when the guest takes his leave, the drum is an essential accompaniment of his departure; and, accordingly, "beating the drum" is a phrase which is frequently used to signify departure from a place. For example, if a traveller is passing through a district, and is bargaining with the chief for the "hongo" which he has to pay, the latter will often threaten that, unless he is paid his demands in full, he will not "beat the drum," *i. e.* will not permit the traveller to pass on. So well is this known, that the porters do not take up their burdens until they hear the welcome sound of the drum. This instrument often calls to war, and, in fact, can be made to tell its story as completely as the bugle of European armies.

When ordinary men meet their chief, they bow themselves and clap their hands twice, and the women salute him by making a courtesy as well as any lady at court. This, however, is an obeisance which is only vouchsafed to very great chiefs, the petty chiefs, or headmen of villages, having to content themselves with the simple clapping of hands. If two women of unequal rank meet, the inferior drops on one knee, and bows her head; the superior lays one hand on the shoulder of the other; and they remain in this position for a few moments, while they mutter some words in an undertone. They then rise and talk freely.

To judge from Captain Grant's account of the great chief Ugalee (*i. e.* Stirabout), who was considered a singularly favorable specimen of the sultans, as these great chiefs are called, the deference paid to them is given to the office, and not to the individual who holds it. Ugalee, who was the finest specimen that had been seen, was supposed to be a clever man, though he did not know his

own age, nor could count above ten, nor had any names for the day of the week, the month, or the year.

"At first we had been about a month in his district. Sultan Ugalee arrived at Mincenga on the 21st of April, and was saluted by firing from our volunteers and shrill cries from the women. He visited us in the verandah the day following. He looks about twenty-two years of age; has three children and thirty wives; is six feet high, stout, with a stupid, heavy expression. His bare head is in tassels, hanks of fibre being mixed in with the hair. His body is loosely wrapped round with a blue and yellow cotton cloth, his loins are covered with a dirty bit of oily calico, and his feet are large and naked. A monster ivory ring is on his left wrist, while the right one bears a copper ring of rope pattern; several hundreds of wire rings are massed round his ankles.

"He was asked to be seated on one of our iron stools, but looked at first frightened, and did not open his mouth. An old man spoke for him, and a crowd of thirty followers squatted behind him. Speke, to amuse him, produced his six-barrelled revolver, but he merely eyed it intently. The book of birds and animals, on being shown to him upside down by Sirboko, the headman of the village, drew from him a sickly smile, and he was pleased to imply that he preferred the animals to the birds. He received some snuff in the palm of his hand, took a good pinch, and gave the rest to his spokesmen.

"He wished to look at my mosquito-curtained bed, and in moving away was invited to dine with us. We sent him a message at seven o'clock that the feast was prepared, but a reply came that he was full, and could not be tempted even with a glass of rum. The following day he came to bid us good-by, and left without any exchange of presents, being thus very different from the grasping race of Ugogo."

It has been mentioned that the Wanyamuezi act as traders, and go to great distances, and there is even a separate mode of greeting by which a wife welcomes her husband back from his travels. The engraving No. 1, on the next page, illustrates this wifely welcome. As soon as she hears that her husband is about to arrive home after his journey to the coast, she puts on all her ornaments, decorates herself with a feathered cap, gathers her friends round her, and proceeds to the hut of the chief's principal wife, before whose door they all dance and sing. Dancing and singing are with them, as with other tribes, their chief amusement. There was a blind man who was remarkable for his powers of song, being able to send his voice to a considerable distance with a sort of ventriloquial effect. He was extremely popular, and in the evenings the chief himself would form one of the

audience, and join in the chorus with which his song was accompanied. They have several national airs which, according to Captains Speke and Grant, are really fine.

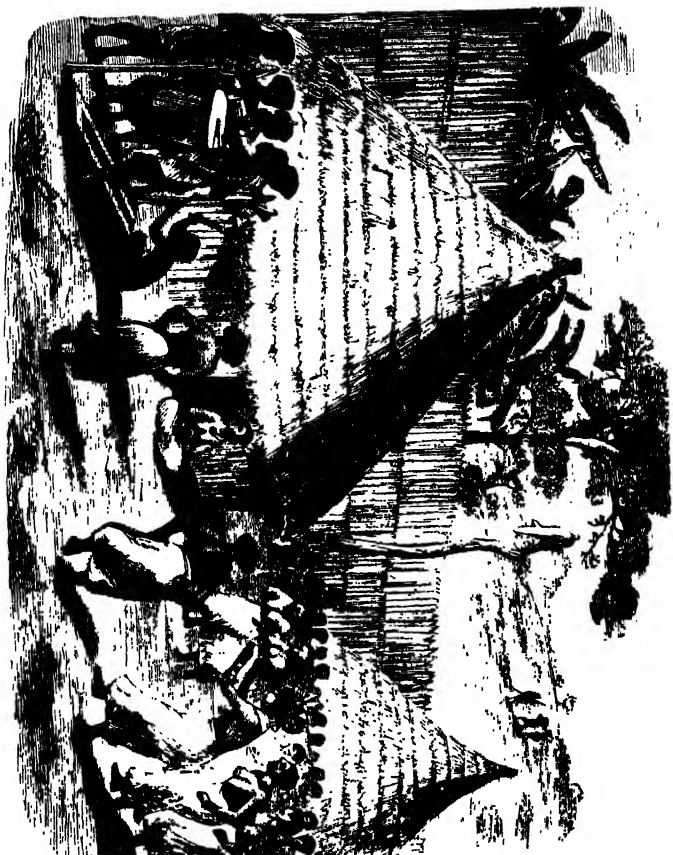
Inside each village there is a club-house, or "Iwansa," as it is called. This is a structure much larger than those which are used for dwelling-houses, and is built in a different manner. One of these iwansas, which was visited by Captain Grant, "was a long, low room, twelve by eighteen feet, with one door, a low flat roof, well blackened with smoke, and no chimney. Along its length there ran a high inclined bench, on which cow-skins were spread for men to take their seats. Some huge drums were hung in one corner, and logs smouldered on the floor.

"Into this place strangers are ushered when they first enter the village, and here they reside until a house can be appropriated to them. Here the young men all gather at the close of day to hear the news, and join in that interminable talk which seems one of the chief joys of a native African. Here they perform kindly offices to each other, such as pulling out the hairs of the eyelashes and eyebrows with their curious little tweezers, clipping the teeth into the correct form, and marking on the cheeks and temples the peculiar marks which designate the clan to which they belong."

These tweezers are made of iron, most ingeniously flattened and bent so as to give the required elasticity.

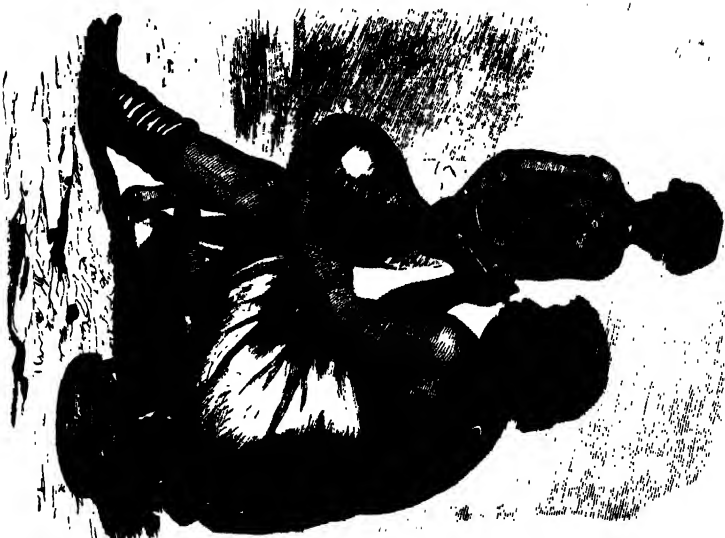
Smoking and drinking also go on largely in the iwansa, and here the youths indulge in various games. One of these games is exactly similar to one which has been introduced into England. Each player has a stump of Indian corn, cut short, which he stands on the ground in front of him. A rude sort of tacketum is made of a gourd and a stick, and is spun among the corn-stumps, the object of the game being to knock down the stump belonging to the adversary. This is a favorite game, and elicits much noisy laughter and applause, not only from the actual players, but from the spectators who surround them.

In front of the iwansa the dances are conducted. They are similar in some respects to those of the Damaras, as mentioned on page 313, except that the performers stand in a line instead of in a circle. A long strip of bark or cow-skin is laid on the ground, and the Weezes arrange themselves along it, the tallest man always taking the place of honor in the middle. When they have arranged themselves, the drummers strike up their noisy instruments, and the dancers begin a strange chant, which is more like a howl than a song. They all bow their heads low, put their hands on their hips, stamp vigorously, and are pleased to think that they are dancing. The male spectators stand in front and encourage their friends by joining in the chorus, while the women stand



(1.) THE HUSBAND'S WELCOME.

(See page 380.)



(2.) DRINKING POMBE.

(See page 384.)



behind and look on silently. Each dance ends with a general shout of laughter or applause, and then a fresh set of dancers take their place on the strip of skin.

Sometimes a variety is introduced into their dances. On one occasion the chief had a number of bowls filled with pombé and set in a row. The people took their grass bowls and filled them again and again from the jars, the chief setting the example, and drinking more pombé than any of his subjects. When the bowls had circulated plentifully, a couple of lads leaped into the circle, presenting a most fantastic appearance. They had tied zebra manes over their heads, and had furnished themselves with two long bark tubes like huge bassoons, into which they blew with all their might, accompanying their shouts with extravagant contortions of the limbs. As soon as the pombé was all gone, five drums were hung in a line upon a horizontal bar, and the performer began to hammer them furiously. Inspired by the sounds, men, women, and children began to sing and clap their hands in time, and all danced for several hours.

"The Weeze boys are amusing little fellows, and have quite a talent for games. Of course they imitate the pursuits of their fathers, such as shooting with small bows and arrows, jumping over sticks at various heights, pretending to shoot game, and other amusements. Some of the elder lads converted their play into reality, by making their bows and arrows large enough to kill the pigeons and other birds which flew about them. They also make very creditable imitations of the white man's gun, tying two pieces of cane together for the barrels, modelling the stock, hammer, and trigger-guard out of clay, and imitating the smoke by tufts of cotton wool. That they were kind-hearted boys is evident from the fact that they had tame birds in cages, and spent much time in teaching them to sing."

From the above description it may be inferred that the Weezes are a lively race, and such indeed is the fact. To the traveller they are amusing companions, singing their "jolliest of songs, with deep-toned choruses, from their thick necks and throats." But they require to be very carefully managed, being independent as knowing their own value, and apt to go on, or halt, or encamp just when it happens to suit them. Moreover, as they are not a cleanly race, and are sociably fond of making their evening fire close by and to windward of the traveller's tent, they are often much too near to be agreeable, especially as they always decline to move from the spot on which they have established themselves.

Still they are simply invaluable on the march, for they are good porters, can always manage to make themselves happy, and do not become homesick, as is the case with men of other tribes. Moreover, from their

locomotive habits, they are excellent guides, and they are most useful assistants in hunting, detecting, and following up the spoor of an animal with unerring certainty. They are rather too apt to steal the flesh of the animal when it is killed, and quite sure to steal the fat, but, as in nine cases out of ten it would not have been killed at all without their help, they may be pardoned for these acts of petty larceny. They never seem at a loss for anything, but have a singular power of supplying themselves out of the most unexpected materials. For example, if a Wanyamazi wants to smoke, and has no pipe, he makes a pipe in a minute or two from the nearest tree. All he has to do is to cut a green twig, strip the bark off it as boys do when they make willow whistles, push a plug of clay into it, and bore a hole through the clay with a smaller twig or a grass-blade.

Both sexes are inveterate smokers, and, as they grow their own tobacco, they can gratify this taste to their hearts' content. For smoking, they generally use their home-cured tobacco, which they twist up into a thick rope like a hayband, and then coil into a flattened spiral like a small target. Sometimes they make it into sugar-loaf shape. Imported tobacco they employ as snuff, grinding it to powder if it should be given to them in a solid form, or pushing it into their nostrils if it should be in a cut state, like "bird's-eye" or "returns."

The amusements of the Weezes are tolerably numerous. Besides those which have been mentioned, the lads are fond of a mimic fight, using the stalks of maize instead of spears, and making for themselves shields of bark. Except that the Weeze lads are on foot, instead of being mounted, this game is almost exactly like the "djerid" of the Turks, and is quite as likely to inflict painful, if not dangerous, injuries on the careless or unskilful.

Then, for more sedentary people, there are several games of chance and others of skill. The game of chance is the time-honored "pitch and toss," which is played as eagerly here as in England. It is true that the Weeze have no halfpence, but they can always cut discs out of bark, and bet upon the rough or smooth side turning uppermost. They are very fond of this game, and will stake their most valued possessions, such as "sambo," rings, bows, arrows, spear-heads, and the like.

The chief game of skill has probably reached them through the Mohammedan traders, as it is almost identical with a game long familiar to the Turks. It is called Bao, and is played with a board on which are thirty-two holes or cups, and with sixty-four seeds by way of counters. Should two players meet and neither possess a board, nor the proper seeds, nothing is easier than to sit down, scrape thirty-two



holes in the ground, select sixty-four stones, and then begin to play. The reader may perhaps call to mind the old English game of Merelles, or Nine-men's Morris, which can be played on an extemporized board cut in the turf, and with stones instead of counters.

The most inveterate gamblers were the lifeguards of the sultan, some twenty in number. They were not agreeable personages, being offensively supercilious in their manner, and flatly refusing to do a stroke of work. The extent of their duty lay in escorting their chief from one place to another, and conveying his orders from one village to another. The rest of their time was spent in gambling, drum-beating, and similar amusements; and, if they distinguished themselves in any other way, it was by the care which they bestowed on their dress. Some of these lifeguards were very skilful in beating the drum, and, when a number were performing on a row of suspended drums, the principal drummer always took the largest instrument, and was the conductor of the others, just as in a society of bellringers the chief of them takes the tenor bell. For any one, except a native, to sleep in a Weezee village while the drums are sounding is perfectly impossible, but when they have ceased the place is quiet enough, as may be seen by Captain Grant's description of a night scene in Wanyamuezi.

"In a Weezee village there are few sounds to disturb one's night's rest: the traveller's horn, and the reply to it from a neighboring village, are accidental alarms; the chirping of crickets, and the cry from a sick child, however, occasionally broke upon the stillness of one's night. Waking early, the first sounds we heard were the crowing of cocks, the impatient lowing of cows, the bleating of calves, and the chirping of sparrows and other unmusical birds. The pestle and mortar shelling corn would soon after be heard, or the cooing of wild pigeons in the grove of palms.

"The huts were shaped like corn-stacks, supported by bare poles, fifteen feet high, and fifteen to eighteen feet in diameter. Sometimes their grass roofs would be protected from sparks by 'michans,' or frames of Indian corn-stalks. There were no carpets, and all was as dark as the hold of a ship. A few earthen jars, made like the Indian 'gurrah,' for boiling vegetables or stirabout, tattered skins, an old bow and arrow, some cups of grass, some gourds, perhaps a stool, constitute the whole of the furniture. Grain was housed in hard boxes of bark, and goats or calves had free access over the house."

Their customs in eating and drinking are rather remarkable. Perhaps we ought to transfer those terms, drinking holding the first place in the mind of a Weezee. The only drink which he cares about is the

native beer or "pombé," and many of the natives live almost entirely on pombé, taking scarcely any solid nourishment whatever. Pombé making is the work of the women, who brew large quantities at a time. Not being able to build a large tank in which the water can be heated to the boiling point, the pombé maker takes a number of earthen pots and places them in a double row, with an interval of eighteen inches or so between the rows. This intermediate space is filled with wood, which is lighted, and the fire tended until the beer is boiled simultaneously in both rows of pots. Five days are required for completing the brewing.

The Sultan Ukulima was very fond of pombé, and, indeed, lived principally upon it. He used to begin with a bowl of his favorite beverage, and continue drinking it at intervals until he went to his tiny sleeping-hut for the night. Though he was half stupefied during the day, he did not suffer in health, but was a fine, sturdy, hale old man, pleasant enough in manner, and rather amusing when his head happened to be clear. He was rather fond of a practical joke, and sometimes amused himself by begging some quinine, mixing it slyly with pombé, and then enjoying the consternation which appeared on the countenances of these who partook of the bitter draught.

Every morning he used to go round to the different houses, timing his visits so as to appear when the brewing was finished. He always partook of the first bowl of beer, and then went on to another house and drank more pombé, which he sometimes sucked through a reed in sherry-cobler fashion. (See page 391.) Men and women seldom drink in company; the latter assembling together under the presidency of the sultana, or chief wife, and drinking in company.

As to food, regular meals seem to be almost unknown among the men, who "drop in" at their friends' houses, taking a small potato at one place, a bowl of pombé at another, and, on rare occasions, a little beef. Indeed, Captain Grant says that he seldom saw men at their meals, unless they were assembled for pombé drinking. Women, however, who eat, as they drink, by themselves, are more regular in their meals, and at stated times have their food prepared.

The grain from which the pombé is made is cultivated by the women, who undertake most, though not all, of its preparation. When it is green, they reap it by cutting off the ears with a knife, just as was done by the Egyptians of ancient times. They then carry the ears in baskets to the village, empty them out upon the ground, and spread them in the sunbeams until they are thoroughly dried. The men then thresh out the grain with curious flails, looking

## EXORCISING AN EVIL SPIRIT.

like rackets, with handles eight or nine feet in length.

When threshed, it is stored away in various fashions. Sometimes it is made into a miniature corn-rick placed on legs, like the "staddles" of our own farmyards. Sometimes a pole is stuck into the earth, and the corn is bound round it at some distance from the ground, so that it resembles an angler's float of gigantic dimensions. The oddest, though perhaps the safest, way of packing grain, is to tie it up in a bundle, and hang it to the branch of a tree. When wanted for use, it is pounded in a wooden mortar like those of the Ovambo tribe, in order to beat off the husk, and finally it is ground between two stones. A harvest scene, illustrating these various operations, is given on the 397th page.

The Wanyamuezi are not a very superstitious people,—at all events they are not such slaves to superstition as many other tribes. As far as is known, they have no idols, but then they have no religious system, except perhaps a fear of evil spirits, and a belief that such spirits can be exorcised by qualified wizards. A good account of one of these exorcisms is given by Captain Grant.

"The sultan sits at the doorway of his hut, which is decorated with lion's paws.

"His daughter, the possessed, is opposite to him, completely hooded, and guarded by two Watusi women, one on each side, holding a naked spear erect. The sultana completes the circle. Pombé is spirited up in the air so as to fall upon them all. A cow is then brought in with its mouth tightly bound up, almost preventing the possibility of breathing, and it is evident that the poor cow is to be the sacrifice.

"One spear-bearer gives the animal two gentle taps with a hatchet between the horns, and she is followed by the woman with the evil spirit and by a second spear-bearer, who also tap the cow. A man now steps forward, and with the same hatchet kills the cow by a blow behind the horns. The blood is all caught in a tray (a Kaffir custom), and placed at the feet of the possessed, after which a spear-bearer puts spots of the blood on the woman's forehead, on the root of the neck, the palms of the hands, and the instep of the feet. He spots the other spear-bearers in the same manner, and the tray is then taken by another man, who spots the sultan, his kindred, and household.

"Again the tray is carried to the feet of the possessed, and she spots with the blood her little son and nephews, who kneel to receive it. Sisters and female relatives come next to be anointed by her, and it is pleasant to see those dearest to her pressing forward with congratulations and wishes. She then rises from her seat, uttering a sort of whining cry, and walks off to the house of

the sultana, preceded and followed by spear-bearers. During the day she walks about the village, still hooded, and attended by several followers shaking gourds containing grain, and singing 'Heigh-ho, massa-a-no,' or 'ma-sanga.' An old woman is appointed to wrestle with her for a broomstick which she carries, and finally the stick is left in her hand.

"Late in the afternoon a change is wrought; she appears as in ordinary, but with her face curiously painted in the same way. She sits without smiling to receive offerings of grain, with beads or anklets placed on twigs of the broomstick, which she holds upright; and, this over, she walks among the women, who shout out, 'Gnombe!' (cow), or some other ridiculous expression to create a laugh. This winds up the ceremony on the first day, but two days afterward the now emancipated woman is seen parading about with the broomstick hung with beads and rings, and looking herself again, being completely cured. The vanquished spirit had been forced to fly!"

Like many other African tribes, the Weezes fully believe that when a person is ill witchcraft must have been the cause of the malady, and once, when Captain Grant was in their country, a man who used to sell fish to him died suddenly. His wife was at once accused of murdering him by poison (which is thought to be a branch of sorcery), was tried, convicted, and killed. The truth of the verdict was confirmed by the fact that the hyenas did not touch the body after death.

They have all kinds of odd superstitions about animals. Captain Grant had shot an antelope, which was quite new to him, and which was therefore a great prize. With the unwilling aid of his assistant he carried it as far as the village, but there the man laid it down, declining to carry it within the walls on the plea that it was a dangerous animal, and must not be brought to the houses. The Sultan Ukalima was then asked to have it brought in, but the man, usually so mild, flew at once into a towering rage, and would not even allow a piece of the skin to be brought within the village. He said that if its flesh were eaten it would cause the fingers and toes to fall off, and that if its saliva touched the skin an ulcer would be the result. Consequently, the skin was lost, and only a sketch preserved. These ideas about the "bawala," as this antelope was called, did not seem to have extended very far; for, while the body was still lying outside the walls, a party of another tribe came up, and were very glad to cook it and eat it on the spot.

All lions and lynxes are the property of the sultan. No one may wear the lion skin except himself, and he decorates his dwelling with the paws and other spoils. This may be expected, as the lion skin is consid-

ered as an emblem of royalty in other lands beside Africa. But there is a curious superstition about the lion, which prohibits any one from walking round its body, or even its skin. One day, when a lion had been killed, and its body brought into the village, Captain Grant measured it, and was straightway assailed by the chief priest of the place for breaking the law in walking round the animal while he was measuring it. He gave as his reason that there was a spell laid on the lions which kept them from entering the villages, and that the act of walking round the animal broke the spell. He said, however, that a payment of four cloths to him would restore the efficacy of the spell, and then he would not tell the sultan. Captain Grant contrived to extricate himself very ingeniously by arguing that the action which broke the spell was not walking round the body, but stepping over it, and that he had been careful to avoid. After sundry odd ceremonies have been performed over the dead body of the lion, the flesh, which is by that time half putrid, is boiled by the sultan in person, the fat is skimmed off, and preserved as a valued medicine, and the skin dressed for regal wear.

The Wanyamuezi have a way of "making brotherhood," similar to that which has already been described, except that instead of

drinking each other's blood, the newly-made brothers mix it with butter on a leaf and exchange leaves. The butter is then rubbed into the incisions, so that it acts as a healing ointment at the same time that the blood is exchanged. The ceremony is concluded by tearing the leaves to pieces and showering the fragments on the heads of the brothers.

The travellers happened to be in the country just in time to see a curious mourning ceremony. There was a tremendous commotion in the chief's "tembe," and on inquiry it turned out that twins had been born to one of his wives, but that they were both dead. All the women belonging to his household marched about in procession, painted and adorned in a very grotesque manner, singing and dancing with strange gesticulations of arms and legs, and looking, indeed, as if they had been indulging in pombé rather than afflicted by grief. This went on all day, and in the evening they collected a great bundle of bulrushes, tied it up in a cloth, and carried it to the door of the mother's hut, just as if it had been the dead body of a man. They then set it down on the ground, stuck a quantity of the rushes into the earth, at each side of the door, knelt down, and began a long shrieking wail, which lasted for several hours together.



(1.) HARVEST SCENE. (See page 395.)



(2.) SALUTATION. (See page 400.)



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### KARAGUE.

LOCALITY OF KARAGUE—THE DISTINCT CLASSES OF THE INHABITANTS—THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER—MODE OF SALUTATION—THE RULING CASTE, OR WAHUMA, AND THE ROYAL CASTE, OR MOHEENDA—LAW OF SUCCESSION—THE SULTAN RUMANIKA AND HIS FAMILY—PLANTAIN WINE—HOW RUMANIKA GAINED THE THRONE—OBSEQUIES OF HIS FATHER—NEW-MOON CEREMONIES—TWO ROYAL PROPHETS—THE MAGIC HORNS—MARRIAGE—EASY LOT OF THE WAHUMA WOMEN—WIFE-FATTENING—AN ODD USE OF OBESITY—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—RUMANIKA'S PRIVATE BAND—FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

PASSING by a number of tribes of more or less importance, we come to the country called KARAGUE (pronounced Kah-rah-góo-eh), which occupies a district about lat. 3° S. and long. 31° E. The people of this district are divided into two distinct classes,—namely, the reigning race, or Wahuma, and the peasantry, or Wanyambo. These latter were the original inhabitants of the land, but were dispossessed by the Wahuma, who have turned them into slaves and tillers of the ground. Among the Wahuma there is another distinction,—namely, a royal caste, or Moheenda.

As to the Wanyambo, although they are reduced to the condition of peasants, and have been compared to the ryots of India, they seem to preserve their self-respect, and have a kind of government among themselves, the country being divided into districts, each of which has its own governor. These men are called Wakungo, and are distinguished by a sort of uniform, consisting of a sheet of calico or a scarlet blanket in addition to the ordinary dress.

They are an excitable and rather quarrelsome people, and are quite capable of taking their own parts, even against the Weezees, with whom they occasionally quarrel. They do not carry their weapons continually, like the Wagogo and the Weezees, contenting themselves with a stick about five feet long, with a knob at the end, without which they are seldom to be seen, and which is not only used as a weapon, but is employed in greeting a friend.

The mode of saluting another is to hold out the stick to the friend, who touches the knobbed end with his hand, and repeats a few words of salutation. Yet, although they do not habitually carry weapons, they are very well armed, their bows being exceedingly powerful and elastic, more than six feet in length, and projecting a spear-headed arrow to a great distance. Spears are also employed, but the familiar weapon is the bow. A bow belonging to M'nanagee, the brother of Rumanika, the then head chief or "sultan" of Karague, was a beautiful specimen of native workmanship. It was six feet three inches in length, i. e. exactly the height of the owner, and was so carefully made that there was not a curve in it that could offend the eye. The string was twisted from the sinews of a cow, and the owner could project an arrow some two hundred yards. The wood of which it was made looked very like our own ash.

The Wanyambo were very polite to Captain Grant, taking great care of him, and advising him how to preserve his health, thus affording a practical refutation of the alarming stories respecting their treachery and ferocity of which he had been told when determining to pass through their country. The Wanyambo are obliged to furnish provisions to travellers free of charge, but, although they obey the letter of the law, they always expect a present of brass wire in lieu of payment. They are slenderly built, very dark in complexion, and grease themselves abundantly. They do not, however, possess such an evil odor as other

grease-using tribes, as, after they have anointed themselves, they light a fire of aromatic wood, and stand to leeward of it, so as to allow the perfumed smoke to pass over them.

The Wahuma are of much lighter complexion, and the royal caste, or Moheenda, are remarkable for their bronze-like complexions, their well-cut features, and their curiously long heads. The members of this caste are further marked by some scars under the eyes, and their teeth are neither filed nor chipped. There is rather a curious law about the succession to the throne. As with us, the king's eldest son is the acknowledged heir, but then he must have been born when his father was actually king. Consequently, the youngest of a family of brothers is sometimes the heir to the throne, his elder brothers, having been born before their father was king, being ineligible to the crown.

According to Captain Speke, the Wahuma, the Gallas, and the Abyssinians are but different branches of the same people, having fought and been beaten, and retired, and so made their way westward and southward, until they settled down in the country which was then inhabited by the Wanyambo. Still, although he thinks them to have derived their source from Abyssinia, and to have spread themselves over the whole of the country on which we are now engaged, he mentions that they always accommodated themselves to the manners and customs of the natives whom they supplanted, and that the Gallas or Wahuma of Karague have different customs from the Wahuma of Unyoro.

The king or sultan of Karague, at the time when our travellers passed through the country, was Rumanika. He was the handsomest and most intelligent ruler that they met in Africa, and had nothing of the African in his appearance except that his hair was short and woolly. He was six feet two inches in height, and had a peculiarly mild and open expression of countenance. He wore a robe made of small antelope skins, and another of bark cloth, so that he was completely covered. He never wore any head-dress, but had the usual metallic armlets and anklets, and always carried a long staff in his hand. His four sons appear to have been worthy of their father. The oldest and youngest seem to have been peculiarly favorable specimens of their race. The eldest, named Chunderah, was twenty-five years old, and very fair, so that, but for his woolly hair and his rather thick lips, he might have been taken for a sepoy. "He affected the dandy, being more neat about his lion-skin covers and ornaments than the other brothers. He led a gay life, was always ready to lead a war party, and to preside at a dance, or wherever there was wine and women."

"From the tuft of wool left unshaven on

the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except when decorated round the muscle of the arms and neck with charmed horns, strips of otter skin, shells, and bands of wood. The skin covering, which in the Karague people is peculiar in shape, reaches below the knee behind, and is cut away in front. From below the calf to the ankle was a mass of iron wire, and, when visiting from neighbor to neighbor, he always, like every Karague, carried in his hand a five-foot staff with a knob at the end. He constantly came to ask after me, bringing flowers in his hand, as he knew my fondness for them, and at night he would take Frij, my headman, into the palace, along with his 'zeze,' or guitar, to amuse his sisters with Zanzibar music. In turn, the sisters, brothers, and followers would sing Karague music, and early in the morning Master Frij and Chunderah would return rather jolly to their huts outside the palace enclosure. This shows the kindly feeling existing between us and the family of the sultan; and, although this young prince had showed me many attentions, he never once asked me for a present."

The second son, who was by a different mother, was not so agreeable. His disposition was not bad, but he was stupid and slow, and anything but handsome. The youngest of the four, named Kukoko, seemed to have become a general favorite, and was clearly the pet of his father, who never went anywhere without him. He was so mild and pleasant in his manner, that the travellers presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, and, after much trouble in coaxing them on his unaccustomed fingers, were much amused by the young man's added dignity with which he walked away.

Contrary to the usual African custom, Rumanika was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely upon milk, and merely sucking the juice of boiled beef, without eating the meat itself. He scarcely ever touched the plantain wine or beer, that is in such general use throughout the country, and never had been known to be intoxicated. This wine or beer is made in a very ingenious manner. A large log of wood is hollowed out so as to form a tub, and it seems essential that it should be of considerable size. One end of it is raised upon a support, and a sort of barrier or dam of dried grass is fixed across the centre. Ripe plantains are then placed in the upper division of the tub, and mashed by the women's feet and hands until they are reduced to a pulp. The juice flows down the inclined tub, straining itself by passing through the grass barrier. When a sufficient quantity has been pressed, it is strained several times backward and forward, and is then passed into a clean tub for fermentation. Some burnt sorghum is then bruised and thrown into the juice to help fermentation, and the

tub is then covered up and placed in the sun's rays, or kept warm by a fire. In the course of three days the brewing process is supposed to be completed, and the beer or wine is poured off into calabashes.

The amount of this wine that is drunk by the natives is really amazing, every one carrying about with him a calabash full of it, and even the youngest children of the peasants drinking it freely. It is never bottled for preservation, and, in fact, it is in such request that scarcely a calabash full can be found within two or three days after the brewing is completed. This inordinate fondness for plantain wine makes Rumanika's abstinence the more remarkable.

But Rumanika was really a wonderful man in his way, and was not only king, but priest and prophet also. His very elevation to the throne was, according to the account given by him and his friends, entirely due to supernatural aid. When his father, Dagara, died, he and two brothers claimed the throne. In order to settle their pretensions a small magic drum was laid before them, and he who could lift it was to take the crown. The drum was a very small one, and of scarcely any weight, but upon it were laid certain potent charms. The consequence was, that although his brothers put all their strength to the task, they could not stir the drum, while Rumanika raised it easily with his little finger. Ever afterward he carried this drum with him on occasions of ceremony, swinging it about to show how easy it was for the rightful sovereign to wield it. Being dissatisfied with such a test, one of the chiefs insisted on Rumanika's trial by another ordeal. He was then brought into a sacred spot, where he was required to seat himself on the ground, and await the result of the charms. If he were really the appointed king, the portion of the ground on which he was seated would rise up in the air until it reached the sky; but if he were the wrong man, it would collapse, and dash him to pieces. According to all accounts, his own included, Rumanika took his seat, was raised up into the sky, and his legitimacy acknowledged.

Altogether, his family seem to have been noted for their supernatural qualities. When his father, Dagara, died, his body was sewed up in a cow-hide, put into a canoe, and set floating on the lake, where it was allowed to decompose. Three maggots were then taken from the canoe and given in charge of Rumanika, but as soon as they came into his house one of them became a lion, another a leopard, and the third was transformed into a stick. The body was then laid on the top of a hill, a hut built over it, five girls and fifty cows put into it, and the door blocked up and watched, so that the inmates gradually died of starvation. The lion which issued from the corpse was supposed to be an emblem of the pe-

culiar character of the Karague country, which is supposed to be guarded by lions from the attack of other tribes. It was said that whenever Dagara heard that the enemy was marching into his country, he used to call the lions together, send them against the advancing force, and so defeat them by deputy.

In his character of high-priest, Rumanika was very imposing, especially in his new-moon levee, which took place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. On the evening of the new moon he clothes himself in his priestly garb, *i. e.* a quantity of feathers nodding over his forehead, and fastened with a kind of strap of beads. A huge white beard covers his chin and descends to his breast, and is fastened to his face by a belt of beads. Having thus prepared himself, he sits behind a screen, and waits for the ceremony to begin.

This is a very curious one. Thirty or forty long drums are ranged on the ground, just like a battery of so many mortars; on their heads a white cross is painted. The drummers stand behind them, each with a pair of sticks, and in front is their leader, who has a pair of small drums slung to his neck. The leader first raises his right arm, and then his left, the performers imitating him with exact precision. He then brings down both sticks on the drums with a rapid roll, which becomes louder and louder, until the noise is scarcely endurable. This is continued at intervals for several hours, interspersed with performances on smaller drums, and other musical instruments. The various chiefs and officers next advance, in succession, leaping and gesticulating, shouting expressions of devotion to their sovereign, and invoking his vengeance on them should they ever fail in their loyalty. As they finish their salutation they kneel successively before the king, and hold out their knobbed sticks that he may touch them, and then retire to make room for their successors in the ceremony. In order to give added force to the whole proceeding, a horn is stuffed full of magic powder, and placed in the centre, with its opening directed toward the quarter from which danger is to be feared.

A younger brother of Rumanika, named M'nanagee, was even a greater prophet and diviner than his royal brother, and was greatly respected by the Wahuma in consequence of his supernatural powers. He had a sacred stone on a hill, and might be seen daily walking to the spot for the purpose of divination. He had also a number of elephant tusks which he had stuffed with magic powder and placed in the enclosure, for the purpose of a kind of religious worship.

M'nanagee was a tall and stately personage, skilled in the knowledge of plants, and,



strange to say, ready to impart his knowledge. As insignia of his priestly office, he wore an abundance of charms. One charm was fastened to the back of his shaven head, others hung from his neck and arms, while some were tied to his knees, and even the end of his walking stick contained a charm. He was always attended by his page, a little fat boy, who carried his fly-flapper, and his master's pipe, the latter being of considerable length, and having a bowl of enormous size. He had a full belief in the power of his magic horns, and consulted them on almost every occasion of life. If any one were ill, he asked their opinion as to the nature of the malady and the best remedy for it. If he felt curious about a friend at a distance, the magic horns gave him tidings of the absent one. If an attack were intended on the country, the horns gave him warning of it, and, when rightly invoked, they either averted the threatened attack, or gave victory over their enemies.

The people have an implicit faith in the power of their charms, and believe that they not only inspire courage, but render the person invulnerable. Rumanika's head magician, K'yengo, told Captain Speke that the Watuta tribes had invested his village for six months; and, when all the cattle and other provisions were eaten, they took the village and killed all the inhabitants except himself. Him they could not kill on account of the power of his charms, and, although they struck at him with their spears as he lay on the ground, they could not even wound him.

The Wahuma believe in the constant presence of departed souls, and that they can exercise an influence for good or evil over those whom they had known in life. So, if a field happens to be blighted, or the crop does not look favorable, a gourd is laid on the path. All passengers who see the gourd know its meaning, and set up a wailing cry to the spirits to give a good crop to their surviving friends. In order to propitiate the spirit of his father, Dagara, Rumanika used annually to sacrifice a cow on his tomb, and was accustomed to lay corn and beer near the grave, as offerings to his father's spirit.

In Karague, marriage is little more than a species of barter, the father receiving cows, sheep, slaves, and other property for his daughter. But the transaction is not a final one, for if the bride does not happen to approve of her husband, she can return the marriage gifts and return to her father. There is but little ceremony in their marriages, the principal one seeming to consist of tying up the bride in a blackened skin, and carrying her in noisy procession to her husband.

The Wahuma women lead an easy life compared with that of the South African women, and indeed their chief object in life seems to be the attainment of corpulence.

Either the Wahuma women are specially constituted, or the food which they eat is exceptionally nutritious, for they attain dimensions that are almost incredible. For example, Rumanika, though himself a slight and well-shaped man, had five wives of enormous fatness. Three of them were unable to enter the door of an ordinary hut, or to move about without being supported by a person on either side. They are fed on boiled plantains and milk, and consume vast quantities of the latter article, eating it all day long. Indeed, they are fattened as systematically as turkeys, and are "crammed" with an equal disregard of their feelings.

Captain Speke gives a very humorous account of his interview with one of the women of rank, together with the measurements which she permitted him to take:—

"After a long and amusing conversation with Rumanika in the morning, I called on one of his sisters-in-law, married to an elder brother, who was born before Dagara ascended the throne. She was another of these victims of obesity, unable to stand except on all fours. I was desirous to obtain a good view of her, and actually to measure her, and induced her to give me facilities for doing so by offering in return to show her a bit of my naked legs and arms. The bait took as I wished it, and, after getting her to sidle and wriggle into the middle of the hut, I did as I had promised, and then took her dimensions as noted.

"Round arm, one foot eleven inches. Chest, four feet four inches. Thigh, two feet seven inches. Calf, one foot eight inches. Height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have had her laid on the floor. But, knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head.

"Meanwhile the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat stark naked before us, sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced with the rod if necessary. I got up a bit of a flirtation with missy, and induced her to rise and shake hands with me. Her features were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball."

In one part of the country, the women turned their obesity to good account. In exchanging food for beads, the usual bargain was that a certain quantity of food should be paid for by a belt of beads that would go round the waist. But the women of Karague were, on an average, twice as large round the waist as those of other dis-





RUMANIKA'S PRIVATE BAND.

(See page 405.)

tricts, and the natural consequence was, that food practically rose one hundred per cent in price.

Despite their exceeding fatness, their features retain much beauty, the face being oval, and the eyes peculiarly fine and intelligent. The higher class of women are very modest, not only wearing the cow-skin petticoat, but also a large wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelope their whole bodies, merely allowing one eye to be seen. Yet up to the marriageable age no clothing of any kind is worn by either sex, and both boys and girls will come up to the traveller and talk familiarly with him, as unconscious of nudity as their first parents. Until they are married they allow their hair to grow, and then shave it off, sometimes entirely, and sometimes partially. They have an odd habit of making caps of cane, which they cover on the outside with the woolly hair shaved off their own heads.

Mention has been made of various musical instruments used in Karague. The most important are the drums, which vary in size as much as they do in England. That which corresponds to our side-drum is about four feet in length and one in width, and is covered at the wide end with an ichneumon skin. This instrument is slung from the shoulder, and is played with the fingers like the Indian "tom-tom." The large drums used at the new-moon levee are of similar structure, but very much larger. The war drum is beaten by the women, and at its sound the men rush to arms and repair to the several quarters.

There are also several stringed instruments employed in Karague. The principal of these is the nanga, a kind of guitar, which, according to Captain Grant, may be called the national instrument. There are several varieties of the nanga. "In one of these, played by an old woman, six of the seven notes were a perfect scale, the seventh being the only faulty string. In another, played by a man, three strings were a full harmonious chord. These facts show that the people are capable of cultivation. The nanga was formed of heavy dark wood, the shape of a tray, twenty-two by nine inches, or thirty by eight, with three crosses in the bottom, and laced with one string seven or eight times over bridges at either end. Sometimes a gourd or sounding-board was tied to the back.

"Prince M'nanagee, at my request, sent the best player he knew. The man boldly entered without introduction, dressed in the usual Wanyambo costume, and looked a wild, excited creature. After resting his spear against the roof of the hut, he took a nanga from under his arm, and commenced. As he sat upon a mat with his head averted, he sang something of his having been sent to me, and of the favorite dog Keerornba. The wild yet gentle music and words at-

tracted a crowd of admirers, who sang the dog-song for days afterward, as we had it encored several times.

"Another player was an old woman, calling herself Keeleamyagga. As she played while standing in front of me, all the song she could produce was 'sh! sh!' screwing her mouth, rolling her body, and raising her feet from the ground. It was a miserable performance, and not repeated."

There is another stringed instrument called the "zeze." It differs from the nanga in having only one string, and, like the nanga, is used to accompany the voice in singing. Their wind instruments may be called the flageolet and the bugle. The former has six finger holes; and as the people walk along with a load on their heads, they play the flageolet to lighten their journey, and really contrive to produce sweet and musical tones from it. The so-called "bugle" is made of several pieces of gourd, fitting into one another in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin. The notes of a common chord can be produced on the bugle, the thumb acting as a key. It is about one foot in length.

Rumanika had a special military band comprised of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles and the other two carried hand drums. They formed in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, and played on the march, swaying their bodies in time to the music, and the leader advancing with a curiously active step, in which he touched the ground with each knee alternately. The illustration opposite will give the reader a good idea of Rumanika's private band.

The code of laws in Karague is rather severe in some cases, and strangely mild in others. For example, theft is punished with the stocks, in which the offender is sometimes kept for many months. Assault with a stick entails a fine of ten goats, but if with a deadly weapon, the whole of the property is forfeited, the injured party taking one half, and the sultan the other. In cases of actual murder, the culprit is executed, and his entire property goes to the relations of the murdered man. The most curious law is that against adultery. Should the offender be an ordinary wife, the loss of an ear is thought to be sufficient penalty; but if she be a slave, or the daughter of the sultan, both parties are liable to capital punishment.

When an inhabitant of Karague dies, his body is disposed of according to his rank. Should he be one of the peasants, or Wanyambo, the body is sunk in the water; but if he should belong to the higher caste, or, Wahuma, the corpse is buried on an island in the lake, all such islands being considered as sacred ground. Near the spot whereon one of the Wahuma has died, the relations place a symbolical mark, consisting of two sticks tied to a stone, and laid

across the pathway. The symbol informs the passenger that the pathway is for the present sacred, and in consequence he turns

aside, and makes a *détour* before he resumes the pathway. The singular funeral of the sultan has already been mentioned.

### THE WAZARAMO AND WASAGARA.

BEFORE proceeding to other African countries, it will be as well to give a few lines to two other tribes, namely,—the Wazaramo and the Wasagara. The country in which the former people live is called Uzaramo, and is situated immediately southward of Zanzibar, being the first district through which Captains Speke and Grant passed. It is covered with villages, the houses of which are partly conical after the ordinary African fashion, and partly gable-ended, according to the architecture of the coast, the latter form being probably due to the many traders who have come from different parts of the world. The walls of the houses are "wattle and daub," i. e. hurdle-work plastered with clay, and the roofs are thatched with grass or reeds. Over these villages are set headmen, called phanzes, who ordinarily call themselves subjects of Said Majid, the Sultan of Zanzibar. But as soon as a caravan passes through their country, each headman considers himself as a sultan in his own right, and levies tolls from the travellers. They never allow strangers to come into their villages, differing in this respect from other tribes, who use their towns as traps, into which the unwary traveller is induced to come, and from which he does not escape without suffering severely in purse.

The people, although rather short and thick-set, are good-looking, and very fond of dress, although their costume is but limited, consisting only of a cloth tied round the waist. They are very fond of ornaments, such as shells, pieces of tin, and beads, and rub their bodies with red clay and oil until they look as if they were new cast in copper. Their hair is woolly, and twisted into numerous tufts, each of which is elongated by bark fibres. The men are very attentive to the women, dressing their hair for them, or escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

A wise traveller passes through Uzaramo as fast as he can, the natives never furnishing guides, nor giving the least assistance, but being always ready to pounce on him should he be weak, and to rob him by open violence, instead of employing the more refined "hongo" system. They seem to be a boisterous race, but are manageable by mixed gentleness and determination. Even when they had drawn out their warriors in battle array, and demanded in a menacing manner a larger hongo than they ought to expect, Captain Speke found that gentle words would always cause them to with-

draw, and leave the matter to peaceful arbitration. Should they come to blows, they are rather formidable enemies, being well armed with spears and bows and arrows, the latter being poisoned, and their weapons being always kept in the same state of polish and neatness as their owners.

Some of these Phanzes are apt to be very troublesome to the traveller, almost always demanding more than they expect to get, and generally using threats as the simplest means of extortion. One of them, named Khombé la Simba, or Lion's-claw, was very troublesome, sending back contemptuously the present that had been given him, and threatening the direst vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Five miles further inland, another Phanze, named Mukia ya Nyani, or Monkey's-tail, demanded another hongo; but, as the stores of the expedition would have been soon exhausted at this rate, Captain Speke put an abrupt stop to this extortion, giving the chiefs the option of taking what he chose to give them, or fighting for it; and, as he took care to display his armory and the marksmanship of his men, they thought it better to comply rather than fight and get nothing.

Owing to the rapidity with which the travellers passed through this inhospitable land, and the necessity for avoiding the natives as much as possible, very little was learned of their manners and customs. The Wazaramo would flock round the caravan for the purpose of barter, and to inspect the strangers, but their ordinary life was spent in their villages, which, as has been already mentioned, are never entered by travellers. Nothing is known of their religion, though it is possible that the many Mahometans who pass through their land may have introduced some traces of their own religion, just as is the case in Londa, where the religion is an odd mixture of idolatrous, Mahometan, and Christian rites, with the meaning ingeniously excluded. In fact they do not want to know the meaning of the rites, leaving that to the priests, and being perfectly contented so long as the witch-doctor performs his part. That the Wazaramo have at all events a certain amount of superstition, is evident from the fact that they erect little model huts as temples to the Spirit of Rain. Such a hut or temple is called M'ganga. They also lay broken articles on graves, and occasionally carve rude wooden dolls and fix them in the ground at the end of the grave; but, as far as is known, they have no separate burying-place.

## THE WASAGARA TRIBE.

THE second of these tribes, the WASAGARA, inhabits a large tract of country, full a hundred miles in length, and is composed of a great number of inferior or sub-tribes. Like other African nations, who at one time were evidently great and powerful, the Wasagara have become feeble and comparatively insignificant, though still numerous. Being much persecuted by armed parties from the coast, who attack and carry them off for slaves, besides stealing what property they have, the Wasagara have mostly taken to the lofty conical mountains that form such conspicuous objects in their country, and there are tolerably safe. But, as they are thus obliged to reside in such limited districts, they can do but little in agriculture, and they are afraid to descend to the level ground in order to take part in the system of commerce, which is so largely developed in this country. Their villages are mostly built on the hill spurs, and they cultivate, as far as they can, the fertile lands which lie between them. But the continual

inroads of inimical tribes, as well as those of the slave-dealers, prevent the inhabitants from tilling more land than can just supply their wants.

So utterly dispirited are they, that as soon as a caravan is seen by a sentry, warning is given, and all the population flock to the hill-top, where they scatter and hide themselves so completely that no slaving party would waste its time by trying to catch them. Resistance is never even thought of, and it is hardly possible to induce the Wasagara to descend the hills until the caravan has passed. Consequently it is scarcely possible to obtain a Wasagara as a guide through his country. If, however, the traveller does succeed in so doing, he finds that the man is trustworthy, lively, active, and altogether an amusing companion. The men seem to be good hunters, displaying great skill in discovering and tracking game. Owing to the precarious nature of their lives, the Wasagara have but little dress, a small strip of cloth round the waist being the ordinary costume.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE WATUSI AND WAGANDA.

LOCALITY OF THE WATUSI TRIBE—MODE OF DRESS—A WATUSI WOMAN—THEIR VALUE AS HERDSMEN—SALUTATION—WATUSI DANCING—THE WAGANDA—ROAD SYSTEM OF UGANDA—CODE OF ETIQUETTE—DISREGARD OF HUMAN LIFE—CRUELTY—THE WIFE-WHIP—AN AFRICAN BLUE-BEARD—LIFE IN THE PALACE—REVIEWING THE TROOPS—ORIGIN OF THE WAGANDA TRIBE—KIMERA, AND HIS MODE OF GOVERNMENT—SYSTEM OF ORGANIZATION—THE LAW OF SUCCESSION—M'TESA, THE PRESENT KING, AND HIS COURT—THE ROYAL PALACE—GENERAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE WAGANDA—RECEPTION OF A GUEST—THE ROYAL WALK—A COUNCIL—SUPERSTITIONS—THE WATER-SPIRIT AND HIS HIGH PRIEST—RELIGION OF THE WAGANDA—HUMAN SACRIFICES—THE SLAVE-TRADE—BURYING GROUNDS OF THE WAGANDA.

THERE is one tribe which, though small, has sufficient individuality to deserve a brief notice. The WATUSI are a race of herds-men, who live on either side of the equator, and, according to Captain Grant, resemble the Somalis in general appearance. They generally take service in the households of wealthy persons, and devote themselves almost entirely to the care of the cattle. They have plentiful and woolly hair, and the men shave their beards with the exception of a crescent-shaped patch. They have an odd fashion of staining their gums black, using for the purpose a mixture of the tamarind seed calcined and powdered, and then mixed with a salt of copper. The men carry their weapons when walking, and seldom appear without a bow and arrows, a five-foot-long stick with a knob at one end, and a pipe.

When they meet a friend, they hold out the knobbed end of the stick to him; he touches it, and the demands of etiquette are supposed to be fulfilled. This knobbed stick is quite an institution among the tribes that have recently been mentioned, and a man seems to be quite unhappy unless he has in his hand one of these curious implements. They are fond of ornament, and wear multitudinous rings upon their wrists and ankles, the latter being generally of iron and the former of brass.

They are a fine-looking race, and the women are equally remarkable in this respect with the men,—a phenomenon rarely seen in this part of the world. They are

tall, erect, and well-featured, and, as a rule, are decently clad in dressed cow-skins. The general appearance of the Watusi women can be gathered from Captain Grant's description.

"One morning, to my surprise, in a wild jungle we came upon cattle, then upon a 'bomah' or ring fence, concealed by beautiful umbrageous large trees, quite the place for a gipsy camp. At the entry two strapping fellows met me and invited my approach. I mingled with the people, got water from them, and was asked, 'Would I prefer some milk?' This sounded to me more civilized than I expected from Africans, so I followed the men, who led me up to a beautiful lady-like creature, a Watusi woman, sitting alone under a tree.

"She received me without any expression of surprise, in the most dignified manner; and, after talking with the men, rose smiling, showing great gentleness in her manner, and led me to her hut. I had time to scrutinize the interesting stranger: she wore the usual Watusi costume of a cow's skin reversed, teased into a fringe with a needle, colored brown, and wrapped round her body from below the chest to the ankles. Lappets, showing zebra-like stripes of many colors, she wore as a 'turn-over' round the waist, and, except where ornamented on one arm with a highly polished coil of thick brass wire, two equally bright and massive rings on the right wrist, and a neck pendant of brass wire,—except these, and her becoming wrapper, she was *au naturel*le.

"I was struck with her peculiarly-formed head and graceful long neck; the beauty of her fine eyes, mouth, and nose; the smallness of her hands and naked feet—all were faultless; the only bad feature, which is considered one of beauty with them, was her large ears. The arms and elbows were rounded off like an egg, the shoulders were sloping, and her small breasts were those of a crouching Venus—a perfect beauty, though darker than a brunette.

"Her temporary residence was peculiar; it was formed of grass, was flat-roofed, and so low that I could not stand upright in it. The fireplace consisted of three stones; milk vessels of wood, shining white from scouring, were ranged on one side of the abode. A good-looking woman sat rocking a gourd between her knees in the process of churning butter. After the fair one had examined my skin and my clothes, I expressed great regret that I had no beads to present to her. 'They are not wanted,' she said; 'sit down, drink this buttermilk, and here is also some butter for you.' It was placed on a clean leaf. I shook hands, patted her cheek, and took my leave, but some beads were sent her, and she paid me a visit, bringing butter and buttermilk, and asking for more presents, which she of course got, and I had the gratification to see her eyes sparkle at the sight of them.

"This was one of the few women I met during our whole journey that I admired. None of the belles in Usui could approach her; but they were of a different caste, though dressing much in the same style. When cow's skins were not worn, these Usui women dressed very tidily in bark cloths, and had no marks or cuttings observable on their bodies. Circles of hair were often shaved off the crowns of their heads, and their neck ornaments showed considerable taste in the selection of the beads. The most becoming were a string of the M'zizama spheres of marble-sized white porcelain, and triangular pieces of shell rounded at the corners.

"An erect fair girl, daughter of a chief, paid us a visit, accompanied by six maids, and sat silently for half an hour. She had a spiral circle of wool shaved off the crown of her head; her only ornament was a necklace of green beads; she wore the usual wrapper, and across her shoulders a strip of scarlet cloth was thrown; her other fineries were probably left at home. The women of the district generally had grace and gentleness in their manner."

Some of the women tattoo themselves on the shoulders and breasts in rather a curious fashion, producing a pattern that looks in front like point lace, and which then passes over the shoulders and comes on the back down to the waist, like a pair of braces. A band of similar markings runs round the waist.

The wages of the Watusi tribe for the management of the cattle are simple enough. Half the milk is theirs, and as a cow in these regions is singularly deficient in milk, producing a bare pint per diem, the herdsmen have but small reward for their labor. They are very clever at managing the animals placed under their control. If they have to drive an unruly cow, they simply tie a cord to the hock of one of the hind legs, and walk behind it holding the end of the cord. This very simple process has the effect of subduing the cow, who yields as if to a charm, and walks quietly in whatever direction she is told to go. Goats are led by taking up one of the fore legs in the hand, when it is found that the animal walks along quietly on three legs; the temporary deprivation of the fourth limb being no particular impediment. Perhaps on account of this mastery over the cattle, even the Wanyamuezi look upon the Watusi with great respect. Should members of those tribes meet, the Weezee presses the palms of his hands together, and the Watusi gently clasps them in his own, muttering at the same time a few words in a low tone of voice. If a Watusi man meets a woman of the same tribe, she allows her arms to fall by her side, and he gently presses her arms below the shoulders. For an illustration of this mode of salutation, see the engraving No. 2 on page 397.

They are an industrious people, and make baskets with considerable skill, using a sharp-pointed spear, and doing nearly as much of the work with their feet as with their hands. They also work in metals, and have a kind of bellows made of wood, with cane handles,—very small, but efficient enough for the purpose. The dances with which the Watusi amuse themselves in the evening are as simple and peaceful as the dancers, and women take equal part with the men in them. They array themselves in a circle, singing, and clapping hands in time. Presently a woman passes into the ring, dances alone, and then, making a graceful obeisance to some favorite in the ring, she retires backward to her place. A young man then comes forward, goes through a number of evolutions, bows to one of the girls, and then makes way for a successor.

Captain Grant always speaks in the highest terms of the Watusi, whom he designates as his favorite race. He states that they never will permit themselves to be sold into slavery, but prefer death to such dishonor. This people are always distinguishable by their intelligence and the easy politeness of their manners. They are also remarkable for their neatness and personal cleanliness, in which they present a strong contrast to the neighboring tribes.



## THE WAGANDA TRIBE.

PASSING still northward, and keeping to the westward of the Victoria N'yanza, we come to the UGANDA district, the inhabitants of which are named WAGANDA.

This country is situated on the equator, and is a much more pleasant land than might be supposed from its geographical position, being fertile, and covered with vegetation. It is a peculiarly pleasant land for a traveller, as it is covered with roads, which are not only broad and firm, but are cut almost in a straight line from one point to another. Uganda seems to be unique in the matter of roads, the like of which are not to be found in any part of Africa, except those districts which are held by Europeans. The roads are wide enough for carriages, but far too steep in places for any wheeled conveyance; but as the Waganda do not use carriages of any kind, the roads are amply sufficient for their purposes. The Waganda have even built bridges across swamps and rivers, but their knowledge of engineering has not enabled them to build a bridge that would not decay in a few years.

Like many other tribes which bear, but do not deserve, the name of savages, the Waganda possess a curiously strict code of etiquette, which is so stringent on some points that an offender against it is likely to lose his life, and is sure to incur a severe penalty. If, for example, a man appears before the king with his dress tied carelessly, or if he makes a mistake in the mode of saluting, or if, in squatting before his sovereign, he allows the least portion of his limbs to be visible, he is led off to instant execution. As the fatal sign is given, the victim is seized by the royal pages, who wear a rope turban round their heads, and at the same moment all the drums and other instruments strike up, to drown his cries for mercy. He is rapidly bound with the ropes snatched hastily from the heads of the pages, dragged off, and put to death, no one daring to take the least notice while the tragedy is being enacted.

They have also a code of sumptuary laws which is enforced with the greatest severity. The skin of the serval, a kind of leopard cat, for example, may only be worn by those of royal descent. Once Captain Speke was visited by a very agreeable young man, who evidently intended to strike awe into the white man, and wore round his neck the serval-skin emblem of royal birth. The attempted deception, however, recoiled upon its author, who suffered the fate of the daw with the borrowed plumes. An officer of rank detected the imposture, had the young man seized, and challenged him to show proofs of his right to wear the emblem of royalty. As he failed to do so, he was threatened with being brought before the

king, and so compounded with the chief for a fine of a hundred cows.

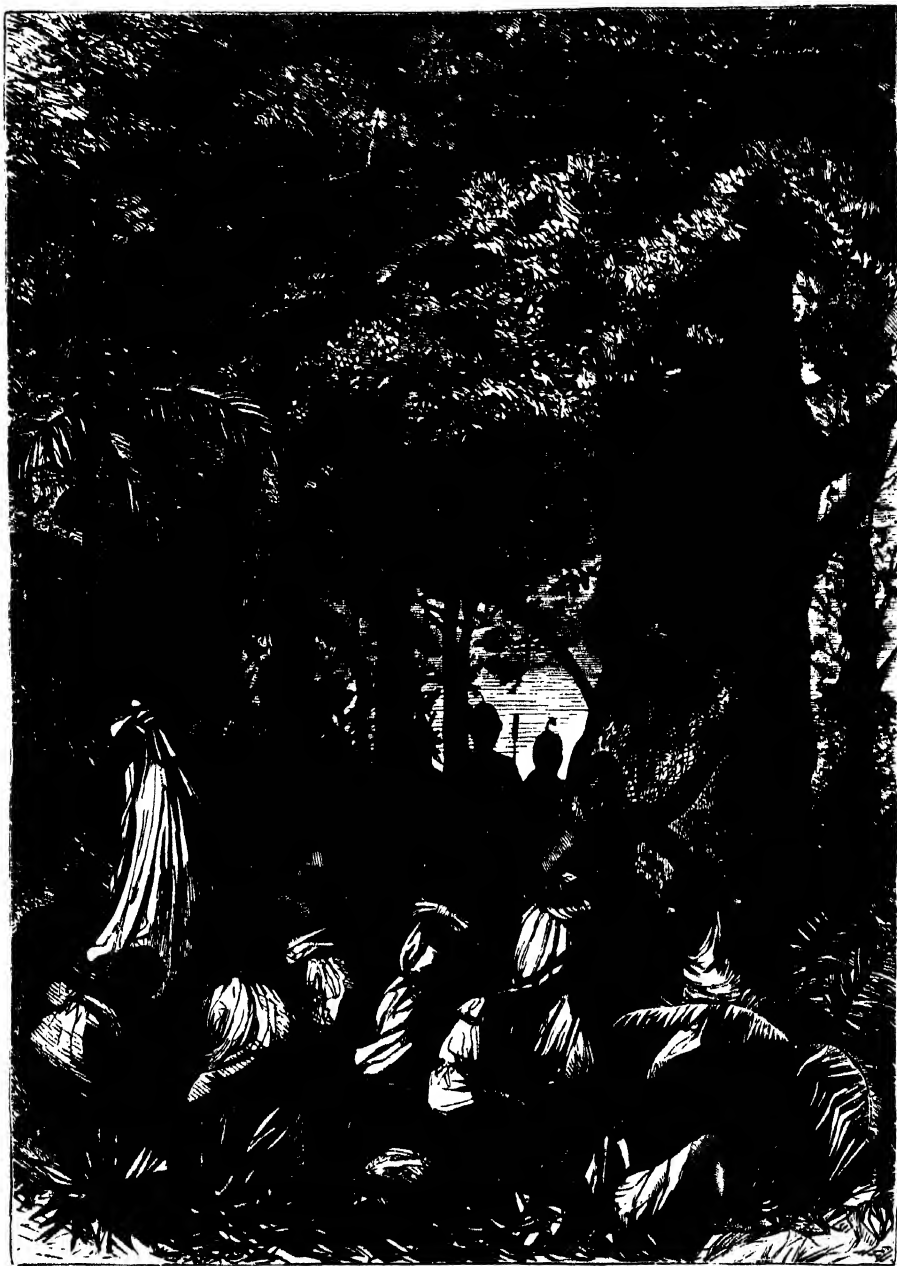
Heavy as the penalty was, the young man showed his wisdom by acceding to it; for if he had been brought before the king, he would assuredly have lost his life, and probably have been slowly tortured to death. One punishment to which M'tesa, the king of Uganda, seems to have been rather partial, was the gradual dismemberment of the criminal for the sake of feeding his pet vultures; and although on some occasions he orders them to be killed before they are dismembered, he sometimes omits that precaution, and the wretched beings are slowly cut to pieces with grass blades, as it is against etiquette to use knives for this purpose.

The king alone has the privilege of wearing a cock's-comb of hair on the top of his head, the remainder being shaved off. This privilege is sometimes extended to a favorite queen or two, so that actual royalty may be at once recognized. Even the mode of sitting is carefully regulated. Only the king is allowed to sit on a chair, all his subjects being forced to place themselves on the ground. When Captains Speke and Grant visited Uganda, there was a constant struggle on this point, the travellers insisting on sitting in their arm-chairs, and the king wanting them to sit on the ground. On one occasion, when walking with M'tesa and his suite, a halt was ordered, and Captain Speke looked about for something to sit upon. The king, seeing this, and being determined not to be outdone, called a page, made him kneel on all fours, and then sat on his back. The controversy at last ended in a compromise, the travellers abandoning their chairs in the king's presence, but sitting on bundles of grass which were quite as high.

When an inferior presents any article to his superior, he always pats and rubs it with his hands, and then strokes with it each side of his face. This is done in order to show that no witchcraft has been practised with it, as in such a case the intended evil would recoil on the donor. This ceremony is well enough when employed with articles of use or apparel; but when meat, plantains, or other articles of food are rubbed with the dirty hands and well-greased face of the donor, the recipient, if he should happen to be a white man, would be only too happy to dispense with the ceremony, and run his risk of witchcraft.

The officers of the court are required to shave off all their hair except a single cockade at the back of the head, while the pages are distinguished by two cockades, one over each temple, so that, even if they happen to be without their rope turbans, their rank and authority are at once indicated. When





ARREST OF THE QUEEN.

(See page 413.)

the king sends the pages on a message, a most picturesque sight is presented. All the commands of the king have to be done at full speed, and when ten or a dozen pages start off in a body, their dresses streaming in the air behind them, each striving to outrun the other, they look at a distance like a flight of birds rather than human beings.

Here, as in many other countries, human life, that of the king excepted, is not of the least value. On one occasion Captain Speke had given M'tesa a new rifle, with which he was much pleased. After examining it for some time, he loaded it, handed it to one of his pages, and told him to go and shoot somebody in the outer court. The page, a mere boy, took the rifle, went into the court, and in a moment the report of the rifle showed that the king's orders had been obeyed. The urchin came back grinning with delight at the feat which he had achieved, just like a schoolboy who has shot his first sparrow, and handed back the rifle to his master. As to the unfortunate man who was fated to be the target, nothing was heard about him, the murder of a man being far too common an incident to attract notice.

On one occasion, when M'tesa and his wives were on a pleasure excursion, one of the favorites, a singularly good-looking woman, plucked a fruit, and offered it to the king, evidently intending to please him. Instead of taking it as intended, he flew into a violent passion, declared that it was the first time that a woman had ever dared to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution. "These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of Cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying in the names of the Kamraviona and M'zungu (myself [*i. e.* Captain Speke]) for help and protection, whilst Lubaga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head. The artist has represented this scene in the engraving on previous page.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference at an early stage would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, M'zungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own

in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant, but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

On another occasion, when M'tesa had been out shooting, Captain Grant asked what sport he had enjoyed. The unexpected answer was that game had been very scarce, but that he had shot a good many men instead. Beside the pages who have been mentioned, there were several executioners, who were pleasant and agreeable men in private life, and held in great respect by the people. They were supposed to be in command of the pages who bound with their rope turbans the unfortunates who were to suffer, and mostly inflicted the punishment itself.

This particular king seems to have been rather exceptionally cruel, his very wives being subject to the same capriciousness of temper as the rest of his subjects. Of course he beat them occasionally, but as wife beating is the ordinary custom in Uganda, he was only following the ordinary habits of the people.

There is a peculiar whip made for the special purpose of beating wives. It is formed of a long strip of hippotamus hide, split down the middle to within three or four inches of the end. The entire end is beaten and scraped until it is reduced in size to the proper dimensions of a handle. The two remaining thirds are suffered to remain square, but are twisted in a screw-like fashion, so as to present sharp edges throughout their whole length. When dry, this whip is nearly as hard as iron, and scarcely less heavy, so that at every blow the sharp edges cut deeply into the flesh. Wife flogging, however, was not all; he was in the habit of killing his wives and their attendants without the least remorse. While Captain Speke was residing within the limits of the palace, there was scarcely a day when some woman was not led to execution, and some days three or four were murdered. Mostly they were female attendants of the queens, but frequently the royal pages dragged out a woman whose single cockade on the top of her head announced her as one of the king's wives.

M'tesa, in fact, was a complete African Bluebeard, continually marrying and killing, the brides, however, exceeding the victims in number. Royal marriage is a very simple business in Uganda. Parents who have offended their king and want to pacify him, or who desire to be looked on favorably by him, bring their daughters and offer them as he sits at the door of his house. As is the case with all his female attendants, they are totally unclothed, and stand before the king in ignorance of their future. If he accept them, he makes them sit down, seats himself on their knees, and embraces them. This is the whole of the ceremony,

and as each girl is thus accepted, the happy parents perform the curious salutation called "n'yanzigging," i. e. prostrating themselves on the ground, floundering about, clapping their hands, and ejaculating the word "n'yaus," or thanks, as fast as they can say it.

Twenty or thirty brides will sometimes be presented to him in a single morning, and he will accept more than half of them, some of them being afterward raised to the rank of wives, while the others are relegated to the position of attendants. It was rather remarkable, that although the principal queen was most liberal with these attendants, offering plenty of them to Captain Speke and his companions, not one of them would have been permitted to marry a native, as she might have betrayed the secrets of the palace.

Life in the palace may be honorable enough, but seems to be anything but agreeable, except to the king. The whole of the court are abject slaves, and at the mercy of any momentary caprice of the merciless, thoughtless, irresponsible despot. Whatever wish may happen to enter the king's head must be executed at once, or woe to the delinquent who fails to carry it out. Restless and captious as a spoiled child, he never seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and would issue simultaneously the most contradictory orders, and then expect them to be obeyed.

As for the men who held the honorable post of his guards, they were treated something worse than dogs—far worse, indeed, than M'tesa treated his own dog. They might lodge themselves as they could, and were simply fed by throwing great lumps of beef and plantains among them. For this they scramble just like so many dogs, scratching and tearing the morsels from each other, and trying to devour as much as possible within a given number of seconds.

The soldiers of M'tesa were much better off than his guards, although their position was not so honorable. They are well dressed, and their rank is distinguished by a sort of uniform, the officers of royal birth wearing the leopard-skin tippet, while those of inferior rank are distinguished by colored cloths, and skin cloaks made of the hide of oxen or antelopes. Each carries two spears, and an oddly-formed shield, originally oval, but cut into deep scallops, and having at every point a pendent tuft of hair. Their heads are decorated, in a most curious manner, some of the men wearing a crescent-like ornament, and some tying round their heads wreaths made of different materials, to which a horn, a bunch of beads, a dried lizard, or some such ornament, is appended.

Not deficient in personal courage, their spirits were cheered in combat by the certainty of reward or punishment. Should they behave themselves bravely, treasures

would be heaped upon them, and they would receive from their royal master plenty of cattle and wives. But if they behaved badly, the punishment was equally certain and most terrible. A recreant soldier was not only put to death, but holes bored in his body with red-hot irons until he died from sheer pain and exhaustion.

Now and then the king held a review, in which the valiant and the cowards obtained their fitting rewards. These reviews offered most picturesque scenes. "Before us was a large open sward, with the huts of the queen's Kamraviona or commander-in-chief beyond. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing two hundred men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies at a long trot, and re-form again at the end of the square.

"Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued; the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors, according to the taste of the individual; one half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order; as, for instance, one stocking would be red, and the other black, whilst the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat. Every man carried the same arms, two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force.

"After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet covered with rich beads of every color in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, in the centre of which rose a bent stem tufted with goat's hair. Next, they charged in companies to and fro, and finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home."

At these reviews, the king distributes rewards and metes out his punishments. The scene is equally stirring and terrible. As the various officers come before the king, they prostrate themselves on the ground, and, after going through their elaborate salutation, they deliver their reports as to the conduct of the men under their command. To some are given various presents, with

which they go off rejoicing, after floundering about on the ground in the extremity of their gratitude; while others are seized by the ever-omniscious pages, bound, and dragged off to execution, the unfortunate men struggling with their captors, fighting, and denying the accusation, until they are out of hearing. As soon as the king thinks that he has had enough of the business, he rises abruptly, picks up his spears, and goes off, leading his dog with him.

The native account of the origin of the Waganda kingdom is very curious. According to them, the country which is now called Uganda was previously united with Unyoro, a more northerly kingdom, of which we shall presently treat. Eight generations back there came from Unyoro a hunter named Uganda, bringing with him a spear, a shield, a woman, and a pack of dogs. He began to hunt on the shores of the lake, and was so successful that he was joined by vast numbers of the people, to whom he became a chief.

Under his sway, the hitherto scattered people assumed the character of a nation, and began to feel their strength. Their leading men then held a council on their government, and determined on making Uganda their king. "For," said they, "of what avail to us is the king of Unyoro? He is so far distant that, when we sent him a cow as a present, the cow had a calf, and that calf became a cow and gave birth to another calf, and yet the present has not reached the king. Let us have a king of our own." So they induced Uganda to be their king, changed his name to Kimera, and assigned his former name to the country.

Kimera, thus made king, took his station on a stone and showed himself to his new subjects, having in his hand his spears and shield, and being accompanied by a woman and a dog; and in this way all succeeding kings have presented themselves to their subjects. All the Waganda are, in consequence, expected to keep at least two spears, a shield and a dog, and the officers are also entitled to have drums. The king of Unyoro heard of the new monarch, but did not trouble himself about a movement at such a distance, and so the kingdom of Uganda became an acknowledged reality.

However, Kimera organized his people in so admirable a manner, that he became a perfect terror to the king of Unyoro, and caused him to regret that, when Kimera's power was not yet consolidated, he had not crushed him. Kimera formed his men into soldiers, drafted them into different regiments, drilled and organized them thoroughly. He cut roads through his kingdom, traversing it in all directions. He had whole fleets of boats built, and threw bridges over rivers wherever they interrupted his line of road. He descended into the minut-

est particulars of domestic polity, and enforced the strictest sanitary system throughout his country, not even suffering a house to be built unless it possessed the means of cleanliness.

Organization, indeed, seems now to be implanted in the Waganda mind. Even the mere business of taking bundles of wood into the palace must be done in military style. "After the logs are carried a certain distance, the men charge up hill with walking sticks at the slope, to the sound of the drum, shouting and chorusing. On reaching their officer, they drop on their knees to salute, by saying repeatedly in one voice the word 'n'yans' (thanks). Then they go back, charging down hill, stooping simultaneously to pick up the wood, till step by step, it taking several hours, the neatly cut logs are regularly stacked in the palace yards."

Each officer of a district would seem to have a different mode of drill. The Wazee-wah, with long sticks, were remarkably well-disciplined, shouting and marching all in regular time, every club going through the same movement; the most attractive part of the drill being when all crouched simultaneously, and then advanced in open ranks, swinging their bodies to the roll of their drums.

By such means Kimera soon contrived to make himself so powerful that his very name was dreaded throughout Unyoro, into which country he was continually making raids. If, for example, at one of his councils he found that one part of his dominions was deficient in cattle or women, he ordered one or two of his generals to take their troops into Unyoro, and procure the necessary number. In order that he might always have the means of carrying his ideas into effect, the officers of the army are expected to present themselves at the palace as often as they possibly can, and, if they fail to do so, they are severely punished; their rank is taken from them; their property confiscated, and their goods, their wives, and their children are given to others.

In fact, Kimera proceeded on a system of reward and punishment: the former he meted out with a liberal hand; the latter was certain, swift, and terrible. In process of time Kimera died, and his body was dried by being placed over an oven. When it was quite dry, the lower jaw was removed and covered with beads; and this, together with the body, were placed in tombs, and guarded by the deceased monarch's favorite women, who were prohibited even from seeing his successor.

After Kimera's death, the people proceeded to choose a king from among his many children, called "Warangira," or princes. The king elect was very young, and was separated from the others, who were placed in a suite of huts under charge

of a keeper. As soon as the young prince reached years of discretion, he was publicly made king, and at the same time all his brothers except two were burned to death. The two were allowed to live in case the new king should die before he had any sons, and also as companions for him. As soon as the line of direct succession was secured, one of the brothers was banished into Unyoro, and the other allowed to live in Uganda.

When Captains Speke and Grant arrived in Uganda, the reigning sovereign was M'tesa, the seventh in succession from Kimera. He was about twenty-five years of age, and, although he had not been formally received as king, wielded a power as supreme as if he had passed through this ceremony. He was wise enough to keep up the system which had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and the Uganda kingdom was even more powerful in his time than it had been in the days of Kimera. A close acquaintance proved that his personal character was not a pleasant one, as indeed was likely when it is remembered that he had possessed illimitable power ever since he was quite a boy, and in consequence had never known contradiction.

He was a very fine-looking young man, and possessed in perfection the love of dress, which is so notable a feature in the character of the Waganda. They are so fastidious in this respect, that for a man to appear untidily dressed before his superiors would entail severe punishment, while, if he dared to present himself before the king with the least disorder of apparel, immediate death would be the result. Even the royal pages, who rush about at full speed when performing their commissions, are obliged to hold their skin cloaks tightly round them, lest any portion of a naked limb should present itself to the royal glance.

The appearance of M'tesa is well described by Captain Speke:—"A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting upon a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously dressed in a new 'mbugu' (or grass-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, except upon the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake skin. On every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings, and above the ankles, half-way up the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads.

"Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief, he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to wipe his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and his wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a host of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side; and on the other was a band of 'Wichwézi,' or lady sorcerers."

These women are indispensable appendages to the court, and attend the king wherever he goes, their office being to avert the evil eye from their monarch, and to pour the plantain wine into the royal cups. They are distinguished by wearing dried lizards on their heads, and on their belts are fastened goat-skin aprons, edged with little bells. As emblems of their office, they also carry very small shields and spears, ornamented with cock-hackles.

M'tesa's palace is of enormous dimensions, and almost deserves the name of a village or town. It occupies the whole side of a hill, and consists of streets of huts arranged as methodically as the houses of an European town, the line being preserved by fences of the tall yellow tiger-grass of Uganda. There are also squares and open spaces, and the whole is kept in perfect order and neatness. The inner courts are entered by means of gates, each gate being kept by an officer, who permits no one to pass who has not the king's permission. In case his vigilance should be evaded, each gate has a bell fastened to it on the inside, just as they are hung on shop-doors in England.

In the illustration No. 1, opposite, the artist has selected the moment when the visitor is introduced to the immediate presence of the king. Under the shade of the hut the monarch is seated on his throne, having on one side the spears, shield, and dog, and on the other the woman, these being the accompaniments of royalty. Some of his pages are seated near him, with their cord turbans bound on their tufted heads, ready to obey his slightest word. Immediately in front are some soldiers saluting him, and one of them, to whom he has granted some favor, is floundering on the ground, thanking, or "n'yanzigging," according to the custom of the place. On the other side is the guest, a man of rank, who is introduced by the officer of the gate. The door itself, with its bells, is drawn aside, and over the doorway is a rope, on which are hung a row of charms. The



(1.) RECEPTION OF A VISITOR. (See page 416.)



(2.) THE MAGICIAN AT WORK (See page 427.)





king's private band is seen in the distance, performing with its customary vigor.

The architecture of the huts within these enclosures is wonderfully good, the Waganda having great natural advantages, and making full use of them. The principal material in their edifices is reed, which in Uganda grows to a very great height, and is thick and strong in the stem. Grass for thatching is also found in vast quantities, and there is plenty of straight timber for the rafters. The roof is double, in order to exclude the sunbeams, and the outer roof comes nearly to the ground on all sides. The fabric is upheld by a number of poles, from which are hung corn-sacks, meat, and other necessities.

The interior is separated into two compartments by a high screen made of plantain leaf, and within the inner apartment the cane bedstead of the owner is placed. Yet, with all this care in building, there is only one door, and no window or chimney; and although the Waganda keep their houses tolerably clean, the number of dogs which they keep fill their huts with fleas, so that when a traveller takes possession of a house, he generally has the plantain screen removed, and makes on the floor as large a fire as possible, so as to exterminate the insect inhabitants.

The ceremonies of receiving a royal guest are as elaborate as the architecture. Officers of rank step forward to greet him, while musicians are in attendance, playing on the various instruments of Uganda, most of them being similar to those which have already been described. Even the height of the seat on which the visitor is to place himself is rigorously determined, the chief object seeming to be to force him to take a seat lower than that to which he is entitled. In presence of the king, who sits on a chair or throne, no subject is allowed to be seated on anything higher than the ground; and if he can be induced to sit in the blazing sunbeams, and wait until the king is pleased to see him, a triumph of diplomacy has been secured.

When the king has satisfied himself with his guest, or thinks that he is tired, he rises without any warning, and marches off to his room, using the peculiar gait affected by the kings of Uganda, and supposed to be imitated from the walk of the lion. To the eyes of the Waganda, the "lion's step," as the peculiar walk is termed, is very majestic, but to the eyes of an European it is simply ludicrous, the feet being planted widely apart, and the body swung from side to side at each step. If any of my readers should have known Christ's Hospital, they may remember the peculiar style of walking which was termed "spadging," and which used to be, and may be now, an equivalent to the "lion-step" of the Uganda king.

After M'tesa had received his white visi-

tor, he suddenly rose and retired after the royal custom, and, as etiquette did not permit him to eat until he had seen his visitors, he took the opportunity of breaking his fast.

Round the king, as he sits on his grass-covered throne, are his councillors and officers, squatted on the ground, with their dresses drawn tightly around them, and partly seated on the royal leopard skins which are strewed on the ground. There is also a large drum, decorated with little bells strung on wire arches, and some smaller drums, covered with beads and cowrie shells, worked into various patterns. Outside the inner circle sit the ordinary officers, and while the king is present not a word is spoken, lest he should take offence at it; and not an eye is lifted, lest a casual glance might fall on one of the king's women, and be the precursor of a cruel death.

The Waganda are much given to superstition, and have a most implicit faith in charms. The king is very rich in charms, and, whenever he holds his court, has vast numbers of them suspended behind him, besides those which he carries on his person. These charms are made of almost anything that the magician chooses to select. Horns, filled with magic powder, are perhaps the most common, and these are slung on the neck or tied on the head if small, and kept in the huts if large.

Their great object of superstitious dread is a sort of water-spirit, which is supposed to inhabit the lake, and to wreak his vengeance upon those who disturb him. Like the water-spirits of the Rhine, this goblin has supreme jurisdiction, not only on the lake itself, but in all rivers that communicate with it; and the people are so afraid of this aquatic demon, that they would not allow a sounding-line to be thrown into the water, lest perchance the weight should happen to hit the water-spirit and enrage him. The name of this spirit is M'gussa, and he communicates with the people by means of his own special minister or priest, who lives on an island, and is held in nearly as much awe as his master.

M'tesa once took Captain Speke with him to see the magician. He took also a number of his wives and attendants, and it was very amusing, when they reached the boats, to see all the occupants jump into the water, ducking their heads so as to avoid seeing the royal women, a stray glance being sure to incur immediate death. They proceeded to the island on which the wizard lived.

"Proceeding now through the trees of this beautiful island, we next turned into the hut of the M'gussa's familiar, which at the further end was decorated with many mystic symbols, among them a paddle, the badge of high office; and for some time we sat chatting, when pombé was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was

dressed Wichwézi fashion, with a little white goatskin apron, adorned with various charms, and used a paddle for a walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so, walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut, beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style.

"The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures by turns, as much as to say, 'What do you think of them?' but no voice was heard, save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she had come."

On their pathways and roads, which are very numerous and well kept, they occasionally place a long stick in the ground, with a shell or other charm on the top, or suspend the shell on the overhanging branch of a tree. Similar wands, on a smaller scale, are kept in the houses, and bits of feathers, rushes, and other articles are tied behind the door. Snake-skin is of course much used in making these charms, and a square piece of this article is hung round the neck of almost every man of this country.

The religion of the Waganda is of course one inspired by terror, and not by love, the object of all their religious rites being to avert the anger of malignant spirits. Every new moon has its own peculiar worship, which is conducted by banging drums, replenishing the magic horns, and other ceremonies too long to describe. The most terrible of their rites is that of human sacrifice, which is usually employed when the king desires to look into the future.

The victim is always a child, and the sacrifice is conducted in a most cruel manner. Having discovered by his incantations that a neighbor is projecting war, the magician flays a young child, and lays the bleeding body in the path on which the soldiers pass to battle. Each warrior steps over the bleeding body, and thereby is supposed to procure immunity for himself in the approaching battle. When the king makes war, his chief magician uses a still more cruel mode of divination. He takes a large earthen pot, half fills it with water, and then places it over the fireplace. On the mouth of the pot he lays a small platform of crossed sticks, and having bound a young child and a fowl, he lays them on the platform, covering them with another pot, which he inverts over them. The fire is

then lighted, and suffered to burn for a given time, when the upper pot is removed, and the victims inspected. If they should both be dead, it is taken as a sign that the war must be deferred for the present; but if either should be alive, war may be made at once.

Speaking of these and other black tribes, Captain Speke very rightly observes: "How the negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvellous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison. And, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon either step out from his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. Could a government be formed for them like ours in India, they would be saved, but without it I fear there is very little chance. For at present the African neither can help himself nor be helped by others, because his country is in such a constant state of turmoil that he has too much anxiety on hand looking out for his food to think of anything else."

"As his fathers did, so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands on, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away. A few only make cotton cloth, or work in wool, iron, copper, or salt, their rule being to do as little as possible, and to store up nothing beyond the necessities of the next season, lest their chiefs or neighbors should covet and take it from them."

The same experienced traveller then proceeds to enumerate the many kinds of food which the climate affords to any one of ordinary industry, such as horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, not to mention the plantain and other vegetable products, and expresses a feeling of surprise that, with such stores of food at his command, the black man should be so often driven to feed on wild herbs and roots, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, lizards, insects, and other similar animals, and should be frequently found on the point of starvation, and be compelled to sell his own children to procure food. Moreover, there are elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamus, buffaloes, giraffes, antelopes, guinea-fowls, and a host of other animals, which can be easily captured in traps or pitfalls, so that the native African lives in the midst of a country which produces food in boundless variety. The reasons for such a phenomenon are simple enough, and may be reduced to two,—namely, utter want of foresight and constitutional indolence.

As to the question of slavery, it may perhaps be as well to remark that slaves are not exclusively sold to white men. On the contrary, there is no slave-holder so tenacious of his acquired rights as the black man,

and, for every slave sold to a white man, ten are bought by the dark races, whether on the east or west of Africa. And, when a slave begins to raise himself above a mere menial rank, his first idea is to buy slaves for himself, because they are the articles of merchandise which is most easily to be procured, and so, as Captain Speke well observes, slavery begets slavery *ad infinitum*. The summary of Captain Speke's experience is valuable. "Possessed of a wonderful amount of loquacity, great risibility, but no stability—a creature of impulse—a grown child in short—at first sight it seems wonderful how he can be trained to work, for there is no law, no home to bind him. He would run away at any moment, and, presuming on this, he sins, expecting to be forgiven. Great forbearance, occasionally tinctured with a little fatherly severity, is, I believe, the best dose for him. For he says to his master, after sinning, 'You ought to forgive and to forget, for are you not a big man who would be above harboring spite, though for a moment you may be angry? I'll log me if you like, but do not keep count

against me, or else I shall run away, and what will you do then?"

The burying-places of the Waganda are rather elaborate. Captain Grant had the curiosity to enter one of them, and describes it as follows: "Two huts on a height appeared devoted to the remains of the dead. On getting over the fence surrounding them, a lawn having straight walks led up to the doors, where a screen of bark cloth shut out the view of the interior. Conquering a feeling of delicacy, I entered one of the huts. I found a fixed bedstead of cane, curtained as if to shade its bed of grass from the mosquito, spears, charms, sticks with strange crooks, tree-creepers, miniature idol-huts of grass, &c. These were laid in order in the interior, but no one was there, and we were told that it was a mausoleum."

Many of such houses were seen on the hill-sides, but few so elaborately built. Usually they were little more than square patches of ground enclosed with a reed fence. These were called by the name of "Looaleh," or sacred ground.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE WANYORO.

CHARACTER OF THE WANYORO TRIBE—DIRTY HABITS—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—KING KAMRASI—HIS DESPOTIC CHARACTER—HIS BODY-GUARD AND THEIR PRIVILEGES—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS GRASPING SELFISHNESS—A ROYAL VISIT—KAMRASI'S COWARDICE—EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS—CRUSHING A REBELLION—LAWS OF SUCCESSION—THE KING'S SISTERS—WANYORO SINGING—CONDITION OF WOMEN—FOOD OF THE WANYORO—CARRYING PROVISIONS ON THE MARCH—USES OF THE PLANTAIN TREE—FRAUDS IN TRADE—SUPERSTITIONS—THE MAGICIAN AT WORK—THE HORNED DOG—SFADE-MONEY.

PROCEEDING still northward, we come to the land of Unyoro, from which, as the reader will remember, the country of Uganda was separated. The inhabitants of Unyoro form a very unpleasant contrast to those of Uganda, being dirty, mean-looking, and badly dressed. The country, too, is far inferior to Uganda, which might be made into a perpetually blooming garden; for, as the traveller leaves the equator and passes to the north, he finds that the rains gradually decrease, and that vegetation first becomes thin, then stunted, and lastly disappears altogether. The same structure of language prevails here as in Uganda, so that the people of Unyoro are called Wanyoro, and a single person is a M'yoro.

The character of the Wanyoro is quite on a par with their appearance, for they are a mean, selfish, grasping set of people, sadly lacking the savage virtue of hospitality, and always on the lookout for opportunities to procure by unfair means the property of others. They seem, indeed, to be about as unpleasant a nation as can well be imagined, and in almost every point afford a strong contrast to others which have already been described.

They are singularly dirty in their domestic habits, their huts being occupied equally by men, goats, and fowls, and the floor, which is thickly covered with straw, is consequently in a most abominable condition. It is so bad, indeed, that even the natives are obliged to make a raised bedstead on which to sleep. Even the king's palace is no exception to the general rule; the cattle are kept within the enclosure, and even his very sleeping-hut is freely entered by calves. "To visit

the "palace" without stilts and a respirator was too severe a task even to so hardened a traveller as Captain Speke, but the king walked about among the cows, ankle-deep in all sorts of horrors, and yet perfectly at his ease.

The government of this country is pure despotism, the king possessing irresponsible and unquestioned power. The subject can really possess property, but only holds it by the king's pleasure. This theory is continually reduced to practice, the king taking from one person, and giving, or rather lending, to another, anything that he chooses,—land, cattle, slaves, wives, and children being equally ranked in the category of property.

The king who reigned over Unyoro at the time when Captain Speke visited it was named Kamrasi. He was a man who united in himself a singular variety of characters. Merciless, even beyond the ordinary type of African cruelty; capricious as a spoiled child, and scattering death and torture around for the mere whim of the moment; inhospitable and repellant according to the usual Wanyoro character; covetous and grasping to the last degree; ambitious of regaining the lost portion of his kingdom, and yet too cowardly to declare war, he was a man who scarcely seemed likely to retain his hold on the sceptre.

Yet, although contemptible as he was in many things, he was not to be despised, and, although no one cared to meet him as a friend, all knew that he could be a most dangerous enemy. For he possessed a large share of cunning, which stood him in stead of the nobler virtues which ought to adorn

a throne, and ruled his subjects by a mixture of craft and force. His system of espionage would have done honor to M. de Sartines, and there was nothing that happened in his country that he did not know.

The whole land was divided into districts, and over each district was set an officer who was responsible for everything which occurred in it, and was bound to give information to the king. The least failure in this respect entailed death or the "shoe," which was nearly as bad, and often terminated in death. The "shoe" is simply a large and heavy log of wood with an oblong slit cut through it. Into this slit the feet are passed,

extraordinary manner, their chief object seeming to be to render themselves as unlike men and as like demons as possible. They wear leopard or monkey skins by way of tunic, strap cows' tails to the small of their backs, and tie a couple of antelope's horns on their heads, while their chins are decorated with long false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails.

When Sir S. Baker visited Kamrasi, this body-guard rushed out of the palace to meet him, dancing, yelling, screaming, brandishing their spears, pretending to fight among themselves, and, when they reached their visitors, flourishing their spears in the faces of the strangers, and making feints of attack. So sudden was their charge, and so menacing their aspect, that several of his men thought that they were charging in real earnest, and begged him to fire at them. Being, however, convinced that their object was not to kill, but to do him honor, he declined to fire, and found that the threatening body of men were simply sent by Kamrasi as his escort. Had his armed Turks been with him, they would certainly have received these seeming demons with a volley.

A curious instance of his craft was given by his reception of Sir S. Baker. When the traveller was first promised an interview, Kamrasi ordered his brother, M'Gambi, to personate him, while he himself, disguised as one of the escort, secretly watched the travellers. M'Gambi executed his office admirably, and personated his royal brother to perfec-



CULPRIT IN THE SHOE.

and a stout wooden peg is then driven through the log and between the ankles, so as to hold the feet tightly imprisoned. As to the exact position of the peg, the executioner is in no way particular; and if he should happen to drive it against, instead of between, the ankles, he cares nothing about it. Consequently, the torture is often so great, that those who have been so imprisoned have died of sheer exhaustion.

In order to be able to carry out his orders without having a chance of disobedience, he kept a guard of armed soldiers, some five hundred in number. These men always carried their shields and spears; the latter have hard blades, kept very sharp, and their edges defended by a sheath, neatly made of antelope skin, sewed together with thongs. The ordinary spears are not nearly so good, because the Wanyoro are not remarkable for excellence in smith's work, and the better kind of spear heads which are hawked through the country are bought by the Waganda, who are a richer people.

This body-guard is dressed in the most

tion, asking for everything which he saw guns, watches, beads, and clothes being equally acceptable,—and finished by asking for Lady Baker. In case the article should be thought more valuable than the others, he offered to give one of his own wives in exchange. This proposal nearly cost M'Gambi his life, and it may be that the wily king had foreseen the possibility of some such result when he ordered his brother to personate him, and permitted him to take his place on the copper stool of royalty. In fact, M'Gambi did admit that the king was afraid that his visitors might be in league with an adverse power.

In order to attach his guards to his person, Kamrasi allowed them all kinds of license, permitting them to rob and plunder as much as they liked; his theory being that, as everything within his reach belonged to him, he in reality did no harm to his subjects, the loss eventually falling on himself. Thus it will be seen that the king was a far-sighted man in some things, and that he knew how to rule by fear, if not by love.

He was tall and slender, and scarcely looked his age, which was about forty, and his features on the whole were good, as were his eyes, which were soft and gentle, sadly belying his character. His face was, however, disfigured by the national custom of removing the lower incisor and eye-teeth, and he said that the dentist who performed the operation had been rewarded with a fee of a hundred cows. His color was dark brown, and, but for the sinister expression of his countenance, he would really be a handsome man. His features were, however, rather disfigured by the scars which covered his forehead, and which still remained as vestiges of sundry cauterizations. In Unyoro, the actual cautery, *i. e.* a red-hot iron, is in great favor as a means of cure; and whenever a man chooses to intoxicate himself with native beer or imported rum, and to suffer the usual penalty of a headache on the following morning, he immediately thinks that he is bewitched, and proceeds to drive out the demon by burning his forehead in a multitude of spots. Kamrasi had gone a little beyond the ordinary custom, and had applied the hot iron to his nose, causing such a scar that he was anxious to have it removed, and his nose restored to its ordinary color.

He did not take to European clothing, preferring the manufactures of his own country. His ordinary dress was a mantle tied round his waist and descending to his feet. Sometimes it was made of cloth, and at others of skins; but it was always of a light red color, and was decorated with little patches of black cloth, with which it was covered. He had his head shaved at intervals, but between the times of shaving his hair grew in little knobby tufts, like those of the Bosjesman. He wore but few ornaments, the chief being a necklace of beads, which hung to his waist.

Kamrasi had a very tolerable idea of effect, as was seen from the manner in which he received his guests. A hut was built for the express purpose, and within it was the royal throne, *i. e.* a stool—to sit on which is the special privilege of royalty. A quantity of grass was formed into a rather high platform, which was covered first with cow-hides and then with leopard skins, the latter being the royal fur. Over this throne was hung a canopy of cow-skin, stretched on every side and suspended from the roof, in order to keep dust off the royal head. On the throne sat Kamrasi, enveloped in fine grass cloth, his left wrist adorned with a bracelet, and his hair carefully dressed. He sat calm, motionless, and silent, like an Egyptian statue, and with unchanged countenance contemplated the wonderful w! it men of whom he had heard so much.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more unpleasant person than Kamrasi, putting aside the total want of cleanliness which he

exhibited, and which may be considered as a national and not as an individual characteristic. His avarice induced him to wish for the presence of travellers who would create a new line of trade, while his intense cowardice made him fear a foe in every stranger. He was horribly afraid of M'tesa, and when he found that white travellers had been hospitably received by that potentate, he thought that they must come with sinister intentions, and therefore was on his guard against his fancied foes. When he got over his fears, he was as provoking in the character of mendicant as he had been in that of a terrified despot. When Sir S. Baker was in his dominions, Kamrasi insisted on paying him a visit, although he knew well that his guest was only just recovering from fever, and therefore had not been able to attend at the palace.

"Although I had but little remaining from my stock of luggage except the guns, ammunition, and astronomical instruments, I was obliged to hide everything underneath the beds, lest the avaricious eyes of Kamrasi should detect a 'want.' True to his appointment, he appeared with numerous attendants, and was ushered into my little hut. I had a very rude but serviceable arm-chair that one of my men had constructed—in this the king was invited to sit. Hardly was he seated, when he leant back, stretched out his legs, and, making some remark to his attendants concerning his personal comfort, he asked for the chair as a present. I promised to have one made for him immediately. This being arranged, he surveyed the barren little hut, vainly endeavoring to fix his eyes upon something that he could demand. But, so fruitless was his search, that he laughingly turned to his people and said, 'How was it that they wanted so many porters if they have nothing to carry?' My interpreter explained that many things had been spoiled during the storms on the lake, and had been left behind; that our provisions had long since been consumed, and that our clothes were worn out—that we had nothing left but a few beads.

"'New varieties, no doubt,' he replied; give me all that you have of the small blue and the large red.'

"We had carefully hidden the main stock, and a few had been arranged in bags to be produced as the occasion might require. These were now unpacked by the boy Saat, and laid before the king. I told him to make his choice, which he did, precisely as I had anticipated, by making presents to his surrounding friends out of my stock, and monopolizing the remainder for his share. The division of the portions among his people was a modest way of taking the whole, as he would immediately demand their return on quitting my hut.

"No sooner were the beads secured than

he repeated the original demand for my watch and the No. 24 double rifle; these I resolutely refused. He then requested permission to see the contents of a few of the baskets and bags that formed our worn-out luggage. There was nothing that took his fancy except needles, thread, lancets, medicines, and a small tooth comb. The latter interested him exceedingly, as I explained that the object of the Turks in collecting ivory was to sell it to Europeans, who manufactured it into many articles, among which were small tooth combs, such as he then examined. He could not understand how the teeth could be so finely cut.

"Upon the use of the comb being explained, he immediately attempted to practise upon his woolly head. Failing in the operation, he adapted the instrument to a different purpose, and commenced scratching beneath the wool most vigorously. The effect being satisfactory, he at once demanded the comb, which was handed to each of the surrounding chiefs, all of whom had a trial of its properties. Every head having been scratched, it was returned to the king, who handed it to Quonga, the headman that received his presents. So complete was the success of the comb, that he proposed to send me one of the largest tusks, which I was to take to England and cut into as many small tooth combs as it would produce for himself and his chiefs."

During this interview, Kamrasi discovered a case of lancets, and begged for them, as they were so well adapted for paring his nails. Also, he opened the medicine chest, and was so determined to take a dose at once that Sir S. Baker took a little revenge, and administered three grains of tartar emetic, not to be taken until he reached his own hut. As to the No. 24 rifle, which has already been mentioned, Kamrasi was always hankering after it, at one time openly begging for it, and at another asking to borrow it just for a day or two, when, of course, it never would have escaped the grasp of the royal clutches.

This provoking man evidently considered his guests to be sent especially for his own aggrandizement, and his only idea was, how to use them best for his service. Having once got them safely into his domains, he had no intention of letting them go again until he had squeezed them quite dry. First, he wanted to make them pay for the privilege of entering his dominions; and, when they had once entered, he was sure to make them pay before they got out again. His first *ruse* was, to pretend that they were weak and insignificant, whereas he was great and strong, and that, if they wanted his protection, they must pay for it. When once they had entered his district, and had shown themselves to be more formidable than he had chosen to admit, he asked them to aid him against his enemies,

and to lead his army against the adverse tribe.

This stratagem failing, even though he was good enough to offer half his kingdom for the privilege of alliance, he had still one resource,—namely, forbidding them to leave his kingdom until he gave permission, *i. e.* until he had extracted from them everything of value. To leave the country without his permission was simply impossible, on account of the system of espionage which has already been mentioned, and, although it might have been possible to force a way by dint of superior arms, such a struggle would have neutralized the very object of the expedition.

Bully though he was where he could tyrannize with safety, he was a most contemptible coward when he thought himself in the least danger. A very amusing example was shown during the visit of Sir S. Baker. One morning, just at sunrise, Kamrasi came hastily into his hut shorn of all regal dignity. In his hands he grasped two spears and a rifle, and wanted to bring them into the hut, contrary to all etiquette. This could not be allowed, and he reluctantly left them outside. He had laid aside his usual cold and repellent manner, and was full of eagerness. He had also thrown off his ordinary apparel of beautifully-dressed skins, and only wore a kind of short kilt and a scarf across his shoulders. Knowing that an attack was meditated by a neighboring chief, and having seen the people all in war costume—horned, bearded, and tailed—Sir S. Baker naturally thought that Kamrasi was in fighting costume, and congratulated him on its appropriate lightness.

"I fight!" exclaimed the king. "I am not going to fight; I am going to run away, and put on this dress to be able to run faster."

He then explained in great trepidation that the enemy were approaching with a hundred and fifty muskets, and that, as it was useless to fight against such odds, he meant to run away and hide himself in the long grass, and his guest had better follow his example. From the anticipated attack he was saved by the timely intervention of his guest, and the only mark of gratitude which he showed was to ask again for the double-barrelled rifle.

Still, in spite of these unamiable characteristics, the man had his redeeming points; and although he was, on occasions and on a large scale, almost as cruel as a man could be, he did not commit those continual murders of his subjects which disgraced the reign of M'tesa. Personal chastisement was used in many cases in which M'tesa would have inflicted death, and probably a lengthened torture besides.

The mode of passing sentence on a prisoner was very remarkable. Should the king



or his brother M'Gambi touch him with the point of a spear, the executioners immediately fall upon him with their clubs, and beat him to death. But, if he should touch the prisoner with his stick, the executioners instantly pierce him with their spears; so that the instrument used in killing the man is always the opposite to that with which the king touches him.

Even in cases where death was inflicted, the criminal was generally killed by a blow with a club on the back of the neck. There were of course exceptions to this rule. For example, a hostile chief, named Rionga, one of his thirty brothers, had been taken prisoner by a treacherous act on the part of Kamrasi, who first pretended to make peace, then invited him to a banquet, and seized upon him while he was off his guard. Kamrasi then ordered him to die by a cruel death. There was a hut with high mud walls and no doorway. Into this hut Rionga was hoisted, and the king gave orders that on the following morning the hut should be fired, and its inmate burned to death.

Another chief, however, named Sali, ingeniously brought out great quantities of beer, knowing that the guards would be sure to assemble in any spot where beer was to be found. This they did; and while they were engaged at one side of the prison drinking, dancing, and singing, Sali's men were engaged on the other side in digging a hole through the mud wall of the hut, and soon succeeded in making an aperture large enough to allow the prisoner to make his escape.

After this feat, Sali, having seen how treacherous Kamrasi could be, ought to have secured his own safety by flight, but chose to remain, thinking that his share in the rescue would not be discovered. Kamrasi, however, suspected his complicity, and had him arrested at once. He was sentenced to the cruel death of being dismembered while alive, and the sentence was carried out by cutting off his hands at the wrists, his arms at the elbows, and so on until every joint was severed. While undergoing this torture, he proved himself a brave man by trying to help his friends, calling aloud from the stake that they had better escape while they could, lest they should suffer the same penalty.

A curious custom prevails in Unyoro with regard to the king's sisters. Like other women of rank, they are fattened on curdled milk, and attain such a size that they are not able to walk, and, whenever they leave the hut, each has to be borne on a litter by eight men. Each woman consumes daily the milk of fifteen or twenty cows, a cow producing barely one quart of milk. Yet, though this fattening process is an ordinary preliminary to marriage, the king's sisters are forbidden to marry, and

are kept in strict seclusion in his palace. So are his brothers; but, unlike the king of Uganda, he does not think it necessary to kill them when he reaches the throne.

During the short interval of peace which followed upon Sir S. Baker's intervention, the people gave themselves up to debauchery, the men drinking and dancing and yelling, blowing horns and beating drums all through the night. The women took no part in this amusement, inasmuch as they had been hard at work in the fields all day, while their husbands had been sleeping at home. Consequently they were much too tired to dance, and tried to snatch what rest they could in the midst of the night-long din.

"The usual style of singing was a rapid chant, delivered as a solo, while at intervals the crowd burst out in a deafening chorus, together with the drums and horns. The latter were formed of immense gourds, which, growing in a peculiar shape, with long, bottle necks, were easily converted into musical instruments. Every now and then a cry of 'Fire!' in the middle of the night enlivened the *emui* of our existence. The huts were littered deep with straw, and the inmates, intoxicated, frequently fell asleep with their huge pipes lighted, which, falling in the dry straw, at once occasioned a conflagration. In such cases the flames spread from hut to hut with immense rapidity, and frequently four or five hundred huts in Kamrasi's large camp were destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a few days. I was anxious concerning my powder, as, in the event of fire, the blaze of the straw hut was so instantaneous that nothing could be saved: should my powder explode, I should be entirely defenceless. Accordingly, after a conflagration in my neighborhood, I insisted on removing all huts within a circuit of thirty yards of my dwelling. The natives demurring, I at once ordered my men to pull down the houses, and thereby relieved myself from drunken and dangerous neighbors."

The condition of the women in Unyoro is not at all agreeable, as indeed may be inferred from the brief mention of the hard work which they have to perform. They are watched very carefully by their husbands, and beaten severely if they ever venture outside the palisades after sunset. For unfaithfulness, the punishment seems to be left to the aggrieved husband, who sometimes demands a heavy fine, sometimes cuts off a foot or a hand, and sometimes inflicts the punishment of death.

Dirty as are the Wanyoro in some things, in others they are very neat and clean. They are admirable packers, and make up the neatest imaginable parcels. Some of these parcels are surrounded with the bark of the plantain, and some with the pith or interior of a reed, from which the outside

has been carefully stripped, so as to leave a number of snow-white cylinders. These are laid side by side, and bound round the object, producing a singularly pretty effect. Little mats, formed of shreds of these reeds, are very much used, especially as covers to beer jars. When a M'yoro is on the march, he always carries with him a gourd full of plantain wine. The mouth of the gourd is stopped with a bundle of these reed-shreds, through which passes a tube, so that the traveller can always drink without checking his pace, and without any danger of spilling the liquid as he walks.

In their diet the Wanyoro make great use of the plantain, and it is rather remarkable that, in a land which abounds with this fruit, it is hardly possible to procure one in a ripe state, the natives always eating them while still green. The plantain tree is to the Wanyoro the chief necessity of existence, as it affords them means for supplying all the real wants of life. Sometimes the plantain is boiled and eaten as a vegetable, and sometimes it is dried and ground into meal, which is used in making porridge. The fruit is also peeled, cut into slices, and dried in the sun, so as to be stowed away for future consumption, and from this dried plantain the Wanyoro make a palatable and nutritious soup. Wine, or rather beer, is made from the same fruit, which thus supplies both food and drink.

The tree itself is most useful, the leaves being split into shreds, and woven into cloth of remarkable elegance, and the bark is stripped off, and employed like paper in wrapping up parcels of the meal. Strong ropes and the finest thread are twisted from the plantain fibre, and the natives are clever at weaving ornamental articles, which look so like hair, that a very close inspection is needful to detect the difference. In all these manufactures the Wanyoro show a neatness of hand and delicacy of taste that contrast strangely with the slovenly, careless, and repulsive habits of their daily life.

Curdled milk is much used by the natives, who employ it in fattening their wives and daughters, but, unlike the Arabs, they will not mix red pepper with it, believing that those who eat the capsicum will never be blessed with children. Butter is used as an unguent, and not for food, and the natives are very much scandalized at seeing the white visitors eat it. According to the custom of their nation, they once played a clever trick. Butter is packed most carefully in leaves, a little bit being allowed to project as a sample. One day the natives brought some butter to their white visitors, but as it was quite rancid it was rejected. They took it away, and then brought a fresh supply, which was approved and purchased. But, when the wrapper was taken off, it was found that the butter was the same that had been refused, the natives having put a little

piece of fresh butter at the top. Itinerant cheesemongers play very similar tricks at the present day, plugging a totally uneatable cheese with bits of best Cheshire, and scooping out the plugs by way of sample.

As to religion, the Wanyoro have none at all. They are full of superstition, but, as far as is known, they have not the least idea of a religion which can exercise any influence on the actions. In common with most uncivilized people, they make much of each new moon, this being the unit by which they reckon their epochs, and salute the slender crescent by profuse dancing and gesticulation.

They have a wonderful faith in demons, with whom the prophets or wizards aver that they hold communication. Some of their guesses at the future occasionally come true. For example, one of the men of the expedition was said to be possessed by a demon, who told him that the expedition would succeed, but that the demon required one man's life and another man's illness. This prediction was literally accomplished, one of the escort being murdered, and Captain Grant falling seriously ill. Again the same man saw the demon, who said that in Uganda one man's life would be required, and accordingly Kari, a man belonging to the expedition, was murdered. A third time, when in Unyoro, he saw the demon, who said that no more lives were needed, but that the expedition would succeed, though it would be protracted. And such eventually proved to be the case.

The magicians lay claim to one most valuable power, — namely, that of finding lost articles. On one occasion Captain Speke saw the whole process. A rain-gauge and its bottle had been stolen, and every one disclaimed knowledge of it. A sorcerer was therefore summoned to find the missing article. The following account of the proceeding is given by Captain Speke:—

“At 9 A.M., the time for measuring the fall of rain for the last twenty-four hours, we found the rain-gauge and bottle had been removed, so we sent to Kidgwigwa to inform the king we wished his magicians to come at once and institute a search for it. Kidgwigwa immediately returned with the necessary adept, an old man, nearly blind, dressed in strips of old leather fastened to the waist, and carrying in one hand a cow's horn primed with magic powder, carefully covered on the mouth with leather, from which dangled an iron bell.”

The curious scene now to be described the artist has reproduced in the engraving No. 2 on page 417.

“The old creature jingled the bell, entered our hut, squatted on his hams, looked first at one, then at the other—inquired what the missing things were like, grunted, moved his skinny arm round his head, as if desirous of catching air from all four sides

of the hut, then dashed the accumulated air on the head of his horn, smelt it to see if all was going right, jingled the bell again close to his ear, and grunted his satisfaction; the missing articles must be found. To carry out the incantation more effectually, however, all my men were sent for to sit in the open air before the hut, but the old doctor rose, shaking the horn and tinkling the bell close to his ear. He then, confronting one of the men, dashed the horn forward as if intending to strike him on the face, then smelt the head, then dashed at another, and so on, till he became satisfied that my men were not the thieves.

"He then walked into Grant's hut, inspected that, and finally went to the place where the bottle had been kept. Then he walked about the grass with his arm up, and jingling the bell to his ear, first on one side, then on the other, till the track of a hyæna gave him the clue and in two or three more steps he found it. A hyæna had carried it into the grass and dropped it. Bravo, for the infallible horn! and well done the king for his honesty in sending it! so I gave the king the bottle and gauge, which delighted him amazingly; and the old doctor, who begged for pombé, got a goat for his trouble."

As in Uganda, the sorcerers are distinguished by the odd ornaments which they wear; dried roots, lizards, lions' claws, crocodiles' teeth, little tortoise shells, and other objects being strung together and tied on their heads. There is also an order of religious mendicants called "Bandwa," both sexes being eligible to the office. They are distinguished by an abundance of ornaments, such as bits of shining metal, and little tinkling bells, and one man had distinguished himself greatly by wearing the skin of a long-haired monkey down his back from the top of his head, to which he had attached a couple of antelope horns. The women when dressed in the full robes of office look very handsome, being clothed in colored skins, and wearing turbans made of the plaited bark. They walk about from house to house singing their peculiar songs, and always expecting a present. The office of a Bandwa is not hereditary, for any one may join them by undergoing certain ceremonies, and the children of a Bandwa are at liberty to follow any business that they may happen to like. Although they are mendicants, they do not wholly depend on their profession, having cattle and other property of their own.

In many countries where superstition takes the place of religion, the birth of twins is looked upon as a bad omen, which must be averted by the sacrifice of one or both of the children. In Unyoro the case is different. Captain Speke had been annoyed by certain drums and other musical

instruments which were played day and night without cessation, and, when he inquired as to their object, was told that they were in honor of twins that had been born to Kamrasi, and that they would be played in the same manner for four months.

The use of the cow's horn in magic is explained by a tradition that once upon a time there was a dog with a horn. When the dog died, the horn was stuffed with magic powder, and was a powerful charm in war, soldiers who stepped over it when on the march being thereby rendered victorious. Kamrasi possessed several magic horns, and when he sent an ambassador to a neighboring potentate, one of these horns was hung round the man's neck as his credentials; and when he returned, he brought with him another magic horn as a proof that his message had been delivered. No one dared to touch a man who bore so potent an emblem, and this was peculiarly fortunate, as on one occasion Kamrasi had sent an expedition which took with them six hundred majembé or iron spades, which form a sort of currency, the expenditure of two majembé per diem being sufficient to buy food for the whole party. Laden with wealth therefore as they were, the magic horn protected the party, and they performed their journey in safety.

War charms are in great request, and while Captain Speke was in Unyoro he saw the preliminary act in charm making. A feud was in action between Kamrasi and the Chopi tribe. Kamrasi therefore sent spies into the Chopi district, with orders to bring some grass from the hut of a chief. This they did, with the addition of a spear, much to Kamrasi's delight, who thought that the possession of this weapon would enable him to bewitch the spears as well as the courage of his enemies, and so prevent the weapons from hurting his tribe.

In order to ensure prosperity to their family, or to cure a sick relative, the Wanyoro kill some animal, split it open, and lay it at the intersection of two cross roads, such spot being held by them, as by the Balonda, in great reverence. If the man is rich enough, he sacrifices a goat, but, if not, a fowl will answer; and if a man is very poor indeed, he makes a frog serve his purpose.

These people seem to have kept their burial ceremonies very secret, as a funeral was never seen in Central Africa, but it is said that the dead are buried near the house or in the cattle-fold, wrapped in bark cloth or a cow-skin. When the king dies his body is first dried, and then the lower jaw-bone is removed and buried by itself. Officers of the palace are privileged to have their heads and hands treated in the same manner.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### GANI, MADI, OBBO, AND KYTCH.

POSITION OF THE GANI TRIBE—THEIR HOSPITABLE CHARACTER—GANI ARCHITECTURE—SINGULAR MODE OF DRESS—THE GANI QUEUE—TOILET MAKING IN PUBLIC—THE MADI TRIBE—CARE OF CHILDREN—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—VARIOUS DANCES—MADI VILLAGES—ILL TREATMENT OF THE NATIVES—POSITION OF THE OBBO TRIBE—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—SINGULAR MODE OF DRESS—KATCHIBA, THE OBBO CHIEF—HIS LARGE FAMILY—HIS REPUTATION AS A SORCERER—INGENIOUS ESCAPE FROM A DILEMMA—KATCHIBA'S PALACE—A VISIT TO THE CHIEF—HIS HOSPITALITY AND GENEROUS CONDUCT—CHARACTER OF KATCHIBA.

WE now come to a large district about lat. 3° N. and long. 32° E. This country is inhabited by a group of tribes, who are perhaps more remarkable for their style of dress than any which we have yet noticed. We will first take the GANI.

The Gani are a hospitable people, and, when Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, received them with great kindness, even though they had never seen white men before, and might be expected to take alarm at an armed party penetrating into their land.

One day, when Captain Grant was walking in search of plants, he was hailed by a native, who contrived to make him understand that he wished to conduct the white man. He was very polite to his guest, acting as pioneer, beating down the thorny branches that obstructed the path, and pointing out the best places for crossing rocks. He evidently thought that Captain Grant had lost his way, and so guided him back to the camp, previously leaving his spear in a hut, because to appear armed in the presence of a superior is contrary to their system of etiquette.

The mode of welcome was rather remarkable. The old chief of the village advanced to meet the strangers, accompanied by his councillors and a number of women, one of whom carried a white chicken, and the others beer and a bunch of a flowering plant. When the two parties met, the chief, whose name was Chongi, took the fowl by one leg, stooped, and swung it backward and forward close to the ground, and then passed it to his

male attendants, who did the same thing. He then took a gourd full of beer, dipped the plant in it, and sprinkled the liquid over his guests, and then spread cow-skins under a tree by way of couches, on which his guests might repose. They were next presented with a supply of beer, which was politely called water.

The villages of the Gani are extremely neat, and consist of a quantity of huts built round a flat cleared space which is kept exceedingly smooth and neat. In the middle of this space are one or two miniature huts made of grass, and containing idols, and a few horns are laid near them. When the Gani lay out plans for a new village, they mostly allow one large tree to remain in the centre of the cleared space, and under its shade the inhabitants assemble and receive their guests. The houses are shaped like beehives, are very low, and composed simply of a mud wall, and a roof made of bamboo thatched with grass. The doors are barely two feet high, but the supple-bodied Gani, who have never been encumbered with clothes, can walk through the aperture with perfect ease. The floor is made of clay beaten hard, and is swept with great care. Cow-skins are spread on the floor by way of beds, and upon these the Gani sleep without any covering.

Close to the huts are placed the grain stores, which are very ingeniously made. First, a number of rude stone pillars are set in a circle, having flat stones laid on their tops, much resembling the remains of Stone-

henge. Upon these is secured an enormous cylinder of basket work plastered with clay, the top of which is covered with a conical roof of bamboo and grass. When a woman wishes to take grain out of the storehouse, she places against it a large branch from which the smaller boughs have been cut, leaving stumps of a foot or ten inches in length, and by means of this rude ladder she easily ascends to the roof.

The appearance of this tribe is most remarkable, as they use less clothing and more ornament than any people at present known. We will begin with the men. Their dress is absolutely nothing at all as far as covering the body is concerned, but, as a compensation for this nudity, there is something like a square inch of the person without its adornment. In the first place, they use paint as a succedaneum for dress, and cover themselves entirely with colors, not merely rubbing themselves over with one tint, but using several colors, and painting themselves in a wonderful variety of patterns, many of them showing real artistic power, while others are simply grotesque.

Two young men who came as messengers from Chongi had used three colors. They had painted their faces white, the pigment being wood ashes, and their bodies were covered with two coats of paint, the first purple, and the second ashen gray. This latter coat they had scraped off in irregular patterns, just as a painter uses his steel comb when graining wood, so that the purple appeared through the gray, and looked much like the grain of mahogany. Some of the men cover their bodies with horizontal stripes, like those of the zebra, or with vertical stripes running along the curve of the spine and limbs, or with zigzag markings of light colors. Some very great dandies go still further, and paint their bodies chequer fashion, exactly like that of a harlequin. White always plays a large part in their decorations, and is often applied in broad bands round the waist and neck.

The head is not less gorgeously decorated. First the hair is teased out with a pin, and is then dressed with clay so as to form it into a thick felt-like mass. This is often further decorated with pipe-clay laid on in patterns, and at the back of the neck is inserted a piece of sinew about a foot in length. This odd-looking queue is turned up, and finished off at the tip with a tuft of fur, the end of a leopard's tail being the favorite,

ornament. Shells, beads, and other ornaments are also woven into the hair, and in most cases a feather is added by way of a finishing touch. The whole contour of the headdress is exactly like that of the pantaloons of the stage, and the sight of a man with the body of a harlequin and the head of a pantaloons is too much for European gravity to withstand.

Besides all this elaborate decoration, the men wear a quantity of bracelets, anklets, and earrings. The daily toilet of a Gani dandy occupies a very long time, and in the morning the men may be seen in numbers sitting under the shade of trees, employed in painting their own bodies or dressing the hair of a friend, and applying paint where he would not be able to guide the brush. As may be inferred, they are exceedingly vain of their personal appearance; and when their toilet is completed, they strut about in order to show themselves, and continually pose themselves in attitudes which they think graceful, but which might be characterized as conceited.

Each man usually carries with him an odd little stool with one leg, and instead of sitting on the ground, as is done by most savages, the Gani make a point of seating themselves on these little stools, which look very like those which are used by Swiss herdsmen when they milk the cows, and only differ from them in not being tied to the body. The engraving No. 1 on page 431 will help the reader to understand this description.

The women are not nearly such votaries of fashion as their husbands, principally because they have to work and to nurse the children, who would make short work of any paint that they might use. Like the parents, the children have no clothes, and are merely suspended in a rather wide strap passing over one shoulder of the mother and under the other. As, however, the rays of the sun might be injurious to them, a large gourd is cut in two pieces, hollowed out, and one of the pieces inverted over the child's head and shoulders.

The Gani have cattle, but are very poor herdsmen, and have suffered the herd to deteriorate in size and quality. They cannot even drive their cattle properly, each cow recognizing a special driver, who grasps the tail in one hand and a horn in the other, and thus drags and pushes the animal along.

---

### THE MADI TRIBE.

NOT very far from the Gani are situated the MADI tribe. They are dressed, or rather undressed, in a somewhat similar fashion. (See engraving on page 000.) The women are very industrious, and are remarkable for the scrupulously neat and clean state in which they keep their huts. Every morning the women may be seen sweeping out their houses, or kneeling in front of the aperture which serves as a door,



(1.) GROUP OF GANI AND MADI.

(See page 430.)



(2.) REMOVAL OF A VILLAGE.

(See page 434.)



and patting and smoothing the space in front of the doorway. They are also constantly employed in brewing beer, grinding corn, and baking bread.

They take great care of their children, washing them daily with warm water, and then, as they have no towels, licking them dry as a cat does with her kittens. When the child is washed and dried, the mother produces some fat with which vermilion has been mixed, and rubs it over the child's body until it is all red and shining. The next process is to lay the child on its back upon a goatskin, the corners of which are then gathered up and tied together so as to form a cradle. Should the mother be exceedingly busy, she hangs the cradle on a peg or the branch of a tree, the child offering no objection to this treatment.

The dress of the women consists of a petticoat reaching a little below the knees, but they often dispense with this article of dress, and content themselves with a few leathern thongs in front, and another cluster of thongs behind. In default of leathern thongs, a bunch of chickweed answers every purpose of dress. They wear iron rings round their arms above the elbow, and generally have a small knife stuck between the rings and the arm.

They are fond of wearing little circular disks cut from a univalve shell. These shells are laid out to bleach on the tops of the huts, and, when whitened, are cut into circles about as large as fourpenny pieces, each having a hole bored through the middle. They are then strung together and worn as belts, and have also the advantage of being used as coin with which small articles of food, as fruit or beer, could be purchased. The men are in the habit of wearing ornaments made of the tusks of the wild boar. The tusks are tied on the arm above the elbow, and contrast well with the naturally dark hue of the skin and the brilliant colors with which it is mostly painted.

Whenever a child is born, the other women assemble round the hut of the mother, and make a hideous noise by way of congratulation. Drums are beaten violently, songs are sung, hands are clapped, gratulatory sentences are yelled out at the full stretch of the voice, while a wild and furious dance acts as an accompaniment to the noise. As soon as the mother has recovered, a goat is killed, and she steps backward and forward over its body. One of the women, the wife of the commandant, went through a very curious ceremony when she had recovered her health after her child was born. She took a bunch of dry grass, and lighted it, and then passed it from hand to hand three times round her body while she walked to the left of the door. Another grass tuft was then lighted, and she went through a similar perform-

ance as she walked to the front of the door, and the process was again repeated as she walked to the right.

The dances of the Madi are rather variable. The congratulatory dance is performed by jumping up and down without any order, flinging the legs and arms about, and flapping the ribs with the elbows. The young men have a dance of their own, which is far more pleasing than that of the women. Each takes a stick and a drum, and they arrange themselves in a circle, beating the drums, singing, and converging to the centre, and then retiring again in exact time with the rhythm of the drum-beats.

Sometimes there is a grand general dance, in which several hundred performers take part. "Six drums of different sizes, slung upon poles, were in the centre; around these was a moving mass of people, elbowing and pushing one another as at a fair; and outside them a ring of girls, women, and infants faced an outer circle of men sounding horns and armed with spears and clubs, their heads ornamented with ostrich feathers, helmets of the cowrie shell, &c. Never had I seen such a scene of animated savage life, nor heard a more savage noise. As the two large circles of both sexes jumped simultaneously to the music, and moved round at every leap, the women sang and jingled their masses of bracelets, challenging and exciting the men, forcing them to various acts of gallantry, while our Seedees joined in the dance, and no doubt touched many a fair breast."

The weapons of the Madi are spears and bows and arrows. The spears are about six feet long, with bamboo shafts, and with an iron spike at the butt for the purpose of sticking it in the ground. They are better archers than the generality of African tribes, and amuse themselves by setting up marks, and shooting at them from a distance of forty or fifty yards. The arrows are mostly poisoned, and always so when used for war.

The villages of the Madi are constructed in a very neat manner, the floors being made of a kind of red clay beaten hard and smoothed. The thresholds of the doors are of the same material, but are paved with pieces of broken earthenware pressed into the clay, and ingeniously joined so as to form a kind of pattern. In order to prevent cattle from entering the huts, movable bars of bamboo are generally set across the entrance. The villages are enclosed with a fence, and the inhabitants never allow the sick to reside within the enclosure. They do not merely eject them, as they do in some parts of Africa, but build a number of huts outside the walls by way of a hospital.

The roofs of the huts are cleverly made of bamboo and grass, and upon them is lavished the greater part of the labor of house-building. If therefore the Madi are



dissatisfied with the position of a village, or find that neighboring tribes are becoming troublesome, they quietly move off to another spot, carrying with them the most important part of their houses, namely, the roofs, which are so light that a few men can carry them. A village on the march presents a most curious and picturesque spectacle, the roofs of the huts carried on the heads of four or five men, the bamboo stakes borne by others, while some are driving the cattle, and the women are carrying their children and their simple household furniture. The engraving No. 2 on page 431 represents such a removal.

The Turkish caravans that occasionally

pass through the country are the chief cause of these migrations, as they treat the Madi very roughly. When they come to a village, they will not take up their abode inside it, but carry off the roofs of the huts and form a camp with them outside the enclosure. They also rob the corn-stores, and, if the aggrieved owner ventures to remonstrate, he is knocked down by the butt of a musket, or threatened with its contents. In some parts of the country these men had behaved so cruelly to the natives that, as soon as the inhabitants of a village saw a caravan approaching, all the women and children forsook their dwellings, and hid themselves in the bush and grass.

### THE OBBO.

WE now come to OBBO, a district situated in lat.  $4^{\circ} 55' N.$  and long.  $31^{\circ} 45' E.$  Sir S. Baker spent a considerable time in Obbo, — much more, indeed, than was desirable, — and in consequence learned much of the peculiarities of the inhabitants.

In some respects the natives look something like the Gani and Madi, especially in their fondness for paint, their disregard of clothing, and the mode in which they dress their heads. In this last respect they are even more fastidious than the tribes which have been just mentioned, some of them having snowy white wigs descending over their shoulders, and finished off with the curved and tufted pigtail. The shape of the Obbo headdress has been happily compared to that of a beaver's tail, it being wide and flat, and thicker in the middle than at the edges. The length of this headdress is not owing to the wearer's own hair, but is produced by the interweaving of hair from other sources. If, for example, a man dies, his hair is removed by his relations, and woven with their headdresses as a souvenir of the departed, and an addition to their ornaments. They also make caps of shells, strung together and decorated with feathers; and instead of clothing they wear a small skin slung over one shoulder.

The men have an odd fashion of wearing round their necks several thick iron rings, sometimes as many as six or eight, all brightly polished, and looking like a row of dog collars. Should the wearer happen to become stout, these rings press so tightly on his throat that he is nearly choked. They also are fond of making tufts of cow's tails, which they suspend from their arms just above the elbows. The most fashionable ornaments, however, are made of horse tails, the hairs of which are also highly prized for stringing beads. Consequently a horse's tail is an article of considerable value, and in Obbo-land a cow can be purchased for a horse's tail in good condition.

Paint is chiefly used as a kind of war uniform. The colors which the natives use are vermilion, yellow, and white, but the particular pattern is left much to their own invention. Stripes of alternate scarlet and yellow, or scarlet and white, seem, however, to form the ordinary pattern, probably because they are easily drawn, and present a bold contrast of color. The head is decorated with a kind of cap made of cowrie shells, to which are fixed several long ostrich plumes that droop over the shoulders.

Contrary to usual custom, the women are less clad than the men, and, until they are married, wear either no clothing whatever, or only three or four strings of white beads, some three inches in length. Some of the pruders, however, tie a piece of string round their waists, and stick in it a little leafy branch, with the stalk uppermost. "One great advantage was possessed by this costume. It was always clean and fresh, and the nearest bush (if not thorny) provided a clean petticoat. When in the society of these very simple, and, in demeanor, always modest Eves, I could not help reflecting upon the Mosaic description of our first parents." Married women generally wear a fringe of leathern thongs, about four inches long and two wide. Old women mostly prefer the leaf branch to the leathern fringe. When young they are usually pretty, having well-formed noses, and lips but slightly partaking of the negro character. Some of the men remind the spectators of the Somauli.

Katchiba, the chief of Obbo, was rather a fine-looking man, about sixty years of age, and was a truly remarkable man, making up by craft the lack of force, and ruling his little kingdom with a really firm, though apparently lax, grasp. In the first place, having a goodly supply of sons, he made them all into sub-chiefs of the many different districts into which he divided his domains. Owing to the great estimation in

which he was held by his people, fresh wives were continually being presented to him, and at first he was rather perplexed by the difficulty of accommodating so many in his palace. At last he hit on the expedient of distributing them in the various villages through which he was accustomed to make his tour, so that wherever he was he found himself at home.

It so happened that when Sir S. Baker visited Katchiba he had one hundred and sixteen children living. This may not seem to be a very wonderful fact when the number of his wives is considered. But, in Africa, plurality of wives does not necessarily imply a corresponding number of children, several of these many-wived chiefs having only one child to every ten or twelve wives. Therefore the fact that Katchiba's family was so very large raised him greatly in the minds of his people, who looked upon him as a great sorcerer, and had the most profound respect for his supernatural power.

Katchiba laid claim to intercourse with the unseen world, and to authority over the elements; rain and drought, calm and tempest, being supposed by his subjects to be equally under his command. Sometimes, if the country had been afflicted with drought beyond the usual time of rain, Katchiba would assemble his people, and deliver a long harangue, inveighing against their evil doings, which had kept off the rain. These evil doings, on being analyzed, generally proved to be little more than a want of liberality toward himself. He explained to them that he sincerely regretted their conduct, which "has compelled him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to think of their interests? No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends," says Katchiba. "Do as you like: I can wait; I hope you can." Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them forever, unless they bring him so many hundred baskets of corn, &c., &c. Thus he holds his sway.

"No man would think of starting on a journey without the blessing of the old chief, and a peculiar 'hocus-pocus' is considered necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba, that shall charm the traveller, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M. D. in our acceptance, but as Doctor of Magic, and he charms both the hut and patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend professionals, even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and so great is his reputation, that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. In this manner

does old Katchiba hold his sway over his savage but credulous people; and so long has he imposed upon the public, that I believe he has at length imposed upon himself, and that he really believes that he has the power of sorcery, notwithstanding repeated failures."

Once, while Sir S. Baker was in the country, Katchiba, like other rain-makers, fell into a dilemma. There had been no rain for a long time, and the people had become so angry at the continued drought, that they assembled round his house, blowing horns, and shouting execrations against their chief, because he had not sent them a shower which would allow them to sow their seed. True to his policy, the crafty old man made light of their threats, telling them that they might kill him if they liked, but that, if they did so, no more rain would ever fall. Rain in the country was the necessary result of goats and provisions given to the chief, and, as soon as he got the proper fees, the rain should come. The rest of the story is so good, that it must be told in the author's own words.

"With all this bluster, I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rain-maker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had every now and then. 'How do you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?' I told him that no one believed in rain-makers in our country, but that we knew how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a house full of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied; but if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rain-making. What do you think of the weather to-day?"

"I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba; he wanted professional advice. I replied that he must know all about it, as he was a regular rain-maker. 'Of course I do,' he answered; 'but I want to know what *you* think of it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days' (I said this, as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon). 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted. 'In four, or perhaps in five, days I intend to give them one shower—just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to them, and tell the rascals that if they will give me some goats by this evening, and some corn by to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.'

"To give effect to his declaration, he gave several toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired

Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers, that Katchiba stopped his ears, and, relapsing into a smile of admiration, he took a glance at the sky from the doorway, to see if any effect had been produced. 'Whistle again,' he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. 'That will do; we shall have it,' said the cunning old rain-maker; and, proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' in his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects. In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower horns were blowing and nogaras beating in honor of their chief. *Entre nous*, my whistle was considered infallible."

When his guests were lying ill in their huts, struck down with the fever which is prevalent in hot and moist climates such as that of Obbo, Katchiba came to visit them in his character of magician, and performed a curious ceremony. He took a small leafy branch, filled his mouth with water, and squirted it on the branch, which was then waved about the hut, and lastly stuck over the door. He assured his sick guests that their recovery was now certain; and, as they did recover, his opinion of his magical powers was doubtless confirmed.

After their recovery they paid a visit to the chief, by his special desire. His palace consisted of an enclosure about a hundred yards in diameter, within which were a number of huts, all circular, but of different sizes; the largest, which was about twenty-five feet in diameter, belonging to the chief himself. The whole of the courtyard was paved with beaten clay, and was beautifully clean, and the palisades were covered with gourds and a species of climbing yam. Katchiba had but little furniture, the chief

articles being a few cow-hides, which were spread on the floor and used as couches. On these primitive sofas he placed his guests, and took his place between them. The rest of his furniture consisted of earthen jars, holding about thirty gallons each, and intended for containing or brewing beer.

After offering a huge gourdful of that beverage to his guests, and having done ample justice to it himself, he politely asked whether he should sing them a song. Now Katchiba, in spite of his gray hairs, his rank as chief, and his dignity as a sorcerer, was a notable buffoon, a savage Grimaldi, full of inborn and grotesque fun, and so they naturally expected that the performances would be, like his other exhibitions, extremely ludicrous. They were agreeably disappointed. Taking from the hand of one of his wives a "rababa," or rude harp with eight strings, he spent some time in tuning it, and then sang the promised song. The air was strange and wild, but plaintive and remarkably pleasing, with accompaniment very appropriate, so that this "delightful old sorcerer" proved himself to be a man of genius in music as well as in policy.

When his guests rose to depart, he brought them a sheep as a present; and when they refused it, he said no more, but waited on them through the doorway of his hut, and then conducted them by the hand for about a hundred yards, gracefully expressing a hope that they would repeat their visit. When they reached their hut, they found the sheep there, Katchiba having sent it on before them. In fine, this chief, who at first appeared to be little more than a jovial sort of buffoon, who by accident happened to hold the chief's place, turned out unexpectedly to be a wise and respected ruler, a polished and accomplished gentleman.

## THE KYTCH.

Not far from Obbo-land there is a district inhabited by the KYTCH tribe. In 1825 there was exhibited in the principal cities of Europe a Frenchman, named Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was popularly called the "Living Skeleton," on account of his extraordinary leanness, his body and limbs looking just as if a skeleton had been clothed with skin, and endowed with life. Among the Kytch tribe he would have been nothing remarkable, almost every man being formed after much the same model. In fact, as Sir S. Baker remarked of them, they look at a distance like animated slate-pencils with heads to them. The men of the Kytch tribe are tall, and, but for their extreme emaciation, would be fine figures; and the same may be said of the women. These

physical peculiarities are shown in the engraving No. 1 on the next page.

Almost the only specimens of the Kytch tribe who had any claim to rounded forms were the chief and his daughter, the latter of whom was about sixteen, and really good-looking. In common with the rest of the tribe she wore nothing except a little piece of dressed hide about a foot square, which was hung over one shoulder and fell upon the arm, the only attempt at clothing being a belt of jingling iron circlets, and some beads on the head.

Her father wore more clothing than his inferiors, though his raiment was more for show than for use, being merely a piece of dressed leopard skin hung over his shoulders as an emblem of his rank. He had on



(1.) GROUP OF THE KYTCH TRIBE.

(See page 436.)



(2.) NEAM-NAM FIGHTING.

(See page 443.)



his head a sort of skull-cap made of white beads, from which drooped a crest of white ostrich feathers. He always carried with him a curious instrument,—namely, an iron spike about two feet in length, with a hollow socket at the butt, the centre being bound with snake skin. In the hollow butt he kept his tobacco, so that this instrument served at once the offices of a tobacco box, a dagger, and a club.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more miserable and degraded set of people than the Kytch tribe, and, were it not for two circumstances, they might be considered as the very lowest examples of humanity.

For their food they depend entirely upon the natural productions of the earth, and pass a life which is scarcely superior to that of a baboon, almost all their ideas being limited to the discovery of their daily food. From the time when they wake to the hour when they sleep, they are incessantly looking for food. Their country is not a productive one; they never till the ground, and never sow seed; so that they are always taking from the ground, and never putting anything into it. They eat almost every imaginable substance, animal and vegetable, thinking themselves very fortunate if they ever find the hole of a field-mouse, which they will painfully dig out with the aid of a stick, and then feel luxuriously upon it.

So ravenous are they, that they eat bones and skin as well as flesh; and if by chance they should procure the body of an animal so large that its bones cannot be eaten whole, the Kytch break the bones to fragments between two stones, then pound them to powder, and make the pulverized bones into a sort of porridge. In fact, as has been forcibly remarked, if an animal is killed, or dies a natural death, the Kytch tribe do not leave enough for a fly to feed upon.

The two facts that elevate the Kytch

tribe above the level of the beasts are, that they keep cattle, and that they have a law regarding marriage, which, although repugnant to European ideas, is still a law, and has its parallel in many countries which are far more advanced in civilization.

The cattle of the Kytch tribe are kept more for show than for use, and, unless they die, they are never used as food. A Kytch cattle-owner would nearly as soon kill himself, and quite as soon murder his nearest relation, as he would slaughter one of his beloved cattle. The milk of the one is, of course, a singular luxury in so half-starved a country, and none but the wealthiest men are likely ever to taste it. The animals are divided into little herds, and to each herd there is attached a favorite bull, which seems to be considered as possessing an almost sacred character. Every morning, as the cattle are led out to pasture, the sacred bull is decorated with bunches of feathers tied to his horns, and, if possible, with little bells also. He is solemnly adjured to take great care of the cows, to keep them from straying, and to lead them to the best pastures, so that they may give abundance of milk.

The law of marriage is a very peculiar one. Polygamy is, of course, the custom in Kytch-land, as in other parts of Africa, the husband providing himself with a succession of young wives as the others become old and feeble, and therefore unable to perform the hard work which falls to the lot of African wives. Consequently, it mostly happens that when a man is quite old and infirm he has a number of wives much younger than himself, and several who might be his grandchildren. Under these circumstances, the latter are transferred to his eldest son, and the whole family live together harmoniously, until the death of the father renders the son absolute master of all the property.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE NEAM-NAM, DÔR, AND DJOUR TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE NEAM-NAM TRIBE—THEIR WARLIKE NATURE—A SINGULAR RECEPTION—EFFECT OF FIRE-ARMS—DRESS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NEAM-NAM TRIBE—MODE OF HUNTING ELEPHANTS—REMARKABLE WEAPONS—THE DÔR TRIBE AND ITS SUBDIVISIONS—WEAPONS OF THE DÔR—A REMARKABLE POUCH OR QUIVER—THE ARROWS AND THEIR TERRIBLE BARBS—A DÔR BATTLE—TREATMENT OF DEAD ENEMIES—"DROPPING DOWN" UPON THE ELEPHANT—DRESS OF THE DÔR—THE LIP-ORNAMENT—THEIR ARCHITECTURE—CURIOUS APPROACH TO THE VILLAGE—THE WOODEN CHIEFS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—THE DJOUR TRIBE—ABSENCE OF CATTLE—THE TSETSE-FLY—METALLURGY—INGENIOUS SMELTING FURNACE—WOMEN'S KNIVES—EXTENSIVE TRAFFIC—SMOKING—THE BARK "QUIDS."

JUST over the Equator, and in the Nile district, is a very remarkable tribe called the NEAM-NAM. They are a fierce and warlike people, and aggressive toward all the surrounding tribes, making incursions into their territories, and carrying off their children into slavery. Consequently they are held in the utmost dread, and the lands that surround the Neam-Nam borders are left uncultivated, no one daring to occupy them for fear of their terrible neighbors. The Neam-Nam seem not only to have firmly established themselves, but even to have gradually extended their boundaries, their neighbors falling farther and farther back at each successive raid.

When Mr. Petherick passed through their country, many of his porters could not be induced to enter the territory of such a terrible tribe, even though protected by the white man's weapons. Several of them deserted on the way, and at last, when they were come in sight of the first village, the rest flung down their loads and ran away, only the interpreter being secured.

As they neared the village, the menacing sound of the alarm drum was heard, and out came the Neam-Nams in full battle array, their lances in their right hands and their large shields covering their bodies. They drew up in line, and seemed disposed to dispute the passage; but as the party marched quietly and unconcernedly onward, they opened their ranks and allowed them to enter the village, from which the women

and children had already been removed. They then seated themselves under the shade of a large sycamore tree, deposited the baggage, and sat in a circle round it, keeping on all sides a front to the armed natives, who now began to come rather nearer than was agreeable, some actually seating themselves on the traveller's feet. They were all very merry and jocose, pointing at their visitors continually, and then bursting into shouts of approving laughter. There was evidently some joke which tickled their fancy, and by means of the interpreter it was soon discovered.

The fact was, that the Neam-Nam were cannibals, and meant to eat the strangers who had so foolishly trusted themselves in the country without either spears, swords, or shields, but they did not like to kill them before their chief arrived. When this pleasant joke was explained, the astonished visitors were nearly as amused as the Neam-Nam, knowing perfectly well that their weapons were sufficient to drive off ten times the number of such foes.

Presently the chief arrived—an old, gray-headed man, who, by his sagacity, certainly showed himself worthy of the post which he held. After a colloquy with the interpreter, he turned to his people, and the following extraordinary discourse took place:—

"Neam-Nam, do not insult these strange men. Do you know whence they come?"

"No; but we will feast on them," was the rejoinder. Then the old man, holding up

his spear, and commanding silence, proceeded thus:

"Do you know of any tribe that would dare to approach our village in such small numbers as these men have done?"

"No!" was again vociferated.

"Very well; you know not whence they come, nor do I, who am greatly your senior, and whose voice you ought to respect. Their country must indeed be distant, and to traverse the many tribes between their country and ours ought to be a proof to you of their valor. Look at the things they hold in their hands: they are neither spears, clubs, nor bows and arrows, but inexplicable bits of iron mounted on wood. Neither have they shields to defend their bodies from our weapons. Therefore, to have travelled thus far, depend on it their means of resistance must be as puzzling to us, and far superior to any arms that any tribe, ay, even our own, can oppose to them. Therefore, Neam-Nam, I, who have led you to many a fight, and whose counsels you have often followed, say, shed not your blood in vain, nor bring disgrace upon your fathers, who have never been vanquished. Touch them not, but prove yourselves to be worthy of the friendship of such a handful of brave men, and do yourselves honor by entertaining them, rather than degrade them by the continuance of your insults."

It is impossible not to admire the penetration of this chief, who was wise enough to deduce the strength of his visitors from their apparent weakness, and to fear them for those very reasons that caused his more ignorant and impetuous people to despise them.

Having thus calmed the excitement, he asked to inspect the strange weapons of his guests. A gun was handed to him—the cap having been removed—and very much it puzzled him. From the mode in which it was held, it was evidently not a club; and yet it could not be a knife, as it had no edge; nor a spear, as it had no point. Indeed, the fact of the barrel being hollow puzzled him exceedingly. At last he poked his finger down the muzzle, and looked inquiringly at his guest, as if to ask what could be the use of such an article. By way of answer, Mr. Petherick took a gun, and, pointing to a vulture that was hovering over their heads, fired, and brought it down.

"But before the bird touched the ground, the crowd were prostrate, and grovelling in the dust, as if every man of them had been shot. The old man's head, with his hands on his ears, was at my feet; and when I raised him, his appearance was ghastly, and his eyes were fixed on me with a meaningless expression. I thought that he had lost his senses.

"After shaking him several times, I at length succeeded in attracting his attention to the fallen bird, quivering in its last ago-

nies between two of his men. The first sign of returning animation he gave was putting his hand to his head, and examining himself as if in search of a wound. He gradually recovered, and, as soon as he could regain his voice, called to the crowd, who one after the other first raised their heads, and then again dropped them at the sight of their apparently lifeless comrades. After the repeated call of the old man, they ventured to rise, and a general inspection of imaginary wounds commenced."

This man, Mur-mangae by name, was only a sub-chief, and was inferior to a very great chief, whose name was Dimoo. There is one single king among the Neam-Nam, who are divided into a number of independent sub-tribes, each ruled by its own chief, and deriving its importance from its numbers. While they were recovering from the effect of the shot, Dimoo himself appeared, and, after hearing the wonderful tale, seemed inclined to discredit it, and drew up his men as if to attack. Just then an elephant appeared in the distance, and he determined to use the animal as a test, asking whether the white men's thunder could kill an elephant as well as a vulture, and that, if it could do so, he would respect them. A party was at once despatched, accompanied by the chief and all the savages. At the first volley down went most of the Neam-Nam, including the chief, the rest running away as fast as their legs could carry them.

After this event the whole demeanor of the people was changed from aggressive insolence to humble respect, and they immediately showed their altered feelings by sending large quantities of milk and porridge for the party, and half a fat dog for Mr. Petherick's own dinner. They also began to open a trade, and were equally astonished and amused that such common and useless things as elephants' tusks could be exchanged for such priceless valuables as beads, and were put in high good-humor accordingly. Up to that time trade had been entirely unknown among the Neam-Nam, and, though the people made great use of ivory in fashioning ornaments for themselves, they never had thought of peaceful barter with their neighbors, thinking that to rob was better than to exchange.

Dimoo, however, still retained some of his suspicious nature, which showed itself in various little ways. At last Mr. Petherick invented on the spur of the moment a plan by which he completely conquered his host. Dimoo had taken an inordinate fancy for the tobacco of his guests, and was always asking for some. As the supply was small, Mr. Petherick did not like to make it still smaller, while, at the same time, a refusal would have been impolitic. So, one day, when the usual request was made, he acceded to it, at the same time telling Dimoo that the tobacco was unsafe to smoke, be-



cause it always broke the pipes of those who meditated treachery toward him.

Meanwhile, a servant, who had been previously instructed, filled Dimoo's pipe, at the same time inserting a small charge of gunpowder, for which there was plenty of room, in consequence of the inordinate size of the bowl. Dimoo took the pipe and began to smoke it defiantly, when all at once an explosion took place, the bowl was shattered to pieces, and Dimoo and his councillors tumbled over each other in terror. Quite conquered by this last proof of the white man's omniscience, he humbly acknowledged that he did meditate treachery—not against his person, but against his goods—and that his intention was to detain the whole party until he had got possession of all their property.

The appearance of the Neam-Nam tribe is very striking. They are not quite black, but have a brown and olive tint of skin. The men are better clothed than is usually the case in Central Africa, and wear a home-made cloth woven from bark fibres. A tolerably large piece of this cloth is slung round the body in such a way as to leave the arms at liberty. The hair is plaited in thick masses, extending from the neck to the shoulders.

In the operation of hair dressing they use long ivory pins, varying from six to twelve or fourteen inches in length, and very slightly curved. One end is smoothly pointed, and the other is much thicker, and for some four inches is carved into various patterns, mostly of the zigzag character which is so prevalent throughout Africa. When the hair is fully combed out and arranged, two of the largest pins are stuck through it horizontally, and a number of shorter pins are arranged in a radiating form, so that they form a semi-circle, something like the large comb of a Spanish lady.

One of these pins is now before me. It is just a foot in length, and at the thick end is almost as large as a black-lead pencil, tapering gradually to the other end. The butt, or base, is covered with a multitude of scratches, which are thought to be ornamental, but which look exactly as if they had been cut by a child who for the first time had got hold of a knife, and they are stained black with a decoction of some root.

The dress of the women consists partly of a piece of cloth such as has been described, but of smaller dimensions, and, besides this, they wear a rather curious apron made of leather. The one in my collection somewhat resembles that of the Zulu apron, shown in "Articles of Costume," at page 33, fig. 3, but is not nearly so thick nor so heavy, and indeed is made on a different plan. The top is a solid square of thick leather doubled in the middle and then beaten flat. To both of the edges has been firmly sewed a triple row of flat leathern

thongs, almost the eighth of an inch in width, and scarcely thicker than brown paper. Six rows of these flat thongs are therefore attached to the upper leather. All the ornament, simple as it is, is confined to the front layer of thongs, and consists entirely of iron. Flat strips of iron, evidently made by beating wire flat, are twisted round the thongs and then hammered down upon them, while the end of each thong is further decorated with a ring or loop of iron wire.

The centre of the solid leather is ornamented with a circular piece of iron, boss-shaped, scratched round the edges, and having an iron ring in its centre. The strap which supports the apron is fastened to a couple of iron rings at the upper corners. In some aprons bead ornaments take the place of the iron boss, but in almost every instance there is an ornament of some kind. The women have also an ornament made by cutting little flat pieces of ivory, and placing them on a strip of leather, one over the other, like fish scales. This ornament is worn as a necklace. They also carve pieces of ivory into a tolerable imitation of cowrie-shells, and string them together as if they were the veritable shells.

There is another ornament that exhibits a type of decoration which is prevalent throughout the whole of Central Africa. It is composed of a belt of stout leather—that of the hippopotamus being preferred, on account of its strength and thickness—to which are attached a quantity of empty nutshells. Through the upper end of the nut a hole is bored with a red-hot iron, and an iron ring passes through this hole and another which has been punched through the leather. The shell is very hard and thick, and, when the wearer dances with the energetic gestures which accompany such performances, the nuts keep up a continual and rather loud clatter.

The Neam-Nam all wear leathern sandals, and although their clothing is so scanty, they are remarkable for their personal cleanliness, a virtue which is so rare in Africa that it deserves commemoration whenever it does occur.

As may already have been seen, the Neam-Nam are a cannibal race, and always devour the bodies of slain enemies. This repulsive custom is not restricted to enemies, but is extended to nearly all human beings with whom they come in contact, their own tribe not proving any exception. Mr. Petherick was told by themselves that when a Neam-Nam became old and feeble, he was always killed and eaten, and that when any were at the point of death, the same fate befell them.

Should one of their slaves run away and be captured, he is always slain and eaten as a warning to other slaves. Such an event, however, is of very rare occurrence, the

slaves being treated with singular kindness, and master and slave being mutually proud of each other. Indeed, in many families the slaves are more valued than the children. Indeed, much of the wealth of the Neam-Nam consists of slaves, and a man measures his importance by the number of slaves whom he maintains. All these slaves belong to some other tribe, and were captured by their owners, so that they are living witnesses of prowess as well as signs of wealth. They are never sold or bartered, and therefore a slave dealer is not known among them, and they are spared one of the chief curses of Africa. As a general rule, the slaves are so faithful, and are so completely incorporated with the household to which they belong, that in case of war they are armed, and accompany their masters to battle.

The Neam-Nam are skilful hunters, and make great use of fire when chasing the elephant. As they were desirous of procuring tusks to exchange for Mr. Petherick's beads, they anxiously awaited the first rains, which would bring the elephants into their country.

"Successive showers followed, and, after a fortnight's sojourn, a herd of eighteen elephants was announced by beat of tom-tom, as being in the vicinity. Old men, boys, women, and children, collected with most sanguine expectations; and, anxious to witness the scene, I accompanied the hunters. A finer body of well-grown and active men I never beheld. The slaves, many of them from the Baer, but most of them appertaining to unknown tribes from the west, were nearly black, and followed their more noble-looking and olive-colored masters. Two hours' march—the first part through cultivated grounds and the latter through magnificent bush—brought us to the open plain, covered hip-deep with dry grass, and there were the elephants marching leisurely toward us.

"The negroes, about five hundred, swift as antelopes, formed a vast circle round them, and by their yells brought the huge game to a standstill. As if by magic, the plain was on fire, and the elephants, in the midst of the roar and crackling of the flames, were obscured from our view by the smoke. Where I stood, and along the line, as far as I could see, the grass was beaten down to prevent the outside of the circle from being seized in the conflagration; and, in a short time—not more than half an hour—the fire having exhausted itself, the cloud of smoke, gradually rising, again displayed the group of elephants standing as if petrified. As soon as the burning embers had become sufficiently extinct, the negroes with a whoop closed from all sides upon their prey. The fire and smoke had blinded them, and, unable to defend themselves, they successively fell by the lances of their

assailants. The sight was grand, and, although their tusks proved a rich prize, I was touched at the massacre."

When the Neam-Nam warrior goes out to battle, he takes with him a curious series of weapons. He has, of course, his lance, which is well and strongly put together, the blade being leaf-shaped, like that of a hog spear, only very much longer. On his left arm he bears his shield, which is made of bark fibre, woven very closely together, and very thick. The maker displays his taste in the patterns of the work, and in those which he traces upon it with variously colored dyes. Within the shield he has a sort of wooden handle, to which are attached one or two most remarkable weapons.

One of these is wholly flat, the handle included, and is about the thickness of an ordinary sword-blade. The projecting portions are all edged, and kept extremely sharp, while the handle is rather thicker than the blade, and is rounded and roughened, so as to afford a firm grip to the hand. (See the "Neam-Nam Fight" on p. 437.)

When the Neam-Nam comes near his enemy, and before he is within range of a spear thrust, he snatches one of these strange weapons from his shield, and hurls it at the foe, much as an Australian flings his boomerang, an American Indian his tomahawk, and a Sikh his chakra, giving it a revolving motion as he throws it. Owing to this mode of flinging, the weapon covers a considerable space, and if the projecting blades come in contact with the enemy's person, they are sure to disable, if not to kill, him on the spot.

And as several of these are hurled in rapid succession, it is evident that the Neam-Nam warrior is no ordinary foe, and that even the possessor of fire-arms might in reality be overcome if taken by surprise, for, as the "boomerangs" are concealed within the shield, the first intimation of their existence would be given by their sharp blades whirling successively through the air with deadly aim.

Besides the lance and the "boomerangs," each Neam-Nam carries a strangely-shaped knife in a leathern sheath, and oddly enough the hilt is always downward. It is sharp at both edges, and is used as a hand-to-hand weapon after the boomerangs have been thrown, and the parties have come too close to use the spear effectually. From the projection at the base of the blade a cord is tied loosely to the handle, and the loop passed over the wrist, so as to prevent the warrior from being disarmed.

Some of the Neam-Nam tribes use a very remarkable shield. It is spindle-shaped, very long and very narrow, measuring only four or five inches in breadth in the middle, and tapering to a point at either end. In the middle a hole is scooped, large enough

to contain the hand, and a bar of wood is left so as to form a handle. This curious shield is carried in the left hand, and is used to ward off the lances or arrows of the enemy, which is done by giving it a smart twist.

In principle and appearance it resembles so closely the shield of the native Australian, that it might easily be mistaken for one of those weapons. Sometimes a warrior decorates his shield by covering it with the skin of an antelope, wrapped round it while still wet, and then sewed together in a line with the handle. The Shilloch and Dinka tribes use similar weapons, but their shields are without the hollow guard for the hand, and look exactly like bows without the strings.

Each warrior has also a whistle, or call,

made of ivory or antelope's horn, which is used for conveying signals; and some of the officers, or leaders, have large war trumpets, made of elephants' tusks. One form of these trumpets is seen in the illustration "Cabocceer and soldiers," on page 564. The reader will observe that, as is usual throughout Africa, they are sounded from the side, like a flute, and not from the end, like ordinary trumpets.

Altogether Mr. Petherick passed a considerable time among this justly dreaded tribe, and was so popular among them, that when he left the country he was accompanied by crowds of natives, and the great chief Dimoo not only begged him to return, but generously offered his daughter as a wife in case the invitation were accepted, and promised to keep her until wanted.

---

## THE DÔR.

PASSING by a number of small and comparatively insignificant tribes, we come to the large and important tribe of the Dôr. Like all African tribes of any pretence, it includes a great number of smaller or sub-tribes, which are only too glad to be ranked among so important and powerful a tribe, and, for the sake of belonging to it, they forego their own individuality.

Like the Neam-Nam, the Dôr acknowledged no paramount chief, the innumerable sub-tribes of which it is composed being each independent, and nearly all at feud with one another. Indeed the whole political condition of the Dôr is wonderfully similar to that of Scotland, when clan was set against clan, and a continual state of feud prevailed among them, though they all gloried in the name of Scotchman.

As in the old days of Chevy Chase, a hunt is almost a sure precursor of a fight. The Dôr are much given to hunting, and organize battues on a grand scale. They weave strong nets of bark fibre, and fasten them between trunks of trees, so as to cover a space of several miles. Antelopes and other game are driven from considerable distances into these nets; and as the hunters have to pass over a large space of country, some of which is sure to be claimed by inimical tribes, a skirmish, if not a regular battle, is sure to take place.

The weapons carried by the Dôr are of rather a formidable description. One of the most curious is the club. It is about two feet six inches in length, and is remarkable for the shape of the head, which is formed like a mushroom, but has sharp edges. As it is made of very hard wood, it is a most effective weapon, and not even the stone-like skull of a Dôr warrior can resist a blow from it. The bow exhibits a mode of construction which is very common in this part

of Africa, and which must interfere greatly with the power of the weapon. The string does not extend to the tips of the bow, so that eighteen inches or so of the weapon are wasted, and the elasticity impaired. The reader will see that, if the ends of the bow were cut off immediately above the string, the strength and elasticity would suffer no diminution, and that, in fact, the extra weight at each end of the bow only gives the weapon more work to do.

The Africans have a strange habit of making a weapon in such a way that its efficiency shall be weakened as much as possible. Not content with leaving a foot or so of useless wood at each end of the bow, some tribes ornament the weapon with large tufts of loose strings or fibres, about half way between the handle and the tip, as if to cause as much disturbance to the aim as possible. Spears again are decorated with tufts to such an extent that they are rendered quite unmanageable.

Much more care is taken with the arrows than with the bows. There is a great variety in the shape of the arrows, as also in their length. They are all iron-headed, and every man seems to make his arrows after his own peculiar fashion; sometimes large and broad-headed, sometimes slightly barbed, though more commonly slender and sharply pointed.

In my collection there is a most remarkable quiver, once belonging to a warrior of one of the Dôr sub-tribes. It was brought from Central Africa by Mr. Petherick. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this quiver. The maker has cut a strip of antelope hide rather more than three feet in length and fourteen inches in width. He has then poked his knife through the edges at moderately regular intervals, so as to make a series of holes. A thong about

half an inch wide has next been cut from the same hide, and passed through the topmost hole or slit, a large knot preventing it from slipping through. It has then been passed through the remaining slits, so as to lace the edges together like the sides of a boot. The bottom is closed by the simple plan of turning it up and lacing it by the same thong to the side of the quiver.

It is hardly possible to conceive any rougher work. The maker has cut the slits quite at random, so that he has occasionally missed one or two, and he has not taken the least pains to bring the sides of the quiver together throughout their length. So stupid or careless has he been, that he has begun by cutting the strip of skin much too narrow, and then has widened it, never taking the pains to sew up the cut, which extends two-thirds down the quiver.

Four or five of the arrows have the leaf-shaped head and need not be particularly described. The largest of the arrows, being a "cloth-yard shaft," but for the absence of feathers, might vie with the weapons of the old English archers. The head is remarkable for a heavy ridge which runs along the centre on both sides. There is another not so boldly barbed as that which has just been mentioned, but which is quite as formidable a weapon, on account of a thick layer of poison that begins just behind the head, and extends nearly as far as the shaft.

The most characteristic forms, however, are these two. The first is an arrow which is barbed with a wonderful ingenuity, the barbs not being mere projections, but actual spikes, more than an inch in length, and at the base nearly as thick as a crow quill. They have been separated from the iron head by the blow of a chisel, or some such implement, and have then been bent outward, and sharpened until the points are like those of needles. Besides these long barbs, the whole of the square neck of the iron is jagged exactly like the Bechuana *assagai* which has been figured on page 281.

Such an arrow cannot be extracted, and the only mode of removing it is to push it through the wound. But the Central Africans have evidently thought that their enemy was let off too cheaply by being allowed to rid himself of the arrow by so simple a process, and accordingly they have invented a kind of arrow which can neither be drawn out nor pushed through. In the second of these arrows there is a pair of reversed barbs just at the junction of the shaft and the iron head, so that when the arrow has once penetrated, it must either be cut out or allowed to remain where it is. Such an arrow is not poisoned, nor does it need any such addition to its terrors. Both these arrows are remarkable for having the heads fastened to the shaft, first in the ordinary way, by raw hide, and then by a band of iron, about the

sixth of an inch in width. Though shorter than some of the other arrows, they are on that account much heavier.

One of the fights consequent on a hunt is well described by Mr. Petherick. He was sitting in the shade at noon-day, when he perceived several boys running in haste to the village for an additional supply of weapons for their fathers. "The alarm spread instantly that a fight was taking place, and the women *en masse* proceeded to the scene with yellings and shrieks indescribable. Seizing my rifle, and accompanied by four of my followers, curiosity to see a negro fight tempted me to accompany them. After a stiff march of a couple of hours through bush and glade, covered with waving grass reaching nearly to our waists, the return of several boys warned us of the proximity of the fight, and of their fear of its turning against them, the opposing party being the most numerous. Many of the women hurried back to their homes, to prepare, in case of emergency, for flight and safety in the bush. For such an occurrence, to a certain extent, they are always prepared; several parcels of grain and provisions, neatly packed up in spherical forms in leaves surrounded by network, being generally kept ready in every hut for a sudden start.

"Accelerating our pace, and climbing up a steep hill, as we reached the summit, and were proceeding down a gentle slope, I came in contact with Djau and his party in full retreat, and leaping like greyhounds over the low underwood and high grass. On perceiving me, they halted, and rent the air with wild shouts of 'The White Chief! the White Chief!' and I was almost suffocated by the embraces of the chief. My presence gave them courage to face the enemy again; a loud peculiar shrill whoop from the gray-headed but still robust chief was the signal for attack, and, bounding forward, they were soon out of sight. To keep up with them would have been an impossibility; but, marching at the top of our pace, we followed them as best we could. After a long march down a gentle declivity, at the bottom of which was a beautiful glade, we again came up with them drawn up in line, in pairs, some yards apart from each other, within the confines of the bush, not a sound indicating their presence.

"Joining them, and inquiring what had become of the enemy, the man whom I addressed silently pointed to the bush on the opposite side of the glade, some three hundred yards across. Notwithstanding my intention of being a mere spectator, I now felt myself compromised in the fight; and, although unwilling to shed blood, I could not resist my aid to the friends who afforded me an asylum amongst them. Marching, accordingly, into the open space with my force of four men, I resolved that we should act as skirmishers on the side of

our hosts, who retained their position in the bush. We had proceeded about a third of the way across the glade, when the enemy advanced out of the wood and formed, in a long line of two or three deep, on its confines opposite to us. I also drew up my force, and for an instant we stood looking at each other. Although within range, at about two hundred yards' distance, I did not like to fire upon them; but in preference continued advancing, thinking the prestige of my fire-arms would be sufficient.

"I was right. We had scarcely marched fifty yards when a general flight took place, and in an instant Djau and his host, amounting to some three or four hundred men, passed in hot pursuit. After reflection on the rashness of exposing myself with so few men to the hostility of some six hundred negroes, and in self-congratulation on the effect my appearance in the fight had produced, I waited the return of my hosts. In the course of an hour this took place; and, as they advanced, I shall never forget the impression they made upon me. A more complete picture of savage life I could not have imagined. A large host of naked negroes came trooping on, grasping in their hands bow and arrow, lances and clubs, with wild gesticulations and frightful yells proclaiming their victory, whilst one displayed the reeking head of a victim. I refused to join them in following up the defeat of their enemies by a descent on their villages.

"With some difficulty they were persuaded to be content with the success already achieved—that of having beaten off a numerically superior force—and return to their homes. Their compliance was only obtained by an actual refusal of further co-operation; but in the event of a renewed attack upon their villages, the probability of which was suggested, I promised them my willing support."

The death of an enemy and the capture of his body are always causes of great rejoicing among the Dôr tribes, because they gain trophies whereby they show their skill in warfare. In the centre of every village there is a large open space, or circus, in the middle of which is the venerated war tree. Beneath this tree are placed the great war drums, whose deep, booming notes can be heard for miles. On the branches are hung the whitened skulls of slain warriors, and the war drums only sound when a new head is added to the trophy, or when the warriors are called to arms.

Four of the enemy were killed in this skirmish, and their bodies were thrown into the bush, their heads being reserved for the trophy. On the same evening they were brought into the village circus, and dances performed in honor of the victors. The great drums were beaten in rhythmic measure, and the women advanced in pairs, dancing to the sound of the drum and chant-

ing a war-song. As they approached the heads of the victims, they halted, and addressed various insulting epithets to them, clanking their iron anklets and yelling with excitement. On the following day the heads were taken into the bush to be bleached, and, after they were completely whitened, they were hung on the trophy with the accompaniment of more shouts and dances.

All their hunting parties, however, are not conducted in this manner, nor do they all lead to bloodshed. When they hunt the elephant, for example, the animal is attacked by a small party, and for the sufficient reason, namely, that he who first wounds the elephant takes the tusks, and therefore every additional man only decreases the chance.

They have one singularly ingenious mode of hunting the elephant, which is conducted by one man alone. The hunter takes with him a remarkable spear made for the express purpose. One of these spears, which was brought from Central Africa by Mr. Petherick, is in my collection, and a representation of it may be seen on page 103, fig. 2. They vary slightly in size, but my specimen is a very fair example of the average dimensions. It is rather more than six feet in length, three feet of which are due to the iron head and the socket into which the shaft passes. As may be seen, the shaft tapers gradually, so as to permit it to pass into the socket. To the butt is fastened a heavy piece of wood, rather more than four inches in diameter. It is a heavy weapon, its whole weight being a little more than seven pounds, and is so ill-balanced and so unwieldy, that, unless its use were known, it would seem to be about the most clumsy weapon that ever was invented. This, however, is the spear by which the Dôr and Baer tribes kill the elephant, and very ingeniously they do it.

Knowing the spots where the elephant loves to hide itself in the noon-tide, and which are always in the depths of the forest, the hunter proceeds thither in the early morning, and carries with him his heavy spear and some rope. When he approaches the place, he proceeds to take some large stones, and binds them to the butt of the spear, plastering them over thickly with lumps of clay, so as to make his heavy weapon still heavier. He then ties one end of the rope to the spear, and after selecting a suitable tree, climbs it, and works his way out upon one of the horizontal branches, hauling up his weapon when he has settled himself.

He now awaits the coming of the herd, and, when they are close to the tree, unties the spear, and holds it in readiness. When an elephant with good tusks passes under him, he drops the spear upon the animal's back, the weight of the weapon causing it to penetrate deeply into the body. Startled at the sudden pang, the elephant rushes

through the trees, trying to shake off the terrible spear, which sways about from side to side, occasionally striking against the trunks or branches of the trees, and so cutting its way deeper among the vital organs, until the unfortunate animal falls from loss of blood. The hunter does not trouble himself about chasing his victim at once. He can always track it by its bloody traces, and knows full well that within a moderate distance the unfortunate animal will halt, and there die, unless it is disturbed by the presence of man, and urged to further exertions.

The reader will note the curious similarity between this mode of elephant hunting and the Banyai method of trapping the hippopotamus, as described on page 342. The Dôr also use lances, at least eleven feet long, for elephant hunting, the blades measuring between two and three feet in length. These, however, are not dropped from a tree, but wielded by hand, the hunters surrounding the animal, and each watching his opportunity, and driving his spear into its side when its attention is directed toward some on the other side.

The Dôr hold in great contempt the perfect nudity which distinguishes the Kytch and several other tribes, but no one on first entering their villages would suppose such to be the case. The dress which the men wear is simply a little flap of leather hanging behind them. This, however, in their ideas constitutes dress; and when some of the Djour people entered a Dôr village, the latter, as a mark of respect to the visitors, turned their little aprons to the front, and so were considered as having put on full dress.

The women use a still simpler dress. Until they are married, they wear no dress at all; but when that event takes place, they clothe themselves in a very simple manner. In their country is an abundance of evergreens and creepers, and with these they form their dress, a branch tucked into the girdle in front, and another behind, answering all purposes of clothing. They use these leafy dresses of such a length that they fall nearly to the ground. Ornaments, however, they admire exceedingly, and the weight of a Dôr woman's decorations is more than an ordinary man would like to carry about with him for a whole day. Heavy strings of beads are hung on their necks and tied round their waists, the most valued beads being as large as pigeon's eggs, and consequently very heavy. Strings of beads also fall from their ears. On their wrists they wear bracelets, made simply of iron bars cut to the proper length, and bent round the wrist. Others, but of greater dimensions, encircle the ankles; and as some of them are fully an inch thick, and quite solid, their united weight is very considerable.

Like most African tribes, the Dôr are

fond of wearing amulets, though they do not seem to have any particular idea of their meaning, and certainly do not attach any sanctity to them. They have a hazy idea that the possession of a certain amulet is a safeguard against certain dangers, but they do not trouble themselves about the *modus operandi*.

In this tribe we may notice the re-appearance of the lip ornament. In the manner in which it is worn it resembles the "pelele" described on page 356, but it is worn in the under instead of the upper lip. One of these ornaments is now before me. It is cylindrical, with a conical top, and measures three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and exactly an inch in length. The base, which comes against the lower teeth and gum, is nearly flat, and well polished, while the conical top, which projects in front of the mouth, is carved very neatly with a "cross-hatching" sort of a pattern, the effect of which is heightened by the charring of a certain portion of it, the blackened and polished surfaces contrasting well with the deep-red color of the wood. In order to keep it in its place, a shallow groove runs round it. This is one of the smaller specimens, but it is the custom of the owner to wear larger and larger lip ornaments, until some of them contrive to force into their lips pieces of wood three inches in circumference. Before taking leave of the Dôr costume, it may be as well to observe that in the Botocudo tribe of Tropical America both sexes wear a similar ornament in their lips, and in most instances have these strange decorations twice as large as those of the Dôr women.

The villages of the Dôr tribes are really remarkable. The houses are neatly constructed of canes woven into a sort of basket work. The perpendicular walls are about six feet high, and are covered by a conical roof, the whole shape of the hut being almost exactly like that of the lip ornament which has just been described. The reed roof is ornamented on the exterior with pieces of wood carved into the rude semblance of birds.

In the middle of each hut is the bedstead, and, as no cooking is done within it, the interior of the hut is very clean, and in that respect entirely unlike the sooty homes of the Kaffir tribes. All the cooking is performed in a separate hut, or kitchen, and is of a rather simple character, the chief food being a kind of porridge. The doorway is very small, and is barricaded at night by several logs of wood laid horizontally upon each other, and supported at each end by two posts driven into the ground. The whole village is kept as clean as the individual houses, and the central circus is not only swept, but kept well watered, so as to lay the dust.

The most singular point in the Dôr vil-

lage lies in the approaches to it, which are narrow footpaths, marked out on each side by wooden posts roughly carved into the human form. They are placed about four feet apart, and are different in size. The one nearest the village is the largest, while the others are much smaller, and are represented as carrying bowls on their heads. The natives say that the first is the chief going to a feast, and that the others are his attendants carrying food on their heads.

Several of these wooden figures were brought to England by Mr. Petherick, and two of the chiefs are represented on the next page. They are about four feet in length. It may be imagined that a double row of such figures must give a most curious aspect to the road.

"The village," writes Mr. Petherick, "was prettily situated at the foot of a hill, around which were two or three other villages, this forming the entire community of a large district. From its summit a beautiful view of the surrounding country was obtained. Surrounding the village at a moderate distance were the unfenced gardens of the villagers, in which cucurbits, vegetables, and seeds were grown; and beyond, to the eastward, was a large plain of cultivated dourra fields; and southward, at about a mile distant, a winding brook was to be seen, bordered with superb trees and flourishing canes. The bush supplied a variety of game, consisting of partridges, guinea-fowl, a large white boar, gazelles, antelopes, and giraffes. Elephants and buffaloes I did not encounter, and I was told that they only frequented the locality in the rainy season."

There are three forms of the guitar, or *rababa*, yet in neither instrument is the neck rigid, as in the guitars and violins with which we are all familiar. This is, however, intentional on the part of the maker, its object being to keep the strings at a proper tension. The mode in which it is tuned is equally simple and effective. A ring, mostly made of the same fibre as the strings, is passed over each neck, so that, as it is slipped up or down, the sound becomes

proportionately grave or acute. It can be thus tuned with reasonable accuracy, as I can testify by experience, the only drawback being that the notes cannot be altered by pressure of the fingers upon the strings, on account of the angle which they make with the neck. Five sounds only can be produced by this instrument, but it is worthy of notice that one string is very much longer than the others, so that it produces a deep tone, analogous to the "drone" in the pipes.

Although tolerably well-mannered to travellers with whom they were acquainted, the Dôr are very apt to behave badly to those whom they do not know. Mr. Petherick nearly lost his life by a sudden and treacherous attack that was made on him by some of this tribe. Accompanied by the friendly chief, Djau, he went to a village, and began to purchase ivory. In spite of Djau's presence the people were suspicious, and became more and more insolent, asking higher prices for every tusk, and at last trying to run off with a tusk and the beads that had been offered in payment for it. The tusk was regained, whereupon a sudden attack was made, and a lance hurled at Mr. Petherick, whom it missed, but struck one of his men in the shoulder. Three more were wounded by a volley of spears, and there was nothing for it but to fire. One of the assailants having been wounded in the leg, firing was stopped. On going for their donkey, who had been brought to carry back the tusks, he was found lying dead, having been killed by the vengeful Dôr.

Hereupon Djau recommended that the village should be sacked as a warning, which was done, and the spoil carried home. Next day the chief of the village came very humbly to apologize, bringing some tusks as an equivalent for the donkey, and as a proof of good-will for the future. So the tusks were accepted, the plunder of the village restored, and harmony was thus established, a supplementary present of beads being added as a seal to the bargain.

---

## THE DJOUR.

THE Djour tribe afford a remarkable instance of the influence which is exercised over man by the peculiarities of the country in which he is placed. Surrounded by pastoral tribes, which breed cattle and trouble themselves but little about the cultivation of the ground, the Djour are agriculturists, and have no cattle except goats. The sole reason for this fact is, that the dread *tsetse-fly* is abundant in the land of Djour, and consequently neither horse nor ox has a chance of life. This terrible insect, harm-

less to man and to most animals, is certain death to the horse, dog, and ox tribe.

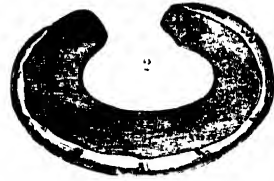
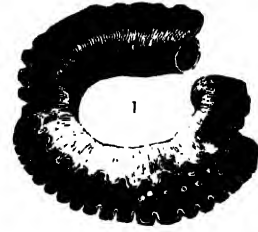
It is very little larger than the horse-fly, and its only weapons are a kind of lancet, which projects from its mouth, as one may see in the gad-fly. Like the gad-fly, the *tsetse* only causes a temporary irritation when it bites a human being, and the strangest thing is that it does no harm to calves until they are weaned. It does not sting, but, like the gnat, inserts its sharp proboscis into the skin for the purpose of sucking



ORNAMENT.  
(See page 451.)



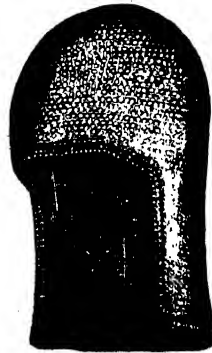
WOMEN'S KNIVES.  
(See page 451.)



BRACELETS.  
(See page 467.)



WOODEN CHIEFS.  
(See page 448.)



NEUHR HELMET.  
(See page 406.)



SCALP LOCKS  
(See page 467.)





the blood. After an ox has been bitten, it loses condition, the coat starts, the muscles become flaccid, and in a short time the animal dies, even the muscle of the heart having become so soft that, when pinched, the fingers can be made to meet through it.

Yet the mule, ass, and goat enjoy a perfect immunity from this pest, and consequently the only domesticated animal among the Djour is the goat. The tsetse is a singularly local insect. It will swarm along one bank of a river, and the other bank be free; or it will inhabit little hills, or perhaps a patch of soil on level ground. Tsetse-haunted places are well known to the natives, and it has often happened that, when a herd of oxen has been driven through one of these dreaded spots, not a single animal has escaped.

Being deprived of cattle, the Djour do not depend wholly upon agriculture, but are admirable workers in iron, and by them are made many of the weapons and polished iron ornaments which are so much in request throughout Central Africa. Iron ore is abundant in their country, and, after they have finished getting in their crops, the illustrious Djour set to work at their metallurgy, at which every man is more or less an adept. After procuring a sufficient quantity of ore, they proceed to smelt it in furnaces very ingeniously built.

"The cupolas are constructed of stiff clay, one foot thick, increasing toward the bottom to about fourteen inches in diameter, and four feet in height. Underneath is a small basin for the reception of the metal, and on a level with the surface are four apertures, opposite each other, for the reception of the blast pipes. These are made of burnt clay, and are attached to earthen vessels about eighteen inches in diameter and six inches in height, covered with a loose dressed goat-skin tied tightly over them, and perforated with a few small holes. In the centre there is a loop to contain the fingers of the operator. A lad, sitting between two of these vessels, by a rapid alternate vertical motion with each hand drives a current of air into the furnace, which, charged with alternate layers of ore and charcoal, nourished by eight of these rude bellows, emits a flame some eighteen inches in height at the top.

"Relays of boys keep up a continual blast, and, when the basin for the reception of the metal is nearly full, the charging of the furnace is discontinued, and it is blown out. Through an aperture at the bottom the greater part of the slag is withdrawn, and the temperature of the furnace not being sufficient to reduce the metal to the fluid state, it is mixed up with a quantity of impurities, and broken, when still warm, into small pieces. These are subsequently submitted to the heat of a smith's hearth, and hammered with a huge granite boulder on a

small anvil, presenting a surface of one and a half inches square, stuck into an immense block of wood. By this method the metal is freed from its impurities, and converted into malleable iron of the best quality. The slag undergoes the operations of crushing and washing, and the small globules of iron contained in it are obtained. A crucible charged with them is exposed to welding heat on the hearth, and its contents are welded and purified as above.

"The iron being reduced to small malleable ingots, the manufacture of lances, hoes, hatchets, &c., is proceeded with. These are beaten into shape by the boulder wielded by a powerful man; and the master smith with a hammer, handleless, like the pestle of a mortar, finishes them. With these rude implements, the proficiency they have attained is truly astonishing, many lances and other articles of their manufacture which I now possess having been pronounced good specimens of workmanship for an ordinary English smith."

In an illustration on page 449 may be seen an example of the workmanship of the Djour tribe. The remarkable ornament with a long hook is an armlet, the hooked portion being passed over the arm, and then bent, so as to retain its hold. The singular objects entitled "Women's knives" are good examples of the patient skill displayed by the Djour tribe with such very imperfect tools.

These and other products of their ingenuity are dispersed throughout several of the tribes of Central Africa, many of them being recognized as currency, just as is the English sovereign on the Continent. As if to illustrate the truth of the proverb, that men are always longing for that which they do not possess, the Djours are always hankering after beef, and in consequence buy cattle largely from their warlike neighbors, the Dinka tribe. The tsetse prevents the Djour from keeping the cattle just purchased, and so they only buy them in order to kill and eat them at once.

Owing to this traffic, the Djour are recognized as the chief smiths of Central Africa, and they can always find a market for their wares. Consequently, they are a very prosperous tribe, as even the Dinkas would not wish to destroy a people from whom they procure the very weapons with which they fight; and there is not a Djour man who cannot with ordinary industry earn enough for the purchase and maintenance of a wife as soon as he is old enough to take one. Among themselves they do not care particularly about wearing as ornaments the products of their own skill, but prize beads above every other personal decoration; and so far do they carry this predilection, that their wives are purchased with beads, and not with goats—the only cattle which they can breed. There is scarcely a Djour of full age who has not a wife, if not in fact, yet in

view; and so brisk is the matrimonial market, that there is not a girl in the country above eight years of age who has not been purchased by some one as a wife.

Tobacco is as dear to the Djour as to other African tribes, and they are fond of smoking it in pipes of very great capacity. They have a rather odd mode of managing their pipes. The bowl is of reddish clay, worked on the outside into a kind of pattern like that in frosted glass. The stem is of bamboo, and is very thick, and the junction between the stem and the bowl is made tolerably airtight by binding a piece of raw hide round it. A long and narrow gourd forms the mouthpiece, and round it is wrapped a piece of leather like that which fastens the bowl to the stem. Lest the mouthpiece should fall off, a string is passed round it, and the other end fastened to the lower end of the stem.

When the pipe is used, a quantity of fine bark fibres are rolled up into little balls, and, the gourd mouthpiece being removed, they are thrust into it and into the stem, so that, when the pipe is lighted, they may become saturated with tobacco oil. This fibre is not

inserted for the purpose of purifying the smoke, for the tobacco oil is thought to be much too valuable an article to be wasted, and the fibre balls, when thoroughly saturated, are taken out and chewed as if they were the best pigtail tobacco.

It is thought to be a delicate attention for two friends to exchange "quids" from each other's pipe, and, when one person has obtained as much tobacco oil as he cares for, he passes the quid to another, and so on, until the flavor has all been extracted. I have in my collection one of these pipes. It is two feet in length, and the bowl is capable of holding a large handful of tobacco. Pipes of this description, though differing slightly in details, prevail through the whole of Central Africa, and especially along the east bank of the Nile. In the splendid collection gathered by Mr. Petherick, and exhibited in London in 1862, more than twenty such pipes were exhibited, several with horn stems, some mounted with iron, and in one or two the bark "quids" were still in their places. The specimen described above belonged to the collection.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE LATOOKA TRIBE.

THEIR LIVELY AND PLEASANT DISPOSITION—SINGULAR HEADRESS—WEAPONS—THE ARMED BRACELET AND ITS USE—LATOOKA WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS—THE CURIOUS LIP ORNAMENT—BOKKÉ AND HER DAUGHTER—WEALTH OF THE LATOOKAS—INGENIOUS STRUCTURE OF THE VILLAGES—TARRANGOLLÉ, THE CAPITAL OF LATOOKA—CONDITION OF THE WOMEN—BOKKÉ AND THE SOLDIER—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—ABSENCE OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS—SKILL AT THE FORGE—THE MOLOTE, OR IRON HOR—FONDNESS FOR CATTLE—REPULSE OF A RAID, AND A LATOOKA VICTORY—THE DRUM SIGNALS—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—THE STRANGE DANCES—LATOOKA BELLS.

THE Latooka tribe inhabit a tract of country on the east of the Nile, lat. 40° N. Equally warlike when war is needed, they are not the morose, inhospitable set of savages we have seen some of their neighbors to be, but are merry, jocose, and always ready either for fighting, laughing, or playing.

The dress of the Latookas is at once simple and complicated. The men wear but little dress upon their bodies, but bestow a wonderful amount of attention upon their heads, the proper tiring of which is so long a process, that a man cannot hope to dress his head perfectly until he has arrived at full age. Indeed, from the time that a Latooka begins to dress his head at least seven or eight years must elapse before his toilet is completed. The following account, given by Sir S. Baker, affords an excellent idea of the Latooka headress.

"However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets: all of them are formed of their own hair, and are of course fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick net-work of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance, it is subjected to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed, like a strong felt, about an inch and a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of

the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a plate of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length, forms the crest.

"The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewed on the nape of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red, that the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-gear. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie-shells stitched round the rim, so as to form a solid edge."

Necklaces of metal are also worn by the men, and also bracelets of the same material. Each warrior carries in addition a most remarkable bracelet on his right wrist. This is a ring of iron, round which are set four or five knife-blades with points and edges scrupulously kept sharp. With this instrument they can strike terrible blows, and, if in action the spear is dropped, the wearer instantly closes with his enemy, and strikes at him with his armed bracelet. The other weapons of the Latooka tribe are a strong lance, or a short mace, mostly made of iron, and a shield about four feet long by two wide. The shields are generally made of buffalo hide, but the best are formed from the skin of the giraffe, this combining the

two qualities of lightness and toughness. Bows and arrows are not used by the Latookas.

The women take comparatively little pains with their toilet. Instead of spending their time in working up their woolly hair into the felt-like mass which decorates the men, they shave their heads entirely, and trust for their ornaments to beads, paint, and tattooing. Like the belles of more Southern tribes, the Latooka women extract the four incisor teeth of the lower jaw; and the favorite wife of the king told Lady Baker that she would really not be bad-looking if she would only remove those teeth, and give herself a coat of grease and vermilion.

"Bokkè, the queen in question, with her daughter, were the only good-looking women that were seen in that country; the females being strangely large, coarse, and powerful. On bodily strength they pride themselves, and each woman makes it a daily task to carry on her head a ten-gallon jar to the water, fill it, and bring it back again, the distance being seldom less than a mile. Their dress is rather remarkable. It consists of a leathern belt, to which is attached a large flap of tanned leather in front, while to the back are tied a number of thongs, two feet or more in length, which look at a distance exactly like a horse's tail.

The most fashionable feminine ornament in the Latooka country is a long piece of polished crystal, about as thick as a drawing pencil. A hole is bored in the under lip, and the ornament hung from it. Sir S. Baker commended himself greatly to Bokkè and her daughter by presenting them with the glass stem of a thermometer that had been accidentally broken, and his gift was valued much as a necklace of brilliants would be by European ladies. In order to prevent this ornament from falling, a piece of twine is knotted upon the end that passes through the lip. As the lower teeth are removed, the tongue of course acts upon it, and when a lady is speaking the movements of the tongue cause the crystal pendant to move about in a very ludicrous manner. Tattooing is mostly confined to the cheeks and forehead, and consists chiefly of lines.

The men are also fond of decorating their heads with the feathers of various birds, and the favorite ornament is the head of the crested crane, its black, velvet-like plumage, tipped with the gold-colored crest, having a very handsome appearance when fixed on the top of the head.

When Sir S. Baker was encamping among the Latookas, he could not purchase either goats or cows, though large herds were being driven before him, and he was therefore forced to depend much on his gun for subsistence. The feathers of the cranes, ducks, geese, and other birds were thrown over the palisade of his encampment, and, during the whole time of his visit, the boys

were to be seen with their heads comically dressed with white feathers, until they looked like huge cauliflowers. The longest feathers were in greatest request, and were taken as perquisites by the boys who volunteered to accompany the sportsman, to carry home the game which he shot, and then to pluck the birds.

In general appearance, the Latookas are a singularly fine race of men. They are, on an average, all but six feet in height, and, although they are exceedingly muscular and powerful, they do not degenerate into corpulency nor unworldliness. The expression of the countenance is pleasing, and the lips, although large, are not of the negro type. The forehead is high, the cheekbones rather prominent, and the eyes large. It is thought that their origin must have been derived from some of the Galla tribes.

The Latookas are rich as well as powerful, and have great herds of cattle, which they keep in stockades, constructed after a most ingenious fashion; as many as ten or twelve thousand head of cattle being often herded in one town. Knowing that there are plenty of hostile tribes, who would seize every opportunity of stealing their cows, the Latookas always pen them in very strong stockades, the entrance to which is only a yard or thereabouts in width. These entrances are arch-shaped, and only just wide enough to allow an ox to pass through, and from the top of each arch is hung a rude kind of cattle bell, formed from the shell of the *dolapè* palm nut, against which the animal must strike as it passes in or out of the stockade.

The path which leads from the entrances is no wider than the door itself, and is flanked at either side by a high and strong palisade, so that, if an enemy were to attack the place, they could hardly force their way along passages which a few men could guard as effectually as a multitude. Through the village runs a tolerably wide street, and into the street open the larger entrances into the cattle enclosures, so that, if the inhabitants desired, they could either remove their oxen singly by the small doors, or drive them out in herds through the gates that open into the central street.

Thus it will be seen that the aspect of a Latooka town is very remarkable. It is surrounded by a very strong palisade, in which are several doorways. Through the centre of the village runs the main street, upon which all the cattle-pens open, and the rest of the interior is traversed by lanes, so narrow that only one cow can pass at a time. The various gates and doors of the village are closed at night, and carefully barred with branches of the thorny *mimosa*. Sometimes these villages are so large as to deserve the name of towns. Tarrangollé, the capital of the Latookas, comprised at least three thousand homesteads; and not

only was the whole town surrounded by a strong iron-wood palisading, but each homestead was fortified in like manner.

The wives of the Latookas seem tolerably well off in comparison with their married sisters of other tribes. They certainly work hard, and carry ponderous weights, but then they are so tall and strong, that such labor is no very great hardship to them. That they are not down-trodden, as women are in too many parts of Africa, is evident from the way in which they comport themselves. On one occasion one of the armed soldiers belonging to the Turkish caravan met a woman, who was returning from the water with her heavy jar on her head. He demanded the water, and, when she refused to give it him, threatened her with his stick. Bokke, the pretty wife of Commoro, seeing this proceeding, went to the rescue, seized the soldier by the throat, and wrested his stick from him, while another woman twisted his gun out of his hand. Several other women came running to the spot, threw the man down, and administered a sound pommelling, while others poured water down the muzzle of his gun, and plastered great lumps of wet mud over the lock and trigger.

Wives are purchased in Latooka-land for cows, and therefore a large family is a sure step to prosperity: the boys becoming warriors, who will fight for their tribe; and the girls being always saleable for cows, should they live to womanhood. Every girl is sure of being married, because, when a man begins to procure wealth, the first thing that he does is to buy a wife, and he adds to the number of his wives as fast as he can muster cows enough to pay for them.

When Sir S. Baker passed through the country, the great chief of the Latookas was named Moy. He had a brother, named Commoro, and, although in actual rank Moy took precedence of his brother, Commoro was virtually the king, having far more influence over the people than his brother. Commoro was really deserving of this influence, and was remarkable for his acuteness and strong common sense. Without his exertions the Latookas would certainly have assaulted the caravan, and great slaughter must have ensued, the natives having learned to despise guns on account of a victory which they had lately gained over a party of slave-stealers. He had a long argument with his visitor respecting the immortality of the soul, and resurrection after death, but could in no way be convinced that a man could live after death. Had he had even any superstitious feelings, something might have been done with him, but, like many other sceptics, he flatly refused to believe anything which is without the range of his senses.

The familiar illustration of the grain of corn planted in the earth was used, but

without effect. He was quite willing that the grain in question should represent himself, but controverted the conclusion which was drawn from the premises. The ears of corn filled with grains, which would spring up after the decay of the original seed, were not, he said, representatives of himself, but were his children, who lived after he was dead. The ingenuity with which he slipped out of the argument was very considerable, and, as Sir S. Baker remarks, "it was extraordinary to see so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal."

The Latookas are very good blacksmiths, and excel in the manufacture of iron hoe-blades, or "molotes" as they are called. This instrument is also used as money. The bellows are made on the same principle as those used by the Kaffir tribes, but, instead of using merely a couple of leather bags, the Latooka blacksmith employs two earthenware pots, and over the mouth of each pot is loosely tied a large piece of soft, pliable leather, kept well greased to insure its softness. A perpendicular stick about four feet in length is fastened to the centre of each skin, and, when these are worked rapidly up and down, the wind is forced through earthenware tubes which communicate with the bottom of the pots.

The tools are very simple, a large stone doing duty for an anvil, and a smaller for a hammer, while a cleft stick of green wood is used by way of pincers. Great care is taken in shaping the molotes, which are always carefully tested by balancing them on their heads, and making them ring by a blow of the finger. When used for agriculture, the molotes are fastened to the end of wooden shafts, seldom less than seven, and often ten, feet in length, and thus a powerful leverage is gained.

Although the Latooka is generally ready for war, he is not a born warrior, as is the case with many tribes. The Zulu, for example, lives chiefly for war; he thinks of it day and night, and his great ambition is to distinguish himself in battle. The Latooka, on the other hand, seldom wages war without a cause which he is pleased to think a good one; but, when he does, he fights well. The chief cause for which a Latooka will fight to the death is his cattle. He will sometimes run away when a powerful party makes a raid on his village, and carries off his wives and children for slaves; but if they attempt to drive off his cattle, the spirit of the noble savage is set a-blaze, and he is at once up in arms.

A curious example of this trait of character occurred during Sir S. Baker's residence in Latooka-land. One of the Mahometan traders (who, it will be remembered, are the very pest and scourge of the country) gathered together a band of three hundred na-

tives, and more than a hundred of his own countrymen, for the purpose of making a raid upon a certain village among the mountains. The men ran away, and the invaders captured a great number of women and children, with whom they might have escaped unmolested. Unfortunately for them, they were told of a large herd of cattle which they had missed, and accordingly returned, and began to drive off their spoil.

The Latookas had witnessed the capture of their wives and children without attempting a rescue, but the attack on their beloved cattle was too much for them, and they poured out of their hiding places like a swarm of angry wasps. Maddened with the idea of losing their cattle, they bravely faced the muskets with their spears and shields, and clustered round the invaders in resistless numbers. Each man, as he advanced, leaped behind some cover, from which he could hurl a lance, while others climbed up the rocks, and rolled great stones on their enemies. The attack was so sudden and simultaneous, that the Turks found themselves beset on all sides, and yet could hardly see a man at whom they could aim.

They fled in terror down the path, and, mistaking in their haste the right road, they turned aside to one which led to a precipice five hundred feet in depth. Seeing their danger, they tried to retreat, but the ever-increasing multitudes pressed closer and closer upon them, forced them nearer to the precipice, and at last drove them all over it. Not a man escaped, and although a few turned and fought with the courage of despair, they were hurled over the precipice after their comrades. The artist has represented this victory on the next page.

This was the victory over fire-arms which had inspired the Latookas with such contempt for these weapons, and had it not been for Commoro's mediation, they would have attacked the English party. That subtle chief, however, well knew the difference between assailing an assemblage of Turks and Africans among the rocky passes and attacking in the open country a well-armed party commanded by Europeans. Such an attack was once meditated, and Sir Samuel Baker's account of it gives an excellent idea of the Latooka mode of warfare. The reader must remember that the war drum is an institution throughout the greater part of Central Africa.

"It was about five P.M., one hour before sunset. The woman who usually brought us water delivered her jar, but disappeared immediately after, without sweeping the courtyard, as was her custom. Her children, who usually played in this enclosure, vanished. On searching her hut, which was in one corner of the yard, no one was to be found, and even the grinding-stone was gone. Suspecting that something was in

the wind, I sent Karka and Gaddum-Her, the two black servants, to search in various huts in the neighborhood to observe whether the owners were present, and whether the women were in their houses. Not a woman could be found. Neither woman nor child remained in the large town of Tarrangollé. There was an extraordinary stillness, where usually all was noise and chattering. All the women and children had been removed to the mountains, about two miles distant, and this so quickly and noiselessly that it appeared incredible."

Commoro and Moy were then sent for, and said that the Turks had behaved so badly, by robbing and beating the women, that the people were much excited, and would endure it no longer; and, not being accustomed to any travellers except slave-dealers, they naturally included Sir S. Baker's party in that category. Commoro, however, took his leave, saying that he would do his best to quiet the people.

"The sun set, and, as is usual in tropical climates, darkness set in within half an hour. Not a woman had returned to the town, nor was the voice of a man to be heard. The natives had entirely forsaken the portion of the town that both I and the Turks occupied. There was a death-like stillness in the air. Even the Turks, who were usually uproarious, were perfectly quiet; and, although my men made no remark, it was plain that we were all occupied by the same thoughts, and that an attack was expected.

"It was about nine o'clock, and the stillness had become almost painful. There was no cry of a bird; not even the howl of a hyæna: the camels were sleeping; but every man was wide awake, and the sentries well on the alert. We were almost listening to the supernatural stillness, if I may so describe the perfect calm, when suddenly every one startled at the deep and solemn boom of the great war drum, or nogara! Three distinct beats, at slow intervals, rang through the apparently deserted town, and echoed loudly from the neighboring mountain. It was the signal! A few minutes elapsed, and, like a distant echo from the north, the three mournful notes again distinctly sounded. Was it an echo? Impossible!

"Now from the south, far distant, but unmistakable, the same three regular beats came booming through the still night air. Again and again from every quarter, spreading far and wide, the signal was responded to, and the whole country echoed these three solemn notes so full of warning. Once more the great nogara of Tarrangollé sounded the original alarm within a few hundred paces of our quarters. The whole country was up. There was no doubt about the matter. The Turks well knew those three notes to be the war signal of the Latookas. . . .



(1.) THE LATOOKA VICTORY.

(See page 486.)



(2.) GORILLA HUNTING.

(See page 548.)





"The patrols shortly reported that large bodies of men were collecting outside the town. The great nogara again beat, and was answered, as before, from the neighboring villages; but the Turk's drum kept up an uninterrupted roll, as a challenge, whenever the nogara sounded. Instead of the intense stillness, that had formerly been almost painful, a distinct hum of voices betokened the gathering of large bodies of men. However, we were well fortified, and the Latookas knew it. We occupied the very stronghold which they themselves had constructed for the defence of their town; and the square, being surrounded with strong iron-wood palisades, with only a narrow entrance, would be impregnable when held, as now, by fifty men well armed against a mob whose best weapons were only lances.

"I sent men up the watchmen's stations. These were about twenty-five feet high; and, the night being clear, they could distinctly report the movements of a large mass of natives that were ever increasing on the outside of the town, at about two hundred yards distance. The rattle of the Turk's drum repeatedly sounded in reply to the nogara, and the intended attack seemed destined to relapse into a noisy but empty battle of the drums."

Toward midnight Commoro came in person, and said that the nogara had been beaten without his orders, and that he would try to quiet the people. He admitted, however, that, if the exploring party had not been on their guard, an attack would really have been made. After this business, Sir Samuel very wisely determined to separate entirely from the Turks, and therefore built himself a camp about a quarter of a mile from the town, so that the Latookas might not again think that the two parties had a common interest.

On the following morning the women appeared with their water jars as usual, and the men, though still excited, and under arms, returned to their homes. By degrees the excitement died away, and then they talked over the affair with perfect frankness, admitting that an attack was meditated, and rather amused that the intended victims should have been aware of their plans.

The Latookas are not free from the vice of thieving, and, when employed as porters, have exercised their craft with so little attempt at concealment, that they have deliberately broken open the parcels which they carried, not taking any notice of the fact that a sentry was watching them within a few yards. Also they would occasionally watch an opportunity, slip aside from the caravan, and sneak away with their loads.

Funeral ceremonies differ among the Latookas according to the mode of death. If a man is killed in battle, the body is not touched, but is allowed to remain on the spot where it fell, to be eaten by the hyenas

and the vultures. But should a Latooka, whether man, woman, or child, die a natural death, the body is disposed of in a rather singular manner. Immediately after death, a shallow grave is dug in the enclosure that surrounds each house, and within a few feet of the door. It is allowed to remain here for several weeks, when decomposition is usually completed. It is then dug up, the bones are cleaned and washed, and are then placed in an earthenware jar, and carried about a quarter of a mile outside the village.

No particular sanctity attaches itself either to the bones or the spot on which they are deposited. The earthen jars are broken in course of time, and the bones scattered about, but no one takes any notice of them. In consequence of this custom the neighborhood of a large town presents a most singular and rather dismal aspect, the ground being covered with bones, skulls, and earthenware jars in various states of preservation; and, indeed, the traveller always knows when he is approaching a Latooka town by coming across a quantity of neglected human remains.

The Latookas have not the least idea why they treat their dead in this singular manner, nor why they make so strange a distinction between the bodies of warriors who have died the death of the brave and those who have simply died from disease, accident, or decay. Perhaps there is no other country where the body of the dead warrior is left to the beasts and birds, while those who die natural deaths are so elaborately buried, exhumed, and placed in the public cemetery. Why they do so they do not seem either to know or to care, and, as far as has been ascertained, this is one of the many customs which has survived long after those who practise it have forgotten its signification.

During the three or four weeks that elapse between the interment and exhumation of the body funeral dances are performed. Great numbers of both sexes take part in these dances, for which they decorate themselves in a very singular manner. Their hair helmets are supplemented by great plumes of ostrich feathers, each man wearing as many as he can manage to fasten on his head, and skins of the leopard or monkey are hung from their shoulders. The chief adornment, however, is a large iron bell, which is fastened to the small of the back, and which is sounded by wriggling the body after a very ludicrous fashion. A faithful representation of one of these dances is given the reader on page 465.

"A large crowd got up in this style created an indescribable hubbub, heightened by the blowing of horns and the beating of seven nogaras of various notes. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended round the neck, which he blew occasionally

in the height of his excitement. These instruments produced a sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screech of an owl. Crowds of men rushed round and round in a sort of *galop infernel*, brandishing their arms and iron-headed maces, and keeping tolerably in line five or six deep, following the leader, who headed them, dancing backward.

"The women kept outside the line, dancing a slow, stupid step, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads round their loins, kept a very good line, beating time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles to keep time to the drums.

"One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourdful of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers: the object of the operation I could not understand. The *première danseuse* was immensely fat; she had passed the bloom of youth, but, *malyrè* her unwieldy state, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed with the excitement of the dance."

These strange dances form a part of every funeral, and so, when several persons have died successively, the funeral dances go on for several months together. The chief

Commoro was remarkable for his agility in the funeral dances, and took his part in every such ceremony, no matter whether it were for a wealthy or a poor man, every one who dies being equally entitled to the funeral dance without any distinction of rank or wealth.

The bells which are so often mentioned in those tribes inhabiting Central Africa are mostly made on one principle, though not on precisely the same pattern. These simple bells evidently derive their origin from the shells of certain nuts, or other hard fruits, which, when suspended, and a wooden clapper hung within them, can produce a sound of some resonance.

The next advance is evidently the carving the bell out of some hard wood, so as to increase its size and add to the power of its sound. Next, the superior resonance of iron became apparent, and little bells were made, shaped exactly like the before-mentioned nuts. This point once obtained, the variety in the shape of the bells is evidently a mere matter of caprice on the part of the maker.

One form approaches nearer to our familiar type of bell than any other, and really bears a very close resemblance to the strangely-shaped bells of Siam or Burmah. Instead of being flattened, as are the others, it is tolerably wide, and is so formed that a transverse section of it would give the figure of a quatrefeuille.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE SHIR, BARI, DJIBBA, NUEHR, DINKA, AND SHILLOOK TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE SHIR TRIBE—THEIR PORTABLE PROPERTY—DRESS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE—A STRANGE STORY—BASKET MAKING—THE BARI TRIBE AND THEIR CHARACTER—SLAVE DEALING—BARI ARCHERS—A DARING SHARPSHOOTER—THE BOY'S STRATAGEM—ARCHITECTURE OF THE BARI—THE DJIBBA TRIBE—THEIR NATIONAL PRIDE—DJIBBA WEAPONS—THE AXE, CLUB, AND KNIFE—BRACELET—THE SCALP-LOCKS ORNAMENT—A PROUD WARRIOR—THE NOUAER OR NUEHR TRIBE—THE CLAY WIG AND BEAD HELMET—THE CHIEF, JOCTIAN, AND HIS IMPORTUNITY—NUEHR SALUTATION—THE DINKA TRIBE AND ITS WARLIKE CHARACTER—ZENEB TO THE RESCUE—FEUD WITH THE SHILLOOKS AND BAGARAS—DRESS OF THE DINKA—TREACHERY, AND THE TABLES TURNED—THE DINKA MARKET—AN EMBASSY OF PEACE—THE SHILLOOKS, THEIR LOCALITY, DRESS, AND APPEARANCE—THEIR PREDATORY HABITS—SKILL IN ROATING—A PASTORAL COLONY AND ITS MANAGEMENT—FISH-SPEARING—A SHILLOOK FAMILY—GOVERNMENT AMONG THE SHILLOOKS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

As the Shir tribe are frequently mentioned by those travellers who have passed through Central Africa, a brief mention of them will be necessary. The Shir country extends on either side of the Nile, in lat. 6° N., and long. 30° E.

The men are remarkable for never stirring out of their villages without all their personal property about them. Clothes, in our sense of the word, are not considered as property, the principal article of costume being a tuft or two of cock's-feathers on the top of the head. But they always carry their little stools slung on their backs, and no one ever moves without his loved pipe. Upon their pipe they lavish all their artistic powers, which, however, are not very considerable. Precious as is iron in this country, being used, like gold in Europe, as a medium of currency, the pipes are all mounted with this costly metal. The bowls are made of clay, conical in shape, and having a couple of prongs on which to rest. They are very large, holding quite a handful of tobacco, and their mouthpieces are almost invariably made of iron.

Besides the implements of peace, the Shir always carry with them their weapons of war. These consist of clubs, made of a kind of ebony, black, solid, and heavy, a couple of lances, a bow, and a bundle of arrows, so that their hands are quite full of weapons. The bows are always kept strung, and the arrows are pointed with some hard wood, iron being too costly a metal for such a pur-

pose. They are about three feet in length, and without feathers, so that they can only be used at a short distance.

The women, however, have some pretensions to dress. To a belt which goes round the waist is attached a small lappet of leather, which hangs in front. This is balanced behind by a sort of tail or long tassel of very thin leather thongs, which reach nearly down to the knees. Captain Speke remarks that this article of dress is probably the foundation of the reports that in Central Africa there is a race of men who have tails like horses. Such reports are rife, not only among Europeans, but among the Central Africans themselves, each tribe seeming to think that they are the only perfect race of men, and that all others have some physical defect.

A very amusing instance of such a belief is narrated by Mr. Petherick, a native having given him a most circumstantial account of tribes among which he had been, and where he had seen some very singular people. In one tribe, for example, he had seen people who, like the white man, could kill at a great distance. But instead of having odd-shaped pieces of wood and iron, which made a noise, they had bows and arrows, which latter could not be extracted. Had he stopped here he might have been believed, the only exaggeration being in the range of the weapon. Unfortunately for his own character, he must needs add a number of other circumstances, and proceeded to tell of a

people who had four eyes, two in the usual places and two behind, and who could therefore walk backward as well as forward—like the decapitated lady in the fairy tale, whose head was replaced wrong side forward, “which was very useful in dressing her back hair.”

The next tribe through which he passed frightened him exceedingly. They had the usual number of eyes, but one eye was under each arm, so that, when they wanted to look about them, they were obliged to lift up their arms. Not liking these strange companions, he went still farther southward, and there he saw people with tails a yard in length, and with faces like monkeys. But the most horrible people among whom he travelled were dwarfs, who had such enormous ears that, when they wished to rest for the night, they spread one ear beneath them for a mattress, and the other above them by way of covering.

The strange part in connection with these wild tales is, that none of them are new. To the lovers of old legends all these monstrous races of men are perfectly familiar. Moreover, in that wonderful old book, the “Nuremberg Chronicle,” there are woodcuts of all the strange people. There are the Accephali; whose eyes are in their breasts; there are the tailed men, the ape-faced men, the dwarfs, and the large-eared men. The origin of several of these wild notions is evident enough, and it seems probable that the idea of the large-eared race arose from the enormous ears of the African elephant, one of which is large enough to shelter a man beneath its covert.

To return to the Shir women. They are very fond of ornament, and nearly all the iron in the country which is not used in the decoration of pipes, or for the “spade-money,” is worn upon the legs of the women. Rings of considerable thickness are fastened round the ankles, and a woman of consideration will often have so many of these rings that they extend far up the leg. As the women walk, these rings make a clanking

sound, as if they wore iron fetters; but among the Shir belles this sound is thought to be very fashionable, and they cultivate the art of walking so as to make the anklets clank as much as possible. There is another ornament of which they are very fond. They take the shells of the river mussel, and cut it into small circular pieces, about the size of ordinary pearl buttons. These are strung together with the hair of the giraffe’s tail, which is nearly as strong as iron wire, and are rather effective when contrasted with the black skins of the wearers. Like the Wanyoro and other tribes, the Shir of both sexes knock out the incisor teeth of the lower jaw.

These women are skilful as basket makers, the principal material being the leaf of the dome or doom palm. I have a mat of their manufacture, which is woven so neatly and closely, and with so tasteful an arrangement of colors, that it might easily be taken for the work of an European. It is oval, and about eighteen inches in diameter. The centre is deep-red, surrounded by alternate rings of red and black, which have a very admirable effect upon the pale-yellow of the mat itself.

The food of the Shir tribe consists largely of the lotus-seed, the white species being that which is commonly used. Just before the seed is ripe it is gathered in the pod, which looks something like an artichoke, and contains a vast quantity of little grains, rather like those of the poppy both in size and flavor. When gathered, the pods are bored and strung upon reeds about four feet in length. They are then taken into the village, dried in the sun, and stored away for food. The fruit of the doom palm is also ground and used as flour.

There is one very strange kind of diet which prevails along the upper part of the White Nile. The people have large herds of cattle, and they not only live on the milk, but bleed them monthly, and cook the blood with their flour and meal.

---

## THE BARI.

BETWEEN lat. 4° and 8° N. and long. 31° 33' E. there are several tribes so peculiar as to deserve a brief notice before we pass westward to the land of the negroes. The first of these is the Bari tribe, which is situated on the eastern bank of the Nile.

They are a warlike and dangerous tribe, being well armed, and capable of using their weapons, so that a traveller who wishes to pass safely through their land must be able to show an armed front. When Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, an umbrella was accidentally left behind, and some of the men sent to fetch it. The

Bari, however, drew up in battle array, evidently knowing that without their leaders the men might be safely bullied, so that the umbrella was left to the mercies of the Bari chief.

Owing to their position on the Nile, they do a great business in the slave trade, for as far as Gondokoro, the capital of the Bari country, steamers have been able to ascend the river. Consequently, every party of strangers is supposed—and mostly with truth—to be a slaving expedition, and is dreaded by one part of the population, while it is courted by the other. The quarrelsome

disposition of the Bari has often brought them into collision with the traders, and, as might be imagined, the superior arms and discipline of the latter have given them such a superiority, that the Bari are not as troublesome as they used to be. Still, they are always on the watch for an opportunity of extortion, and, if a traveller even sits under a tree, they will demand payment for its shade.

When Sir S. Baker was at Gondokoro, he was looked upon as a spy and opposer of the slave-trade, and consequently ran much greater risk of being killed than among the acknowledged savage tribes of the interior. And as the slave dealers had further complicated matters by stealing cattle from one sub-tribe, with which they bought slaves from another, the journey through Bari-land was certain to be most perilous, and probably would be rendered impossible.

Once they organized a regular attack upon the party, stationing themselves on either side of a rocky gorge through which the road ran, and keeping up a continual discharge of their poisoned arrows. Fortunately, some of the natives, brilliant in their scarlet war paint, had been seen ahead of the gorge, and preparations had been made for receiving the attack. They ran along the rocks like monkeys, every now and then halting to discharge a poisoned arrow, and then running on in readiness for another shot. They showed much courage on the occasion, coming within fifty or sixty yards of the armed escort, in spite of their fire-arms, which they seemed justifiably to despise, as the men who carried them had no idea of aim, and, provided that they pointed a musket somewhere toward the enemy, and fired it, thought that they had done all that was required.

However, the Bari were quite as bad as archers, and not a single arrow took effect. Many were diverted from their line by the branches of trees and the clusters of bamboo, while those that flew straight were easily avoided, on account of the weakness and stiffness of the bow, which would only project them feebly and slowly. The end of the skirmish was that, although the leader of the expedition did not think it worth while to fire at so insignificant an enemy, one of the Bari was somehow shot through the body, probably by a bullet aimed at somebody else, and a few were thought to be wounded. They then took to their heels and ran off.

During the march the Bari still hung about the caravan, and at night completely surrounded it, their forms being quite invisible unless the sentinel lay on the ground, and contrived to see the outline of their forms above the horizon. They even were audacious enough to creep close to the camp, and discharge their arrows at random into it, in the hope of hitting some one; but this

mode of assault was effectually checked by a volley of buckshot, which killed one of the most daring of them. When his body was found next morning, lying about thirty yards from the camp, the bow was in his hand, and a supply of poisoned arrows by his side. Four of his arrows were afterward found in the camp, and their ingeniously barbed heads charged with deadly poison showed that the death of the former owner was well deserved.

It was fortunate for the travellers that the Bari are such wretched archers, as the arrows, when they do strike a man, are tolerably sure to kill him. The poison with which they are imbued has not the rapidity of action which distinguishes that of the Bosesman, but it is scarcely less formidable, though less swift. The effect of the poison is to destroy the life of the surrounding flesh, so that a limb which has been pierced by one of the arrows is attacked by a slow kind of mortification, and thus the wound ensures death, which is far more painful, because so much slower, than that which is caused by the poison-grub, the euphorbia juice, or the venom of the serpent.

Unpleasant as these Bari are in their ordinary state, they can be trained into good and faithful attendants, and are excellent material for soldiers. On one occasion, when a large party of the Madi had attacked a body of traders, killed the standard-bearer, and nearly carried off the standard itself, a young Bari boy came to the rescue, shot with his pistol the man who was carrying off the standard, snatched it from him, and took it safely to his master.

One of these Bari lads, a drummer named Arnout, saved the life of his master by a stratagem. While the latter was reloading his gun, he was attacked by several natives, when young Arnout ran up, and, though weaponless, presented his drumstick at the enemy. Thinking it to be some novel kind of fire-arm, the assailants ran away, leaving Arnout master of the field.

The appearance of the Bari is rather remarkable. Their heads are round and bullet-shaped, with low foreheads, and much development behind the ears and at the nape of the neck, so that the general conformation of the head is anything but pleasing, and is a good index to the character of the people. As they shave their heads, the formation of the skull is easily seen. They are a tall, well-grown, and well-fed people, thus being a great contrast to the Kytch and several other tribes; and, although they wear but little clothing, they contrive to spend much time on personal adornment. The men shave the whole of their heads, with the exception of a little tuft of hair on the top, which is preserved as an attachment for a few feathers from a cock's tail. When they go to war, and even in their own villages, they rub themselves with a kind of vermilion mixed with grease, and cover the

whole of their persons with this pigment. The men never stir without their weapons, which consist of a bow, arrows, and a spear.

The bow is fully six feet in length, and looks a very formidable weapon; but it is so stiff and inelastic that, as has been already mentioned, it cannot propel the heavy arrows with much force. The arrows are cruelly barbed, and the butt of the shaft is spread out so as to allow a wide notch to be cut in it. This widened butt is seen in arrows throughout a large part of Africa; and there is now before me a Zanzibar quiver, full of arrows, kindly presented by J. A. Wood, Esq., R.N. These arrows are made with wonderful neatness, but are spoiled in appearance by the width of the butt. How the natives can use these arrows without having their left hand cut to pieces by the butt is really wonderful; and as it must strike against the bow, and deflect the arrow from its intended course, the wretched archery of the natives is accounted for.

Besides his weapon, the Bari man always carries his stool, slinging the latter behind him. When he stands, he has an odd mode of reposing himself, which reminds the observer of the stork, flamingo, and other long-shanked birds. One foot rests on the ground, while the other is pressed against the leg just below the knee, and the man steadies himself by resting the butt of the spear on the ground. Generally, the bow, arrows, and pipe are tucked between the legs while the owner is standing.

The women shave the whole of their heads, and, by way of dress, wear a little apron about six inches square, sometimes made of beads strung together, and sometimes of iron rings linked in each other like chain mail. These last aprons are much

valued. They also adorn themselves by making a vast quantity of semi-circular scars on the body, from the breast down to the waist, so that at a little distance they look as if they wore a cuirass of scales. They are as fond of the vermilion and grease as their husbands, and the effect of this pigment on the scars is to increase the resemblance to scale armor.

The houses are neatly built. Each family resides within a considerable space surrounded by a hedge of euphorbia, and the whole of the interior is levelled, and carefully laid down with a sort of cement, composed of wood-ashes, cow-dung, and clay. This mixture soon dries in the sun, and forms a kind of asphalt, so that it can be swept easily. The huts are floored with the same material, and both they and the enclosure are kept scrupulously clean. The homestead (see engraving) consists of a number of huts, according to the size of the family; and near them are placed the granaries, which are carefully raised on posts.

As is the case in so many parts of Africa, the roof of the circular hut projects for some distance beyond the low walls, so as to form a sort of shady veranda. The door of the hut is not more than two feet high. This form of hut reminds the traveller of the Bechuana houses, while another custom is almost exactly identical with one which is practised among the Damaras. If the reader will refer to page 302, he will see a representation of a Damara tomb. The Bari bury their dead within the enclosure of the homestead, and in like manner fix a pole in the ground, and tie to it the horns and skulls of oxen. In order to show that it is the tomb of a Bari, a tuft of cock's feathers is fastened to the top of the pole, in imitation of that which the deceased once bore on his head.

---

## THE DJIBBA.

PROCEEDING still northward, and diverging a little to the east, we come to a large and formidable tribe called the Djibba. Their territory is situated about lat. 7° N. and long. 34° E., and occupies a large tract of country almost encircled by the Sobat River, one of the many tributaries of the Nile.

The Djibba are a bold and warlike tribe. They are not negroes, neither are they black, their color being a dark brown. Their stature is tall, and, except in color, they bear much resemblance to the Shillooks, who will be presently described. It has been thought that they may be an offshoot of that tribe, but they indignantly deny any relationship either to the Shillook or any other tribe; and even hold themselves aloof from the warlike Dinkas, with whom so many inferior tribes are only too glad to claim relationship.

These people are essentially warriors, and have a most remarkable set of weapons. Spears of course they possess, and he is a happy man who has a weapon with an iron head. Iron is scarce in the Djibba country, and, in consequence, many of the warriors are obliged to content themselves with fastening the sharp horns of antelopes to their spear shaft, until they can manage to procure the coveted iron head. When a Djibba warrior does possess so valuable a weapon, he takes very great care of it, keeping the edges as sharp as a razor, and covering the head with a hide sheath. The sheath is attached to the shaft by a thong, so that there shall be no danger of losing it, and it is never uncovered except when the spear is to be used. They also have clubs and axes of different shapes. The most common club is formed from a dark, hard, and heavy



(1.) A BARI HOMESTEAD.

(See page 464.)



(2.) FUNERAL DANCE.

(See page 460.)





wood, and is remarkable for the mushroom-like shape of the head. This shape is particularly mentioned, because it is a favorite one in Central Africa, and among the Dör tribe expands until it is exactly like a large flat-headed mushroom, with sharp edges. The most characteristic form of axe resembles the battle-axe of the Middle Ages, which was equally adapted for thrusting or striking.

If the reader will refer to p. 449, he will see, over the title "Bracelets," two objects which serve the double purpose of ornaments and weapons. As is evident from their shape, they are worn on the wrist, so that the wearer is never entirely unarmed. The Djibba workman takes a thin plate of iron, sharpens the edges, and cuts a row of deep notches along them; he then rolls it longitudinally, so as to form half a cylinder; and, lastly, bends it round into the form of a bracelet. When it is placed on the wrist, the two ends are pressed or hammered together, until the bracelet is held firmly in its place.

Another far more formidable weapon, fig. 2, is a bracelet made of a flat plate of iron, about an inch and a half in width. On the inside it is very thick, a quarter of an inch at least, and it is thinned gradually to the edge, which is kept exceedingly sharp. In order to prevent it from injuring the wearer, a sort of sheath of stout leather runs round the edge, and is held in its place by its own elasticity, so that it can be pulled off in a moment, and replaced almost as quickly. Whenever the warrior comes to close quarters, he strips off the leathern sheath, and, rushing in upon his adversary, strikes at the face with the sharp edge, or, flinging the left arm round him, cuts his naked body almost into pieces with rapid strokes of this terrible weapon.

A well-armed Djibba warrior also carries a club made on exactly the same principle. It is about the size of an ordinary racket, and very nearly the same shape, except that the flattened portion is not so regular. Indeed, if an ordinary golf-club had a head which could be flattened out until it was about a foot long, and seven or eight inches wide, it would almost exactly resemble the "assaya," as this club is called. The edge of the weapon is kept very sharp, and is guarded by a sheath of hide exactly like that of the knife-bracelet. The New Zealanders formerly used an axe-club of similar construction, though very much larger.

In the illustration on page 449, entitled "Scalp-locks," is shown another proof of the essentially warlike nature of the Djibba tribe. When a Djibba warrior kills a foe in battle, he cuts off his head, and takes it home with

him; he then cuts a number of leathern thongs, removes all the hair from the head of the enemy, and hands them both to a friend, who undertakes the office of decorating the victor with the proofs of valor.

First the thongs are plaited into sixteen or seventeen bands, a part of one being shown of its original size at fig. 2. One end of the bands is then woven firmly into the back of the head, and is so managed, that as the hair grows it renders the fastening more and more secure. The hair of the dead man is then matted together into a sort of felt, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and sewed firmly to the under side of the leathern bands. This process being accomplished, the Djibba warrior stalks proudly forth, feeling himself every inch a man, and enjoying the envy and admiration of those who have not as yet been fortunate enough to attain such an honorable trophy.

Whenever he kills another enemy, he adds to the length, but not to the width, of this singular ornament; and as he despoils the slain man of all his ornaments, he is able to buy cowries with which to enhance the beauty of his scalp-locks, fastening them in rows along the leathern bands. A warrior of eminence will sometimes have this trophy of inordinate length. I have seen one that was brought over by Mr. Petherick, which was so long that, when a man of ordinary height placed it on his head, the end trailed on the ground. It was so thickly covered with cowries, that the leathern bands and hair could not be seen until it was lifted up, and the proud owner had also extended the cowries over the top of his head nearly to the eyes in front, and over the ears on either side. The weight of this ornament was enormous, and it is really wonderful that any amount of pride could have induced any man to subject himself to such discomfort. The celebrated pearl suit of Prince Esterhazy must have been singularly uncomfortable, but then it was only worn on special occasions, whereas the Djibba warrior cannot relieve himself of his honorable but weighty decoration.

The existence of such an ornament shows that the Djibba are fond of decoration. They are moderately well clothed, wearing goat-skin dresses, with the hairy side outward. The dress passes over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm free, and then goes round the waist, descending to mid-thigh. Ivory armlets of good workmanship are worn on the upper arm, heavy belts of cowries are tied round the waist, and both the ankles and waist are ornamented with polished iron rings.

## THE NUEHR.

WE now come to another of those remarkable tribes which inhabit Central Africa.

About lat. 9° N. and long. 25° E. there is a large district inhabited by a tribe called the Nuehr or Nouaer. Contrary to the usual custom, this tribe possesses land on both sides of the Nile, which in the midst of their territory spreads itself into a lake. The Nuehr are a fine-looking race of savages, and very like savages they look. The men are tall, powerful, and well-formed, but their features approach the negro type, and are heavier and coarser than those of the tribes which have been previously mentioned. The women are not nearly so good-looking as the men, and are rather clumsily built.

Neither sex is much troubled with clothes. The males never wear any clothes at all; nor do the females, until they are married, when they tie a fringe of grass round their waists, some of the wealthier women being able to use a leathern fringe, of which they are very proud. Their ornaments really seem to serve no other purpose but to disfigure the wearers as much as possible. Beginning with the head, the men stain their woolly hair of a dusty red by a mixture of which ashes form the chief part. They then take a sort of pipe-clay, and plaster it thickly into the hair at the back part of the head, dressing it up and shaping it until it is formed into a cone, the shape of the ornament varying according to the caprice of the individual. By means of this clay headdress the hair is thrown back from the face, the expression of which is not improved by the horizontal lines that are tattooed across it.

A headdress of remarkable beauty was brought from this tribe by Mr. Petherick, and is now in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. It is white, in imitation of the white clay with which the head is usually decorated, and is made of cylindrical beads shaped as if they were pieces of tobacco pipe. These beads, or bugles, as they ought perhaps to be called, are threaded on string, and fastened together in a very ingenious manner. The singular point in this headdress is the exact resemblance to the soldier's casque of ancient Egypt, and to the helmets now in use in India, and other parts of the world. (See "Helmet," page 449.)

The natural glossy black of the skin, which has so pleasing an appearance, is utterly destroyed by a coating of wood ashes, which gives to the surface a kind of grayish look. On the upper arm they generally wear a large armlet of ivory, and have heavy coils of beads round their necks. The wrists are adorned with rings of copper and other ornaments, and on the right wrist they carry an iron ring armed with project-

ing blades, very similar to that which is worn by the Latookas.

Joctian, the chief of the Nuehr tribe, was asked by Sir S. Baker what was the use of this weapon, and by way of answer he simply pointed to his wife's arms and back, which were covered with scars produced by this primitive wife-tamer. He seemed quite proud of these marks, and evidently considered them merely as ocular proofs that his wife was properly subservient to her husband. In common with the rest of his tribe, he had a small bag slung round his neck by way of a pocket, which held bits of wood, beads, and all kinds of trifles. He asked for everything he saw, and, when anything of small size was given him, it straightway went into the bag.

Still, putting aside these two traits of cruelty and covetousness, Joctian seems to have been a tolerably agreeable savage, and went away delighted with the presents he had received, instead of grumbling that he could not get more, as is the usual way among savage chiefs. It was rather strange that, although he was so charmed with beads and bracelets, he declined to accept a knife, saying that it was useless to him. He had in his hands a huge pipe, holding nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco. Every Nuehr man has one of these pipes, which he always carries with him, and, should his supply of tobacco be exhausted, he lights a piece of charcoal, puts it into his pipe, and inhales the vapor that it draws from the tobacco-saturated bowl.

The women are not so much adorned as the men, probably because the stronger sex prefer to use the ornaments themselves. At a little distance the women all look as if they were smoking cigarettes. This odd appearance is caused by a strange ornament which they wear in their upper lip. They take a piece of iron wire, about four inches in length, and cover it with small beads. A hole is then pierced in the upper lip, and the ornament inserted, so as to project forward and rather upward.

The Nuehr are very fond of beads, and are glad to exchange articles of food for them. One kind of bead, about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, is greatly valued by them; and, when Mr. Petherick was travelling through their country, he purchased an ox for eight such beads. The chief came on board the boat, and, as usual, asked for everything he saw. Among other odd things, he set his affections on Mr. Petherick's shoes, which, as they were nearly worn out, were presented to him. Of course they were much too small for him, and the attempts which he made to put them on were very amusing. After many failures, he determined on taking them home, where

he thought he might be able to get them on by greasing his feet well.

When the chief entered the cabin, and saw the wonders of civilized life, he was quite overcome with the novel grandeur, and proceeded to kneel on one knee, in order to give the salutation due to a great chief. "Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat into it, and then, looking into my face, he deliberately repeated the process. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down, but, his features express-

ing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed his conviction that I must be a great chief. Similar salutes followed with each of his attendants, and friendship was established." This strange salutation extends through many of the tribes that surround the Nuehr; but in some, as for example the Kytch, the saluter merely pretends to spit in the hand of his friend, and does not really do so.

### THE DINKA.

STILL south of the Nuehr tribe we come to a singular district extending on either side of the Nile. This country is inhabited by two tribes, who are both warlike, both at deadly feud with each other, and both fond of making unexpected raids into the enemy's country. The tribe that inhabits the left or west bank is called the Shillook, and that which occupies the eastern bank is the Dinka or Denka tribe. We will take the Dinkas first.

They have more of the negro in their aspect than the tribe which has just been described. They include many smaller or sub-tribes, all of which speak the same language, or at least a dialect of it. Without going into any minute details as to the peculiarity of each division, we will simply take the leading characteristics of the great and formidable Dinka tribe. That they are exceedingly warlike has already been stated. Indeed, had they not been so, they would long ago have been exterminated; for, what with the incessant inroads of the Shillooks and Bagaras from the west, and various Arab tribes from the north and east, they could not have held their own had they not been brave men, and trained to arms.

The martial spirit extends even to the women, and was once of very great service to Sir Samuel Baker, while on his travels. A dangerous quarrel had suddenly arisen, and a number of Arabs were attacking the white leaders, some being armed with swords and the others with spears. One of the latter had got behind Sir Samuel's headman, and was about to make a thrust with his lance. There happened to be with the exploring party a Dinka woman, named Zeneb, and, as soon as she saw the *éméute*, she snatched up the heavy handle of an axe, rushed into the thickest of the fray, knocked down the Arab with a blow on his head, and instantly twisted his spear out of his hand, while he was stunned with the unexpected blow. This timely aid was the turning point in the skirmish, and in a minute or two the Arabs were conquered and disarmed. Zeneb had afterward the satisfac-

tion of smashing the lances of the vanquished Arabs, and boiling the coffee with the fragments.

The principal weapon of the Dinkas is the lance, but they also use clubs of various shapes. In form they strongly remind the observer of certain clubs in use among the Polynesians, and indeed might easily be mistaken for such weapons. The club is employed for a double purpose. It is held in the left hand, and used as a shield, with which to turn aside the lance thrust of the enemy, and, when the enemy has been wounded, the club is ready for the operation of knocking out his brains.

Warlike as they may be, the Dinkas are not so actively aggressive as their neighbors, the Shillooks, and never frequent the banks of the Nile unless compelled to do so by drought. They are agriculturists after a fashion, and keep vast herds of cattle, and it is chiefly on account of their cattle that they are sometimes forced to approach the river bank, and so to expose themselves to the attacks of their inveterate foes, the Shillooks and Bagaras, who not only steal their cattle, but carry off their women and children. The Bagaras are excellent horsemen, and swim their steeds across the river, placing one hand on the animal's quarters, and swimming alongside. They are also great elephant hunters, pursuing their mighty game on horseback, armed only with a spear, leaping from the horse and inflicting a mortal wound, and springing on their steeds again before the elephant has had time to turn himself.

The dress of both sexes is simple enough. The men wear a piece of skin attached to a girdle, but it hangs behind and not before, except on occasions of ceremony, when it is carefully brought round to the front. Beads are of course worn, the quantity varying according to the means of the possessor. The married women wear small aprons, and the girls and children nothing at all, with the exception of beads and other ornaments. Like those of the Nuehr tribe, the Dinka women perforate the upper lip, and

place in it a little bit of stick covered with beads. The women are not at all pretty, whatever good looks they may have had being completely neutralized by the habit of shaving the head. The girls are very fond of an ornament, which is a series of hollow iron cones, about half an inch or so in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to a point above. Through the upper part a hole is bored, so that the cones can be strung on a leathern thong. They are of very different lengths; those which come in front being about four inches long, while those at the back measure barely two inches. As the girl walks about, this waist-band gives forth a pleasant tinkling, of which the wearer is extremely proud. Such an ornament is extremely prized, and, as it is almost indestructible, it is handed down from mother to child, and so there is scarcely a Dinka maiden who does not possess one.

The pursuits of the Dinkas in time of peace are mostly limited to hunting and tending cattle. Agriculture is rather despised, and left to the women, and the consequence is, that the capabilities of the soil are never fairly developed. Indeed, they only till small patches of ground near their huts, and there cultivate maize, millet, gourds, yams, nuts, cotton, capsicum, and similar plants. They seldom eat the flesh of their cattle, unless a cow happens to die a natural death, in which case a great feast is held: for their supplies of meat they trust almost entirely to their skill in hunting. The rich live principally on the milk of their cattle, and, should they have more milk than they can consume, they barter it with other tribes for grain. They are clever fishermen, and those who are not well off are accustomed to frequent the banks of rivers or lakes, trying to kill the hippopotamus, and in the mean time subsisting on fish. They have an ingenious method of transporting fish to a distance by wrapping them in thick clay, and, as this covering can be made air-tight, the fish can be kept for several days even in so hot a country.

Agriculture being thus neglected, it naturally follows that great distress is occasionally felt in the country, great numbers being reduced to spend the whole of their time in searching for grains and berries. Sometimes they hire themselves as servants, and take care of the herds; and in bad years it is not uncommon to find in the bush the bodies of men, women, and children, who have died from hunger in a country which is capable of supplying both the necessaries and luxuries of life.

With one branch of the Dinka tribe, Mr. Petherick remained for some time, and had a good opportunity for studying their manners. His first reception was not a promising one, as the chief fully intended to take by force all the beads that had been brought

for the purchase of ivory, and threatened destruction to the whole party if this modest notion were not at once carried out. However, the discharge of a gun, and its effects at a distance, terrified the chief to such an extent, that he was very glad to assume a more humble tone. The next stratagem was to frighten away all the porters, so that the merchandise could not be carried out of the country, and to cut off the supply of water and provisions, in order to force Mr. Petherick and his party to leave the district. Indeed, the chief stated plainly that, as they could not remove their goods out of his country, the best plan would be to hand them over at once, and proceed on their journey.

Previous to these events, the life of the same traveller had been endangered by an alliance of six Dinka tribes against him, they having imbibed the usual notion that the only object of a white man in coming into their territory was to destroy the slave-trade, and bring white enemies among them. This was while he was among the Dôr tribe, with some of whom the Dinkas had already contrived to pick a quarrel. He therefore fenced in his camp very strongly, and, by erecting a kind of bastion at each angle, made it so formidable a fortress that the Dinkas were afraid to attack it. They hung about the place for six weeks, and at last Mr. Petherick determined on striking a bold stroke, and turning the tables upon them. Knowing the exceeding value which they placed on cattle, he thought that if he could carry off one of their herds they would be brought to their senses. He sent off a detachment of his party, who seized six hundred head of cattle, besides sheep and goats innumerable. As had been anticipated, the Dinkas, who really value their cattle much more than human life, were terror-stricken, and came humbly suing for peace. This was granted, on their giving in their submission, and the cattle were handed over to a Dôr chief, in order to provide food for his village. However, the Dinkas kept bad faith, for they continually hung upon Mr. Petherick's line of march; and once a sub-tribe, called Ajack, had the temerity to make an open charge. Of course they were at once repulsed, with a loss of several dead and wounded; but in consequence of these repeated attacks it was found necessary to halt for the night in some cattle-shed, and to loop-hole the walls for musketry.

A considerable trade in beads and tusks was done among the Dinka tribe, who at last became rather sharp dealers. Mr. Petherick gives an amusing account of one of their markets:—"After fifteen days' tedious tracking, we made fast under some Dinka villages situated on its southern bank, where we succeeded in bartering numerous tusks from the natives, who received us with open arms, in the hope that we would de-

fend them, in case of emergency, from the aggressions of the Nuehr.

"I proceeded on shore to meet them, accompanied by an interpreter, a man bearing a bag of various kinds of beads, and half a dozen armed men, to guard against treachery, which, considering the negroes were armed with clubs and lances, was a necessary precaution. My interpreter and myself seated ourselves opposite to the owner of the tusk, who obstinately retained his seat, refusing us an inspection of it. Placing a hide on the ground, a variety of beads, cowrie-shells, and copper bracelets were displayed thereon. The beauty of these provoked striking signs of approbation, the vendor and bystanders grinning and rubbing their stomachs with both hands. A consultation then took place between the party and his friends as to the relative merits of the beads, which resulted in the following dialogue:—

"*Vendor.*—'Ah! your beads are beautiful, but the bride (tusk) I offer is lovely: like yourself, she is white and tall, and worthy of great price.'

"*Self.*—'Truly the beauty of the bride is undeniable; but, from what I can see of her, she is cracked, whilst my beads are perfect.'

"*Vendor.*—'The beads you offer are truly beautiful, but I think they must have been gathered before they were ripe.'

"*Self.*—'Oh, no! they were gathered when mature, and their color is peculiar to them, and you will find that they will wear as well as the best red; they came from a different country.'

"*Vendor.*—'Well, let me have some more of them.'

"His request being complied with, rising from the tusk and throwing himself upon the beads, he collected them greedily; at the same time the possession of the tusk was disputed by half a dozen negroes, who, stating they had assisted to carry it on their shoulders, claimed a recompense. On this being complied with by a donation to each man, another set of men came forward under the same pretence, and the tusk was seized by my men at one extremity, whilst they had hold of the other, and in perfect good humor struggled for its possession: at last, to cut the matter short, I threw handfuls of beads among the crowd, which resulted in the immediate abandonment of the tusk for a scramble after them. In the meantime the purchase was carried off and safely lodged on board."

When Mr. Petherick passed through the same country in 1856, the Ajack sub-tribe

thought that they had better make peace with so formidable a visitor, and accordingly the chief Anoin begged him to rest for the night at one of their villages, and favorably concluded a treaty of amity. As soon as the camp had been made, and the sentries set, a number of young girls—some of them really good-looking, for Africans—arrived with milk and flour, and were delighted with some beads, which they added to their attire; this consisting of bead strings round their necks, waists, and ankles. Encouraged by their reception, others arrived in succession, and set to work at grinding corn and boiling porridge as if they had belonged to the expedition all their lives.

Suddenly a whistle was heard in the distance, and scarcely had the sound died away, when all the women had vanished, and a dead silence succeeded to the merry chatter which had filled the place. After a while a strange voice was heard in the surrounding darkness, asking for permission to approach, and, when an assuring answer was returned, Anoin and his brother stepped into the light of the watch-fires, followed by a number of men leading an ox. They were fully armed; but their dress consisted merely of a piece of leopard skin slung over Anoin's shoulder as a mark of rank. Anoin wore bracelets of copper, while those of his companions were of iron. Both he and his brother wore caps made of white beads sewed tightly on soft hide. The beads were strung on cotton threads, spun by themselves with a distaff and spindle, and a thorn had served the purpose of a needle.

After seating themselves, Anoin began a speech, offering peace, and presenting the bullock as a proof of sincerity. The animal was accepted, and in less than an hour the only relics of the ox were the white and polished bones scattered on the ground. A number of smaller chiefs then assembled, and all proceeded to greet Mr. Petherick by the usual, though scarcely agreeable, custom of spitting in his face, and they then proceeded to business.

First, the Dinka chiefs laid their spears and clubs in the middle of the circle, and then Mr. Petherick laid upon them his rifle and pistols. The chief next stepped over the heap several times, and vowed that neither he nor any of his tribe would ever use the weapons against the white man, and wishing that, if the oath were broken, he should be the first to perish by the weapons of the aggrieved party. Mr. Petherick went through the same ceremony himself, and a copious indulgence in beer and pipes cemented the alliance.

## THE SHILLOOKS.

EXACTLY on the opposite bank of the White Nile is found the great Shillook tribe, with which the Dinka is always at feud. The Shillooks are a tall and finely-made race of men, approaching very closely to the negro, being black, with woolly hair. The flat nose and enormous lips of the true negro are, however, absent, and only in a few cases is there an approach toward that structure.

The Shillook men are very fond of ornament, though dress is not considered necessary. Their ornaments are similar to those which have already been described, and consist chiefly of iron bracelets, anklets, and bead necklaces. They have also one rather singular decoration. This is an enormous ivory ring, which is worn above the elbow of the right arm. It is concave on the inside, and is so large that it is used as a pocket for holding small objects. Small caps of black ostrich plumes decorate their heads, and many of these caps are ornamented with a circle of cowrie shells in the middle. Their weapons are clubs and lances, the latter being very long, and having iron wire twisted round the butt, so as to counterbalance the head. They also carry the remarkable bow-like shield which has been already mentioned.

The women wear no clothing until marriage, and then assume a couple of pieces of dressed hide, one in front and the other behind. These hides reach nearly to the ankles, and are decorated round the lower edge with iron rings and bells. The heads are shaved, and the ears are bored all round their edges with a number of holes, from which hang small clusters of beads.

The villages of the Shillooks are built very regularly, and in fact are so regular as to be stiff and formal in appearance. The houses are made of reeds, tall, of nearly the same height, and placed close to each other in regular rows or streets, and when seen from a distance are compared by Sir S. Baker to rows of button mushrooms.

The Shillooks are quite an accomplished people, being warlike, pastoral, agricultural, piscatorial, and having a well-defined government. Not only do they keep up the continual feud with their powerful neighbors, the Dinkas, but they take advantage of the overflowing of the Nile to launch their canoes, drop quietly down the river, and attack the Arab population on either bank. So bold are they, that on several occasions they descended the river nearly half way to Khartoum, hid their canoes in the reeds, and crossed the country to Sennaar or the Blue Nile. Taking the inhabitants by surprise, they carried off numbers of women and children as slaves, drove away large herds of cattle, re-embarked, and got safely home with their spoil. At length the Egyptian

Government was obliged to interfere, and had to place troops between the White and Blue Nile. Besides their canoes, the Shillooks make most ingenious vessels, which are a sort of compromise between a raft and a canoe.

In this part of Africa there is a tree called the ambatch, or ambadj (*Anemone mirabilis*). This tree grows tolerably straight, and tapers gradually from the ground to the tip. It never grows to any great size, and the wood is almost as light as cork. To make a raft, the Shillook cuts a sufficient number of ambadj trees, lays them side by side, and lashes them firmly to each other. The tapering ends are then drawn together with cords, and also lashed firmly, and the result is a singularly effective and buoyant raft, easily guided from its shape, and so light that a man can carry it on his shoulders. When these rafts are taken out of the water, they are placed upright on their bases, and two or three are supported against each other, just as soldiers pile their arms. One of these rafts, nine feet in length, and only four feet wide at the stern, can carry two men.

The Shillooks are very clever in the management of their rafts, which they propel with small paddles; and even the little boys may be seen paddling about, not in the least afraid of the swarming crocodiles, but always carrying a lance with which to drive off the horrid reptiles if they attempt an attack.

When Mr. Petherick was passing through this country, the daring Shillooks had established a small colony on the eastern or Dinka bank of the river, on account of the good pasturage. As soon as the Dinka had withdrawn toward the interior, the Shillooks crossed over, built a number of reed huts, ran an extemporized fence round them, and then brought over their cattle. They had plenty of outposts inland, and as soon as the enemy were reported the Shillooks embarked in their rafts, and paddled over to their own side of the river, the cattle plunging into the water in obedience to a well-known call, and following the canoes and rafts of their masters. Strange to say, the crocodiles do not meddle with cattle under such circumstances.

Aided by their rafts, the Shillooks employ much of their time in fishing. They do not use either net or hook, but employ the more sportsmanlike spear. This weapon is about ten feet in length, and has a barbed iron head loosely stuck into the end of the shaft, both being connected by a slack cord. As soon as the fish is struck, the shaft is disengaged from the head, and being of light wood floats to the surface, and so "plays" the fish until it is exhausted, and can be drawn ashore by a hooked stick. The Shil-

looks often catch fish at random, wading through the river against the stream, and striking their spears right and left into the water.

Polygamy is of course practised among the people. Mr. Petherick gives a very amusing description of an interview with a chief and his family.

"At one of these villages, Gosa, with a view to establishing a trade in hides, or if possible in ivory, I made the acquaintance of its chief, Dood, who, with several of the village elders, entered my boat, the bank being crowded with every man, woman, and child of the village. The chief, a man past middle age, struck me by his intelligent remarks, and a bearing as straightforward as it was dignified and superior to that of his companions. A few presents of beads were greedily clutched by his attendants, he, however, receiving them as if they were his due; and, passing an order to one of his men, the trifle I had given him was returned by a counter-present of a sheep. On his leaving I requested he would call before sunrise, attended by his sons only, when I would make him and them suitable presents.

"Long before the appointed time Dood and a crowd of men and striplings, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, on the shore, woke me from my slumbers; and, as I appeared on deck, a rush took place toward me, with cries of 'The Benj! the Benj!' (the chief), followed by salutations innumerable. As soon as these shouts subsided, Dood, disembarassing his mouth with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco the size of a small orange, sat down by my side.

"My first remark was astonishment at the number of his followers, having expected none but his sons. 'Oh, 'tis all right: you don't know my family yet; but, owing to our kind promises, I sent to the cattle-kraals for the boys;' and with the pride of a father he said, 'These are my fighting sons, who many a time have stuck to me against the Dinka, whose cattle have enabled them to wed.'

"Notwithstanding a slight knowledge of negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find his valiant progeny amount to forty grown-up men and hearty lads. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity.'

"'What! more little boys and girls! What may be their number, and how many wives have you?'

"'Well, I have divorced a good many wives; they get old, you know; and now I have only ten and five.' But when he began to count his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reed, and, breaking it up into small pieces, said, 'I take no notice of babies, as they often die, you know; women are so foolish about children that I

never care for them until they are able to lay a snare.'

"Like all negroes, not being able to count beyond ten, he called over as many names, which he marked by placing a piece of reed on the deck before him; a similar mark denoted another ten, and so on until he had named and marked the number of his children. The sum total, with the exception, as he had explained, of babies and children unable to protect themselves, was fifty-three boys and twenty girls — viz. seventy-three!

"After the above explanation I could no longer withhold presents to the host on the shore; and, pleased with my donations, he invited me to his house, where I partook of merissa and broiled fowl, in which, as a substitute for fat, the entrails had been left. Expressing a desire to see his wives, he willingly conducted me from hut to hut, where my skin, hair, and clothes underwent a most scrutinizing examination. Each wife was located in a separate batch of huts; and, after having distributed my pocketfuls of loose beads to the lady chieftains and their young families, in whose good graces I had installed myself, I took leave of the still sturdy village chief."

The code of government among the Shillocks is simple enough. There is a sultan or superior officer, who is called the "Meck," and who possesses and exercises powers that are almost irresponsible. The Meck seems to appreciate the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt," and keeps himself aloof from his own subjects, seldom venturing beyond the limits of his own homestead. He will not even address his subjects directly, but forces them to communicate with him through the medium of an official. Any one who approaches him must do so on his knees, and no one may either stand erect or carry arms in his presence. He executes justice firmly and severely, and especially punishes murder and theft among his subjects, the culprit being sentenced to death, and his family sold as slaves.

Theft and murder, however, when committed against other tribes, are considered meritorious, and, when a marauding party returns, the Meck takes one-third of the plunder. He also has a right to the tusks of all elephants killed by them, and he also expects a present from every trader who passes through his territory. The Meck will not allow strangers to settle within the Shillook territories, but permits them to reside at Kaka, a large town on their extreme north. Here many trading Arabs live while they are making their fortune in exchanging beads, cattle bells, and other articles for cattle, slaves, and ivory. The trade in the latter article is entirely carried on by the Meck, who has the monopoly of it, and makes the most of his privilege. The traffic at Kaka is by no means a free trade, for the Meck not only takes all the



ivory, but his officials watch the proceedings in the market, and exercise a supervision over every bargain.

Probably on account of the presence of strangers, the Meck does not live at Kaka, but takes up his residence out in a village some ten miles up the river.

I have in my collection a curious musical instrument, which we may call a flute, in lieu of a better word. It is made of some hard wood, and is rudely covered with a spiral belt of iron and leather. An iron ring is also fastened through it, through which passes the leathern strap by which it is carried. The top hole is very small,

and the sound produced by the instrument is of a wailing and lugubrious character.

Inside the flute is fitted an odd implement which we may call the cleaner. It is composed of an ostrich feather with the vanes cut short, and in order to render it long enough to reach to the bottom of the flute, it is lengthened by a wooden handle, to the end of which is attached a tuft of hairs from a cow's tail, by way of ornament. In length the flute measures rather more than eighteen inches, and, in consequence of the amount of iron upon it, the weight is more than might be supposed.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE ISHOGO, ASHANGO, AND OBONGO TRIBES.

WESTERN AFRICA—THE ISHOGO TRIBE AND ITS LOCALITY—DRESS AND ASPECT OF THE PEOPLE—THE SINGULAR HEADDRESS OF THE WOMEN—THEIR SKILL IN WEAVING—THE OUANDJAS, OR NATIVE FACTORIES—THE LOOM AND SHUTTLE—ARCHITECTURE OF THE ISHOGOS—CURIOUS DOORS—THE VILLAGE TREE—THE M'PAZA OR TWIN CEREMONY—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE ISHOGOS—THE ASHANGO TRIBE—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—AN UNLUCKY SHOT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—WAR CEREMONIES—THE TEMPLE, OR M'BUTTI HOUSE, AND THE RELIGIOUS RITES PERFORMED IN IT—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ASHANGOS—THE KENDO, OR BELL OF ROYALTY—RECEPTION OF A VISITOR—THE OBONGO TRIBE, OR BUSHMEN OF WEST AFRICA—THEIR SHORT AND STUNTED LOOK—KINDNESS OF THE ASHANGOS TOWARD THEM—THE OBONGO MARKET—DOMESTIC CUSTOMS AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

WE are now coming among some of the negro tribes, and shall see them as they are in their normal state before their customs and mode of life have been altered by the influence of Europeans.

A little below the equator, and between 10° and 12° E. longitude, is a district inhabited by the Ishogo, a very large and remarkable tribe. The Ishogo live along a rather narrow tract of country that extends diagonally southwestward, parallel with the Rembo N'gouyai River, but divided from it by a range of hills.

The Ishogo are a fine race of men, black, with woolly hair, but not exhibiting the extreme negro development which characterizes the aborigines of the west coast. They decorate themselves in rather a singular manner. Both sexes add a ruddy tinge to their native black by rubbing themselves with a red powder obtained by scraping two pieces of bar-wood together, and they also disfigure themselves by removing the two middle teeth of the upper jaw.

Like other woolly-haired races, the Ishogo are very proud of their heads, and diminish the already scanty supply of hair with which Nature has supplied them. Eyelashes and eyebrows are unfashionable among them, and are carefully erased, while the hair of the head is dressed in the most extraordinary style. The men shave a circle round their heads, only allowing a round patch to remain on the crown. This is separated into three divisions, each of which is plaited into a

lappet-like form, coming to a point at the end, and being finished off with a large bead, or perhaps a piece of polished wire. On account of the slow growth of the hair, an Ishogo cannot complete his headdress under several years.

The women begin by making a sort of frame of grass cloth, and fixing it to the head, at the top or at the back, as their taste may direct. They then work the woolly hair into it, and, when that part of the process is completed, shave away all the hair that is not required for the purpose. When the headdress is complete, it stands some eight or ten inches from the head, and consequently a term of years elapses before this odd ornament reaches perfection. In fact, a complete headdress is never seen on any one under five-and-twenty.

The "chignon," if we may apply such a term to the headdress, has four partings, one in front, one behind, and one at each side. Of course this elaborate ornament cannot be dressed by the owners, and, as a general rule, it is intrusted to professional hands, several women in every town making hair-dressing a regular business. After being arranged, the head is not touched for several months, when the structure is taken to pieces, and elaborately rebuilt, the fresh growth of hair being woven into it. The operation of taking down and rebuilding one of these towers is a very long and tedious one, and occupies a full day.

Four modes of arranging the tower, if it may be called so, prevail among the Ishogo. The ordinary plan is to raise it perpendicularly from the top of the head, so that at a distance it looks exactly as if the woman were carrying a cylindrical basket on her head. Sometimes, when the base of the tower is placed half way between the top of the head and the neck, the direction is diagonal, and, when the hair at the back of the head is retained, the tower projects backward and horizontally. These are the usual fashions; but some of the women wear, in addition to the tower, a tuft of hair, which is allowed to remain at each side of the head, and is trained into a ball just above the ear.

The dress of the Ishogo is "grass cloth" of their own manufacture. They are celebrated for the soft and close texture of this cloth, which is, however, not made from grass, but from the cuticle of young palm leaves, stripped off dexterously by the fingers. M. du Chaillu gives the following account of the weavers:—

"In walking down the main street of Mokenga a number of ouandjas, or houses without walls, are seen, each containing four or five looms, with the weavers seated before them, weaving the cloth. In the middle of the ouandja a wood fire is seen burning, and the weavers, as you pass by, are sure to be seen smoking their pipes, and chatting to one another whilst going on with their work. The weavers are all men, and it is men also who stitch the 'bongos' together to make 'denguis' or robes of them. The stitches are not very close together, nor is the thread very fine, but the work is very neat and regular, and the needles are of their own manufacture. The bongos are very often striped, and sometimes made even in check patterns. This is done by their dyeing some of the threads of the warp, or of the warp and woof, with various simple colors. The dyes are all made of decoctions of different kinds of wood, except for black, when a kind of iron ore is used. The bongos are employed as money in this part of Africa."

Two of the words in this passage need explanation. The loom of the Ishogo is made as follows:—A bar of wood, about two feet in length, is suspended horizontally from the roof of the weaving hut, and over this bar are passed the threads which constitute the warp, their other ends being fastened to a corresponding bar below, which is fixed tightly down by a couple of forked sticks thrust into the ground. The alternate threads of the warp are divided by two slight rods, the ends of which are held in the fingers of the left hand, which cross them alternately, while the woof is interlaced by means of a sword-shaped shuttle, which also serves to strike it down and lay it regularly.

In consequence of this form of loom it is only possible to weave pieces of cloth of a limited length, and, as these cloths are used as currency, they are all made of the same length. Each of these pieces is called a "bongo," and when two are sewed together they become "denguis."

The women are only allowed to wear two of these pieces of cloth, the size of the wearer not being taken into consideration. One is hung at each side, and the edges are joined before and behind, so that a large and fat woman presents a very absurd appearance, the pieces of cloth being too short to meet properly.

The Ishogos seldom go armed, and although they have spears, and bows and arrows, they do not carry them except when actually required. It is thought etiquette, however, for them to take their swords with them when they go to visit another village. They are a quiet and peaceful people, and although they have at hand the means of intoxicating themselves, they are remarkable for their sobriety, in which virtue they present a pleasing contrast to their noisy, quarrelsome, and intemperate neighbors, the Apono tribe.

The villages of the Ishogo tribe are often very large, containing two hundred or more huts. Each hut is, on an average, twenty-two feet in length, and ten or twelve feet in width, and is divided by partitions into three compartments. The mud walls are not quite five feet in height, and the top of the roof is about nine feet from the ground. The doors are placed in the middle of the central compartment, and are very small, only a little more than two feet and a half in height, and are not hung on hinges, but turn in the middle on a couple of pivots, one at the top and the other at the bottom. Perhaps one reason for this diminutive size is, that the natives have no saws, and their only method of making a door is by felling the trunk of a tree, cutting it into the proper length, and laboriously chipping away the wood at each side. The doors are decorated with various devices, complicated and even elegant patterns being painted on them in red, black, and white, &c. Most of the houses have the outer surface of the walls covered with the bark of trees.

The furniture of these huts is scarcely equal to the excellence of the architecture. Hanging from the roof are a quantity of calabashes, which contain water, palm wine, and oil, and are accompanied by plenty of cotton bags and cooking vessels. A well-furnished hut has also a number of plates and dishes, made either from reeds or from the rind of a plant called "astang," divided into strips, and against the walls are stored the bundles of palm fibres from which the bongos are woven. Tobacco is also stored within the hut, and is completely enveloped in leaves.





(1.) THE CEREMONY OF M'PAZA. (See page 479.)



(2.) OBONGO MARKET. (See page 482.)

The usual form of a village is a single street, of great length, and sometimes exceedingly wide. The street of one village was fully a hundred yards in width, and was kept so neatly that not a single weed was to be seen in it,—a really remarkable fact when we remember the exceeding rapidity with which vegetation grows in this country. Each village has at least one "palaver-house," while many have several. The "palaver-house" is more of a shed than a house, and consists chiefly of a roof and the posts which support it. In this house the men meet daily, to smoke, to hold trials, to receive strangers, and to indulge in that interminable gossip of which a relic still exists in the "discoorsing" of Ireland.

There is also a temple, or M'buiti house, in which a kind of religious service is held, and which always contains a large wooden idol, which the people hold in great reverence. The proceedings within this edifice will be presently described.

In the middle of every Ishogo and Ashango village there is a single large tree, belonging to the genus *Ficus*. When the site of a village is first laid out, a sapling of this tree is planted, the prosperity of the future village being connected with it. If it should live and flourish, the new village will be prosperous; but, if it should die, the place is abandoned and a new site chosen. Some of the villages are distinguished by having two heads of the gorilla, one male and the other female, stuck on poles under the sacred tree, and M. du Chaillu learned afterward that certain charms were buried at the root of the same tree.

Among the Ishogos there is a very remarkable custom connected with the birth of twins. In many parts of the world twins are destroyed as soon as born, but in this country they are permitted to live, though under restrictions which tell much more severely on the mother than on her offspring. The Ishogo have a vague kind of a notion that no woman ought to produce more than a single infant at a time, and that nature desires to correct the mistake by killing one of the children before it is able to take care of itself. After that time—i. e. when the children are about six years old—the balance of the births and deaths is supposed to be equalized, and no further precautions need be taken.

Therefore, as soon as twins are born, the house is marked off in some way so as to distinguish it. In one instance, mentioned by M. du Chaillu, two long poles were planted at each side of the door, a piece of cloth was hung over the entrance, and a row of white pegs driven into the ground just in front of the threshold. These marks are intended to warn strangers from entering the hut, as, if any one except the children and their parents do so, the delinquent is seized and sold into slavery. The twins

themselves are not allowed to play with the other children, and even the very utensils and cooking pots of the hut cannot be used.

In consequence of this curious law, there is nothing, next to being childless, which the women dread so much as having twins born to them, and nothing annoys an Ishogo woman so much as telling her that she is sure to have twins. Perhaps the most irritating restriction is that which forbids the woman to talk. She is allowed to go into the forest for firewood, and to perform such necessary household tasks, as otherwise she and her children must starve. But she is strictly forbidden to speak a word to any one who does not belong to her own family—a prohibition annoying enough to any one, but doubly so in Africa, where perpetual talk is almost one of the necessities of life.

At the expiration of the sixth year, a ceremony takes place by which all parties are released from their long confinement, and allowed to enter the society of their fellows. At daybreak proclamation is made in the street, and two women, namely, the mother and a friend, take their stand at the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. They next march slowly down the village, beating a drum in time to the step, and singing an appropriate song. A general dance and feast then takes place, and lasts throughout the night, and, after the ceremony is over, all restrictions are removed. This rite is called "M'paza," a word which both signifies twins and the ceremony by which they and their mother are set free from their imprisonment. It is illustrated on the 478th page.

As in other parts of Africa, the natives have a way of keeping up their dancing and drumming and singing all night, partly on account of the coolness, and partly because they are horribly superstitious, and have an idea that evil spirits might hurt them under cover of the night, if they were not frightened away by the fires and noise.

One of these dances is called M'muirri, on account of the loud reverberating sound produced by their lips. It is properly a war-dance, and is performed by men alone. They form in line, and advance and retreat simultaneously, stamping so as to mark the time, beating their breasts, yelling, and making the reverberating sound which has been already mentioned. Their throats being apparently of brass and their lungs of leather, the Ishogo villagers keep up this horrid uproar throughout the night, without a moment's cessation, and those who are for the moment tired of singing, and do not own a drum, contribute their share to the general noise by clapping two pieces of wood together.

With all their faults, the Ishogos are a pleasant set of people, and M. du Chaillu, who lived with them, and was accompanied by Ishogos in his expedition, says that they

are the gentlest and kindest-hearted negroes that he ever met. After his retreat from Ashango-land, which will next be mentioned, the Ishogos received him with even more than usual hospitality, arranged his

journey westward, and the whole population of the villages turned out of their houses and accompanied him a little distance on his way.

### ASHANGO.

EASTWARD of the Ishogos is a people called the Ashango. They speak a different dialect from the Ishogo, and call themselves a different race, but their manners and customs are so similar to those of the Ishogos that a very brief account of them is all that is needed.

Ashango-land was the limit of M. du Chaillu's second expedition, which was suddenly brought to a close by a sad accident. The people had been rather suspicious of his motives, and harassed him in his camp, so that a few shots were fired in the air by way of warning. Unfortunately, one of the guns was discharged before it was raised, and the bullet struck an unfortunate man in the head, killing him instantly. The whole village flew to arms, the war-drum sounded, and the warrior crowded to the spot, with their barbed spears, and bows and poisoned arrows.

For a moment there was a lull: the interpreter, whose hand fired the unlucky shot, explained that it was an accident, and that the price of twenty men should be paid as compensation. Beads and cloth were produced, and one of the headmen had just assented to the proposal, when a loud wailing was heard, and a woman rushed out of a hut, announcing that the favorite wife of the friendly headman had been killed by the same fatal bullet, which, after scattering the brains of the man, had passed through the thin walls of the hut, and killed the poor woman within.

After this announcement all hopes of peace were at an end; the husband naturally cried for vengeance; and, amid a shower of arrows, one of which struck the interpreter, and another nearly severed M. du Chaillu's finger, the party retreated as best they could, refraining from firing as long as they could, but at last being forced to fire in self-defence. In order to escape as fast as they could, the porters were obliged to throw away the instruments, specimens of natural history, and photographs, so that the labor of months was lost, and scarcely anything except the journal was saved. Each village to which they came sent out its warriors against them. M. du Chaillu was dangerously wounded in the side, and had at last to throw away his best but heaviest rifle. It was only after the death of several of their number that the Ashangos perceived that they had to contend with a foe who was more than a match for them, and at last gave up the pursuit.

It was necessary, however, to conceal the fact of being wounded, for several of the tribes had an idea that their white visitor was invulnerable to spears and arrows, and it was a matter of great consequence that such a notion should be encouraged. All kinds of wild rumors circulated about him: some saying that the Ashango arrows glanced off his body without hurting him, just as the Scotch believed that the bullets were seen hopping like hail off the body of Claverhouse; while others improved on the tale, and avowed that he had changed himself into a leopard, a gorilla, or an elephant, as the case might be, and under this strange form had attacked the enemies and driven them away.

The Ashangos are even better clothed than the Ishogos, wearing denguins of considerable size, and even clothing their children, a most unusual circumstance in Central Africa. The women wear hair-towers like those of the Ishogos, but do not seem to expend so much trouble upon them. They seem to lead tolerably happy lives, and indeed to have their own way in most things.

The Ashango warriors are well armed, carrying swords, spears, and poisoned arrows. The spear and arrow-heads and swords are not made by themselves, but by the Shimba and Ashangui tribes, who seem to be the acknowledged smiths in this part of the country. The sword is carried by almost every Ashango, and when one of these weapons is bought or sold, the transaction is always carried on in private.

Before the Ashangos go out to war, they have a sort of magical ceremony, called "Cooking the War-dish." The witch-doctor is summoned, and sets to work preparing a kind of porridge of all sorts of herbs and fetishes in an enormous pot. None but the warriors are allowed to see the preparation, and, when the mess is cooked, each warrior eats a portion. None of it is allowed to be left, and after they have all eaten, the remainder is rubbed over their bodies, until they have excited themselves to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, when they rush out and at once proceed to the attack.

There are a number of minor ceremonies connected with food; one of which is, that the women are not allowed to eat goat flesh or fowls, the probable reason being, according to M. du Chaillu, that the men want to eat these articles themselves.

In Ashango-land, as well as among the Ishogos, the temple, or idol hut, is one of the most conspicuous buildings. Generally, the people did not like strangers to enter their temples, but in one village he succeeded in entering a temple, or M'buiti house, and seeing the strange worship which was conducted.

"This idol was kept at the end of a long, narrow, and low hut, forty or fifty feet long, and ten feet broad, and was painted in red, white, and black colors. When I entered the hut, it was full of Ashango people, ranged in order on each side, with lighted torches stuck in the ground before them. Among them were conspicuous two M'buiti men, or, as they might be called, priests, dressed in cloth of vegetable fibre, with their skins painted grotesquely in various colors, one side of the face red, the other white, and in the middle of the breast a broad, yellow stripe; the circuit of the eyes was also daubed with paint. These colors are made by boiling various kinds of wood and mixing the decoction with clay.

"The rest of the Ashangos were also streaked and daubed with various colors, and by the light of their torches they looked like a troop of devils assembled in the lower regions to celebrate some diabolical rite; around their legs were bound white leaves from the heart of the palm tree; some wore feathers, others had leaves twisted in the shape of horns behind their ears, and all had a bundle of palm leaves in their hands.

"Soon after I entered, the rites began: all the men squatted down on their haunches, and set up a deafening kind of wild song. There was an orchestra of instrumental performers near the idol, consisting of three drummers with two drumsticks each, one harper, and a performer on the sounding-stick, which latter did not touch the ground, but rested on two other sticks, so that the noise was made the more resonant. The two M'buiti men, in the mean time, were dancing in a fantastical manner in the middle of the temple, putting their bodies into all sorts of strange contortions. Every time the M'buiti men opened their mouths to speak, a dead silence ensued.

"As the ceremony continued, the crowd rose and surrounded the dancing men, redoubling at the same time the volume of their songs, and, after this went on for some time, returning to their former positions. This was repeated several times. It seemed to me to be a kind of village feast.

"The M'buiti men, I ought to mention, had been sent for from a distance to officiate on the occasion, and the whole affair was similar to a rude sort of theatrical representation. The M'buiti men, like the witchcraft doctors, are important persons among these inland tribes; some have more reputation than others, but in general those who live furthest off are much esteemed. At

length, wearied out with the noise, and being unable to see any meaning or any change in the performances, I returned to my hut at half past ten."

Being exceedingly superstitious, the Ashangos generally thought that their white visitor was not a man, but a spirit, as he could perform such wonders. He had a musical box, and set it playing, to the great consternation of the people. Their awe was increased by his leaving the box where it stood, and going away into the forest. The fact that the instrument should continue to play with no one near it was still more terrible, and a crowd of people stood round in dead silence—a very convincing proof of their awe-stricken state. An accordion produced even a greater sensation, and none but the chief dared to utter a sound. Even he was very much frightened, and continued beating his "kendo," or magic bell of office, and invoking help from the spirits of his ancestors.

This chief was a very pious man in his own fashion. He had a little temple or oratory of his own, and every morning and evening he repaired to the oratory, shut himself up, beat his bell, and invoked the spirits, and at night he always lighted a fire before beating the bell.

The "kendo" is a very remarkable badge of office. It is bell-shaped, but has a long iron handle bent in a hook-like shape, so that the "kendo" can be carried on the shoulder. Leopard's fur is fastened to it, much to the deadening of the sound, and the whole instrument forms an emblem which is respected as much as the sceptre among ourselves. As the chief walks along, he rings the bell, which announces his presence by a sound like that of a common sheep or cow bell.

When M. du Chaillu was among the Ashango, scarcely any articles of civilized manufacture had penetrated into the country. The universal bead had reached them, and so had a few ornaments of brass. There was an article, however, which was sometimes found among them, and which was about the last that could be expected. It was the common black beer-bottle of England. These bottles have penetrated almost as far as the beads, and are exceedingly prized by the chiefs, who value no article of property more than a black bottle, which they sling to their belts, and in which they keep their plantain wine. Calabashes would, of course, answer their purpose better, being less fragile, but the black bottle is a chief's great ambition. Mostly, the wives do as they like; but, if a wife should happen to break a bottle, she has committed an offence for which no pardon is expected.

The Ashangos have an odd custom of receiving a visitor. When they desire to do him particular honor, they meet him with some dishes of their red paint, with which



he is expected to besmear himself. If a stranger approach a house, and the owner asks him to make himself red, he is quite happy, and, if the pigment should not be offered, he will go off in dudgeon at the slight.

### OBONGOS, OR BUSHMEN OF ASHANGO-LAND.

SOMEWHERE near the equatorial line, and between long. 11° and 12° E., there is a tribe of dwarfed negroes, called the Obongos, who seem to be among the very lowest of the human race, not only in stature, but in civilization.

The Obongos have no settled place of residence, their houses being simply huts made of branches, and constructed so slightly that no home interests can possibly attach to them. They are merely made of leafy boughs stuck in the ground, and are so slight that a whole village of Obongos will change its residence with scarcely a warning. The principal cause of abandonment seems to be summed up in the single word "venmin," with which the huts swarm to such an extent that, long after they have been abandoned, no one can enter without being covered with swarms of these offensive little insects. The huts are merely made of green boughs, and the hole which serves as a door is closed with a smaller bough. They are scattered about without any order in the open space left among the trees.

The resemblance between the Obongos and the Bosjesmans of Southern Africa is really wonderful. Like them, the Obongos are short, though not ill-shaped, much lighter in hue than their neighbors, and have short hair growing in tufts, while the Ashangos are tall, dark, and have rather long bushy hair.

Their color is pale yellow-brown, their foreheads narrow, and their cheek-bones high. The average height is about four feet seven inches, according to M. du Chaillu's measurements, though he found one woman who was considered very tall, and who was five feet and a quarter of an inch high. The men are remarkable for having their breasts and legs covered with hair, which grows in tufts like that of the head.

This diminutive stature is not entirely owing to the small size of the whole figure, but to the shortness of the legs, which, unlike those of African races in general, are very short in proportion to the size of the body. Thus, instead of looking like ordinary but well-shaped men seen through a diminishing glass, as is the case with the Bosjesman of Southern Africa, they have a dwarfish and stunted appearance, which, added to the hairy limbs of the men, gives them a weird and elfish appearance.

The dress of the Obongos—when they have any dress at all, which is seldom the case—consists entirely of old and worn out

denguis, which are given to them by the Ashangos. Indeed, the Ashangos behave very kindly to these wretched little beings, and encourage them to take up their residence near villages, so that a kind of traffic can be carried on. Degraded as these little beings seem to be, they are skilful trappers, and take great quantities of game, the supplies of which they sell to the Ashangos for plantains, iron cooking pots, and other implements. (See illustration No. 2, on p. 478.) On one occasion M. du Chaillu saw a dozen Ashango women going to the huts of the Obongos, carrying on their heads plantains which they were about to exchange for game. The men had not returned from hunting, but, on seeing that the Obongo women were suffering from hunger, and forced to live on some very unwholesome-looking nuts, they left nearly all the plantains, and came away without the game.

The woods in which they live are so filled with their traps that a stranger dares not walk in them, lest he should tumble into a pitfall which was constructed to catch the leopard, wild boar, or antelope, or have his legs caught in a trap which was laid for monkeys. There is not a path through the trees which does not contain a pitfall or two, and outside the path the monkey traps are so numerous that even by daylight it is difficult to avoid them. Being a wandering race, the Obongos never cultivate the ground, but depend for their food on the game which they take, and on the roots, berries, and nuts which they find in the woods. Animal food is coveted by them with astonishing eagerness, and a promise of goat's flesh will bribe an Obongo when even beads fail to touch him.

The origin of the Obongos is a mystery, and no one knows whether they are the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, or whether they came from a distance. The probability is, that they were the original inhabitants, and that the Ashangos, being a larger and more powerful race, have gradually possessed themselves of that fertile land, whose capabilities were wasted by the nomad and non-laboring Obongos.

It is strange that they should have retained their individuality throughout so long a period, in which phenomenon they present a curious resemblance to the gipsies of Europe, who have for centuries been among us, though not of us. The Obongos never marry out of their own tribe, and as they live in little communities of ten or twelve huts, it is evident that they can have but little matri-

monial choice. Indeed, the Ashangos say that the ties of kinship are totally neglected, and that the Obongos permit marriages to take place between brothers and sisters. This circumstance may perhaps account for their dwarfed stature.

They are a timid people, and when M. du Chaillu visited them he could hardly catch a sight of them, as they all dashed into the wood as soon as they saw the stranger. It was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in intercepting several women and some children, and by presents of beads and promises of meat conciliating some of them, and inducing them to inspire confidence in their comrades. One little old woman named Misounda, who was at first very shy, became quite confident, and began to laugh at the men for running away. She said that they were as timid as the squirrel, which cried "Qué, Qué," and squeaked in imitation

of the animal, at the same time twisting her odd little body into all sorts of droll contortions, intended to represent the terror of her frightened companions.

When an Obongo dies, it is usual to take the body to a hollow tree in the forest, and drop it into the hollow, which is afterward filled to the top with earth, leaves, and branches. Sometimes, however, they employ a more careful mode of burial. They take the body to some running stream, the course of which has been previously diverted. A deep grave is dug in the bed of the stream, the body placed in it, and covered over carefully. Lastly, the stream is restored to its original course, so that all traces of the grave are soon lost. This remarkable custom is not peculiar to the Obongos, but has existed in various parts of the world from the earliest known time.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE APONO AND APINGI TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE APONO TRIBE—THEIR LIVELY CHARACTER—DRESS AND ORNAMENT—THE GIANT DANCE—WEAPONS—APONO ARCHITECTURE—RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION—SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL—AN APONO LEGEND—THE APINGI TRIBE—THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE AND MODE OF DRESS—SKILL IN WEAVING—DEXTERITY AS BOATMEN—A SCENE ON THE REMBO—CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENT—SLAVERY AMONG THE APINGI—A HUNTER'S LEOPARD-CHARM—FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

PROCEEDING toward the western coast of Africa, we now come to the Apono tribe, which inhabit a district just below the Equator, and between long. 11° and 12° E.

They are a merry race, and carry to excess the African custom of drumming, dancing, and singing throughout the entire night. Drinking, of course, forms a chief part of the amusements of the night, the liquid used being the palm wine, which is made in great quantities in many parts of tropical Africa. Perhaps the innate good nature of the Apono people was never shown to greater advantage than on one occasion when M. du Chaillu determined to stop the revelry that cost him his repose at night, and the services of his intoxicated porters by day. He did so by the very summary process of going to the hut where the feast was held, kicking over the vessels of palm wine, and driving the chiefs and their attendants out of the hut. They were certainly vexed at the loss of so much good liquor, but contented themselves with a grumble, and then obeyed orders.

The Aponos proved to be very honest men, according to the African ideas of honesty; and, from M. du Chaillu's account, did not steal his property, and always took his part in the numberless squabbles with different chiefs. They are not pleasing in appearance, not so much from actual ugliness of feature, but from their custom of disfiguring themselves artificially. In the first place, they knock out the two middle teeth

of the upper jaw, and file all the rest to sharp points. Tattooing is carried on to a considerable extent, especially by the women, who have a habit of raising little elevated scars in their foreheads, sometimes arranged in the form of a diamond, and situated between the eyes. Several marks are made on the cheeks, and a few on the chest and abdomen.

The dress of the Aponos resembles that of the Ishogo tribe, and is made of grass cloth. The men wear the denguis or mantles, composed of several grass cloths sewed together, while the women are restricted to two, one of which is attached on either side, and made to meet in the back and front if they can. While the women are young, the dress is amply sufficient, but when they become old and fat, the cloths, which are always of uniform size, cannot be made to meet by several inches. However, the dress in question is that which is sanctioned by ordinary custom, and the Aponos are perfectly satisfied with it.

The palm wine which has just been mentioned is made by the Aponos in a very simple manner. When the fruit is nearly ripe, the natives climb the trees and hang hollowed gourds under the fruits for the purpose of receiving the precious liquor. They are so fond of this drink, that even in the early morning they may be seen climbing the trees and drinking from the suspended calabashes. During the season the Apono people are constantly intoxicated, and, in consequence, are apt to be quarrel-





(1.) THE GIANT DANCE. (See page 487.)



(2.) FISHING SCENE. (See page 482.)

some and lazy, willing to take offence at any slight, whether real or imagined, and to neglect the duties which at other times of the year they are always ready to perform.

Fortunately for themselves, the palm wine season lasts only a few months, and during the remainder of the year the Aponos are perforce obliged to be sober. While it lasts, the country is most unpleasant to a stranger, the sound of the drum, the dance, and the song scarcely ever ceasing night or day, while the people are so tetchy and quarrelsome that a day never passes without a fight, which often leaves considerable scars behind it.

One of their dances is very peculiar, and is called by the name of *Ocuya*, or *Giant Dance*. The reader will find it illustrated on the previous page.

This curious dance is performed by a man who enacts the part of the giant, and raises himself to the necessary height by means of stilts. He then endues a wicker-work frame, shaped like the body of a man, and dressed like one of the natives, in large grass cloths. The dress reaches to the ground, so as to conceal the stilts, and, in spite of this drawback, the performer walks and dances as if he were using his unaided feet. Of course he wears a mask, and this mask is mostly of a white color. It has large, thick lips, and a mouth partly open, showing the gap in which the upper incisor teeth had once existed. The head-dress is much like a lady's bonnet of 1864 or 1865. The material of which it is made is monkey skin, and it is ornamented with feathers.

The Aponos are not distinguished as warriors, their weapons being very formidable in appearance, and very inefficient in practice. Each Apono has his bow and arrows. The former is a stiff, cumbrous kind of weapon. It is bent nearly in a semi-circle, the string being nearly two feet from the centre of the bow. The string is of vegetable fibre. The arrows are ingeniously armed with triangular iron heads, each being attached to a hollow neck, through which the shaft passes loosely. The head is poisoned, and when it penetrates the flesh it remains fixed in the wound, while the shaft falls to the ground, just as is the case with the *Bosjesman* arrows already described.

Their spears are also rather clumsy, and are too heavy to be thrown. They are, however, rather formidable in close combat. The weapon which is most coveted by the Apono tribe is a sort of sword, or rather scimitar, with a wooden handle and a boldly curved blade. An ambitious young Apono is never happy until he has obtained one of these scimitars, and such a weapon, together with a handsome cap and a well-made "dengui," will give a man a most distinguished appearance among his fellows. Although the curved form is most common, some of these swords are straight, and are not made by

themselves, but by the *Abombos* and *Iljavis*, who live to the east of them. The blade of this weapon is four feet in length, and the handle is shaped like a dice-box, the "tang" of the blade running through it and being clenched on the end of the hilt. From the same tribes they procure their anvils, which are too large for their resources; their only melting pots being scarcely able to hold more than a pint of iron ore. The shields of the Apono are circular and made of basket work.

The villages of the Apono are well and neatly built. One of them, belonging to *Nchiengain*, the principal chief of the Apono tribe, was measured by *M. du Chaillu*, and found to consist of one long street, nearly four hundred and fifty yards long, and eighteen yards wide. The houses were all separated by an interval, and each house was furnished with a little veranda in front, under which the inhabitants sit and smoke their pipes, eat their meals, and enjoy a chat with their neighbors. The material of the houses is chiefly bamboo, and strips of the leaf-stalks of palm trees, and the average height of a hut is about seven feet.

One of the villages, named *Mokaba*, deserved the name of a town, and was arranged in a somewhat different manner. The houses were arranged in three parallel rows, forming one wide principal street in the middle, and a narrow street on either side. The houses are arranged in hollow squares, each square belonging to one family. As often as a man marries a fresh wife, he builds a separate house for her, and all these new houses are arranged in the form of a quadrangle, the empty space being planted with palm trees, which are the property of the headman of each group, and which pass at his death to his heir. These palm trees are valuable property, and are especially prized as furnishing material for the palm wine which the Apono tribe drink to such an extent.

Superstition is as rife among the Aponos as among other tribes which have been mentioned, and preserves its one invariable characteristic, *i. e.* an ever-present fear of evil. When *M. du Chaillu* visited them, they were horribly afraid of such a monster as a white man, and jumped to the conclusion that any one who was unlike themselves must be both evil and supernatural.

It was with some difficulty that the chief *Nchiengain* was induced to allow the travellers to pass through his territories; and even after permission had been granted, it was thought better to send a man who was the personal friend of the chief, and who would serve to calm the fears with which he regarded the approach of his visitors. There was certainly some reason for his fear, for, by some unfortunate mischance, the small-pox swept through the country during the time of

M. du Chaillu's travels, and it was very natural that the people should think that the white stranger was connected with the disease.

When, at last, the traveller entered the Apono village, there was a general consternation, the men running away as fast as their legs could carry them, and the women fleeing to their huts, clasping their children in their arms, and shrieking with terror. The village was, in fact, deserted, in spite of the example set by the chief, who, although as much frightened as any of his subjects, bore in mind the responsibilities of his office, and stood in front of his house to receive his visitor. In order to neutralize as much as possible the effects of the white man's witchery, he had hung on his neck, body, and limbs all the fetiches which he possessed, and had besides covered his body with mysterious lines of alumbi chalk. Thus fortified, he stood in front of his hut, accompanied by two men, who bravely determined to take part with their chief in his perilous adventure.

At first Nchiengain was in too great a fright to look at his visitor, but before very long he ventured to do so, and accept some presents. Afterward, when he had got over the fear with which he regarded the white man, he acted after the fashion of all African chiefs, *i. e.* he found all sorts of excuses for not furnishing his guests with guides and porters: the real object being to keep in his hands the wonderful white man who had such inexhaustible treasures at command, and who might make him the richest and most powerful chief in the country.

The idols of the Apono tribe are hideously ugly. When M. du Chaillu was in Apono-land, he naturally wished to bring home a specimen of a native idol, and after some trouble induced Nchiengain to present him with a specimen. The chief obligingly sent his wife to the temple to fetch an idol, which he generously presented to his guest. It was a wooden image, so large that the woman could scarcely carry it, and was of such a character that it could not possibly be exhibited in Europe.

These people seem to possess inventive faculties of no small extent, if we may judge from a strange legend that was told by one of them. According to this tale, in former times there was a great chief called Redjiona, the father of a beautiful girl called Arondo. He was very fond of this daughter, and would not allow any one to marry her,

unless he promised that, if his daughter died before her husband, he should die with her and be buried in the same grave. In consequence of this announcement, no one dared to ask for Arondo's hand, and she remained unmarried for several years.

At last a suitor showed himself, in the person of a man named Akenda Mbani. This name signifies "he who never goes twice to the same place;" and he had taken it in consequence of a law or command of his father, that he must never go twice to the same place. He married Arondo, and, being a mighty hunter, he brought home plenty of game; but if he had by chance killed two large animals, such as antelopes or boars, together, he brought home one, and made his father-in-law fetch the other, on the plea that he could not go twice to the same place.

After some years Arondo was taken ill with a headache, which became worse and worse until she died, and, according to agreement, Akenda Mbani did with her. As soon as she was dead, her father gave orders to prepare a large grave for the husband and wife. In the grave was placed the bed of the married pair, on which their bodies were laid, and they were accompanied by a slave killed to wait on them in the land of spirits, and by much wealth in the shape of ivory, plates, mats, and ornaments. Akenda Mbani was also furnished with his sword, spear, and hunting bag. The grave was then filled up, and a mound of sand heaped upon it.

When Agambouai, the village orator, saw these arrangements, he disapproved of them, and told Redjiona that the hyenas would scratch up the mound of sand, and devour the bodies of his daughter and her husband. So Redjiona ordered the grave to be made so deep that the hyenas could not get at the bodies. Accordingly, the sand was removed, and the bodies of Akenda Mbani and his wife were seated on stools while the grave was deepened. When it was deep enough, the people replaced the bed, and lowered the slave and Arondo into the grave. They then proceeded to place Akenda Mbani by her, but he suddenly revived, and declined to take his place in the grave a second time, on the ground that he never went twice to the same place. Redjiona was very angry at this, but admitted the validity of the excuse, and consoled himself by cutting off the head of Agambouai.

## THE APINGI.

PASSING westward toward the coast, we come to the APINGI tribe. These people inhabit a tolerably large tract of country, and extend along the west side of a range of hills which separates them from the Ishogo.

The Apingi are not a handsome race. Their skin is black, with a decided tinge of yellow, but this lightness of hue may probably be owing to the mountainous regions which they inhabit. They wear the usual

grass cloth round the waist, and the women are restricted to two of the squares, each twenty-four inches long by eighteen wide, as is the custom throughout a large portion of West Africa. They do not, however, look on clothing in the same light as we do, and so the scantiness of their apparel is of no consequence to them.

This was oddly shown by the conduct of the head wife of Remandji, an Apingi chief. She came with her husband to visit M. du Chaillu, who presented her with a piece of light-colored cotton cloth. She was delighted with the present, and, much to her host's dismay, proceeded to disrobe herself of her ordinary dress, in order to indue the new garment. But, when she had laid aside the grass-cloth petticoat, some object attracted her attention, and she began to inspect it, forgetting all about her dress, chattering and looking about her for some time before she bethought herself of her cotton robe, which she put on quite leisurely.

This woman was rather good-looking, but, as a rule, the Apingi women are exceedingly ugly, and do not improve their beauty by the custom of filing the teeth, and covering themselves with tattooing. This practice is common to both sexes, but the women are fond of one pattern, which makes them look much as if they wore braces, a broad band of tattooed lines passing over each shoulder, and meeting in a V-shape on the breast. From the point of the V, other lines are drawn in a curved form upon the abdomen, and a similar series is carried over the back. The more of these lines a woman can show, the better dressed she is supposed to be.

The grass cloths above-mentioned are all woven by the men, who can make them either plain or colored. A square of the former kind is a day's work to an Apingi, and a colored cloth requires from two to three days' labor. But the Apingi, like other savages, is a very slow workman, and has no idea of the determined industry with which an European pursues his daily labor. Time is nothing to him, and whether a grass cloth takes one or two days' labor is a matter of perfect indifference. He will not dream of setting to work without his pipe, and always has his friends about him, so that he may lighten the labors of the loom by social converse. Generally, a number of looms are set up under the projecting eaves of the houses, so that the weavers can talk as much as they like with each other.

The Apingi are celebrated as weavers, and are said to produce the best cloths in the country. These are held in such estimation that they are sold even on the coast, and are much used as mosquito curtains. The men generally wear a robe made of eight or nine squares. Barter, and not personal use, is the chief object in making

these cloths, the Apingi thinking that their tattooing is quite enough clothing for all social purposes. Indeed, they openly say that the tattooing is their mode of dress, and that it is quite as reasonable as covering up the body and limbs with a number of absurd garments, which can have no object but to restrain the movements. Sometimes the Apingi wear a cloth over one shoulder, but this is used as a sign of wealth, and not intended as dress.

Like most tribes which live on the banks of rivers, the Apingi, who inhabit the district watered by the Rembo River, are clever boatmen, and excellent swimmers. The latter accomplishment is a necessity, as the canoes are generally very small and frail, flat-bottomed, and are easily capsized. They draw scarcely any water, this structure being needful on account of the powerful stream of the Rembo, which runs so swiftly that even these practised paddlers can scarcely make more than three or four miles an hour against the stream.

When M. du Chaillu was passing up the Rembo, he met with an accident that showed the strength of the current. An old woman was paddling her boat across the stream, but the light bark was swept down by the stream, and dashed against that of Du Chaillu, so that both upset. As for the old woman, who had a bunch of plantains in her boat, she thought of nothing but her fruit, and swam down the stream bawling out lustily, "Where are my plantains? Give me my plantains!" She soon captured her canoe, took it ashore, emptied out the water, and paddled off again, never ceasing her lamentations about her lost bunch of plantains.

There is a curious matrimonial law among the Apingi, which was accidentally discovered by M. du Chaillu. A young man, who had just married the handsomest woman in the country, showed all the marks of poverty, even his grass cloth dress being ragged and worn out. On being asked the reason of his shabby appearance, he pointed to his young wife, and said that she had quite ruined him. On further interrogation, it was shown that among the Apingi, if a man fell in love with the wife of a neighbor, and she reciprocated the affection, the lover might purchase her from the husband, who was bound to sell her for the same price that he originally paid for her. In the present instance, so large a sum had been paid for the acknowledged belle of the country that the lover had been obliged to part with all his property before he could secure her.

As is often the case in Africa, the slaves are treated very well by their masters. Should a slave be treated harshly, he can at any time escape by means of a curious and most humane law. He finds an opportunity of slipping away, and goes to another vil-



lage, where he chooses for himself a new master. This is done by "beating bongo," i. e. by laying the hands on the head and saying, "Father, I wish to serve you. I choose you for my master, and will never go back to my old master." Such an offer may not be refused, neither can the fugitive slave be reclaimed, unless he should return to the village which he left.

The Apingi are very fond of palm wine, and, like other neighboring tribes, hang calabashes in the trees for the purpose of receiving the juice. Being also rather selfish, they mostly visit their palm trees in the early morning, empty the calabashes into a vessel, and then go off into the woods and drink the wine alone, lest some acquaintance should happen to see them, and ask for a share.

Hospitality is certainly one of the virtues of the Apingi tribe. When M. du Chaillu visited them, the chief Remandji presented him with food, the gift consisting of fowls, cassava, plantains, and a *young slave*. The latter article was given in accordance with the ordinary negro's idea, that the white men are cannibals, and purchase black men for the purpose of eating them. "Kill him for your evening meal," said the hospitable chief; "he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry." And so deeply was the idea of cannibalism implanted in his mind, that nothing would make this really estimable gentleman comprehend that men could possibly be wanted as laborers, and not as articles of food.

However, a very fair meal (*minus* the slave) was prepared, and when it was served up, Remandji appeared, and tasted every dish that was placed before his guests. He even drank a little of the water as it was poured out, this custom being followed throughout the tribe, the wives tasting the food set before their husbands, and the men that which they offer to their guests. It is singular to see how ancient and universal is the office of "taster," and how a custom which still survives in European courts as a piece of state ceremonial is in active operation among the savage tribes of Western Africa.

The religious, or rather the superstitious, system of the Apingi differs little from that which we have seen in other districts, and seems to consist chiefly in a belief in fetiches, and charms of various kinds. For example, when M. du Chaillu told Remandji that he would like to go on a leopard hunt, the chief sent for a sorcerer, or "ouganga," who knew a charm which enabled him to kill any number of leopards without danger to himself. The wizard came, and went through his ceremonies, remarking that the white man might laugh as much as he please, but that on the next day he would see that his charm (*monda*) would bring a leopard.

On the following morning he started into the woods, and in the afternoon returned

with a fine leopard which he had killed. He asked such an exorbitant price for the skin that the purchase was declined, and the skin was therefore put to its principal use, namely, making fetich belts for warriors. A strip of skin is cut from the head to the tail, and is then charmed by the ouganga, whose incantations are so powerful that neither bullet, arrow, nor spear, can wound the man who wears the belt. Of course such a belt commands a very high price, which accounts for the unwillingness of the sorcerer to part with the skin.

As is usual in many parts of the world, when twins are born, one of them is killed, as an idea prevails that, if both are allowed to live, the mother will die. Only one case was known where twins, boys seven years of age, were allowed to survive, and, as their mother did not die, she was respected as a very remarkable woman.

Seeing the treasures which their white visitor brought among them, the Apingi could not be disabused of the notion that he made, or rather created, them all himself, and that he was able, by his bare word, to make unlimited quantities of the same articles. One day a great consultation was held, and about thirty chiefs, with Remandji at their head, came and preferred the modest request that the white man would make a pile of beads as high as the tallest tree, and another of guns, powder, cloth, brass kettles, and copper rods. Nothing could persuade them that such a feat was impossible, and the refusal to perform the expected miracle was a severe disappointment to the Apingi chiefs, who had come from great distances, each bringing with him a large band of followers. There was even an Ashango chief, who had come from his own country, more than a hundred miles to the eastward, bringing with him a strong party of men to carry away his share of the goods.

This scene appears to have made a great impression on the natives, for when Remandji and his son died, an event which happened not long after Du Chaillu had left the country, the people firmly believed that the latter had killed him on account of his friendship for him, desiring that they should be companions in the spirit land, which they believed was the ordinary habitation of white men.

Their burial customs are rather curious, and not at all agreeable. The body is left in the house where the sick person has died, and is allowed to remain there as long as it can hold together. At last, the nearest relation of the deceased comes and carries off the body on his shoulders, bearing it to some convenient spot at a little distance from the village. No grave is dug, but the corpse is laid on the ground, some pieces of ivory or a few personal ornaments are laid by it, and the funeral ceremony is at an end.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE BAKALAI.

DISTRICTS INHABITED BY THE BAKALAI—THEIR ROVING AND UNSETTLED HABITS—SKILL IN HUNTING—DIET AND MODE OF COOKING—A FISH BATTLE—CLEANLY HABITS OF THE BAKALAI—FORBIDDEN MEATS—CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE SICK, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BAKALAI—THEIR IDOLS—THE WOMEN AND THEIR RELIGIOUS RITES—AN INTRUSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—THE “KEEN” OVER A DEAD PERSON.

THE large and important tribe of the Bakalai inhabit a considerable tract of country between the Equator and 2° S., and long. 10° to 13° E. The land in which they dwell is not tenanted by themselves alone, but they occupy so much space in it that it may fairly be called by their name. They have a peculiar faculty for colonization, and have extended their settlements in all directions, some being close to the western coast, and others far to the east of the Ashangos. Of course, their habits differ according to the kind of country in which they are placed, but in all situations they are bold and enterprising, and never fail to become masters of the district.

One clan or branch of this tribe, however, has abandoned these roving habits, and has settled permanently at a place called Obindji, after the chief of the clan. Being conveniently situated at the junction of the Onenga and Ofouboa rivers, Obindji has a commanding position for trade, and, having contracted an alliance with the great chief Quengueza, carries on a prosperous commerce, ebony being their special commodity. In concluding his alliance with them, Quengueza showed his wisdom by insisting upon their maintaining peace with all their neighbors, this indeed having been his policy throughout his life.

When Du Chaillu was passing along the Rembo River, Quengueza addressed the porters who carried the goods, and gave them excellent advice, which, if they would only have followed it, would have kept them clear of many subsequent quarrels and misfortunes. He advised them never to pick up bunches of plantain or nuts that might be

lying on the road, because those were only placed as a bait. Also, if told to catch and kill goats or fowls, or to pluck fruit, they were to refuse, saying that it was the duty of the host to supply the food, and not to set his guests to fetch it for themselves. They were specially enjoined not to enter other houses but those allotted to them, not to sit on strange seats, and to keep clear of the women.

Obindji's town showed clearly the character of the inhabitants. Bound to keep the peace by the treaty with Quengueza, they were still prepared against the incursions of inimical tribes. Usually, the houses are made of bamboo, but those of Obindji had regular walls, made of broad strips of bark lashed firmly to the bamboo uprights. When the house is made of bamboo alone, the inhabitants can be seen nearly as well as if they were birds in cages, and consequently the enemy can shoot at them between the bars. In Obindji, however, the houses were not only defended by the bark walls, but were further guarded by being separated into two rooms, the inner chamber being that in which the family sleep. So suspicious are they, that they never spread the couch on the same spot for two successive nights.

Their great ambition seems to be the possession of the rivers, by means of which they can traverse the country, make raids, or plant new settlements in any promising spot. Thus all along the great river Rembo are found districts inhabited by Bakalai, and each of the settlements is sure to be the parent of other colonies on either bank. Moreover, they are of strangely nomad hab-

its, settling down for a time, and then suddenly breaking up their village, taking away what portable stores they can carry, abandoning the rest, and settling down like a flight of locusts in some fresh spot. The causes for this curious habit are several, but superstition is at the bottom of them all, as will be seen when we come to that branch of the subject.

The complexion of the Bakalai is dark, but not black, and, as a rule, they are of fair height and well made. They wear the usual grass cloth as long as they cannot procure American or European goods, but, whenever they can purchase a piece of cotton print, they will wear it as long as it will hang together. Of washing it they seem to have no conception, and to rags they have no objection. Neither do the Bakalai wash themselves. Those who live on the banks of the river swim like ducks, and, as their aquatic excursions often end in a capsize, they are perforce washed in the stream. But washing in the light of ablution is never performed by them, and those who live inland, and have no river, never know the feeling of water on their oily bodies.

On account of their migratory habits, they have but little personal property, concentrating all their wealth in the one article of wives. A Bakalai will go to hunt, an art in which he is very expert, and will sell the tusks, skins, and horns for European goods. As soon as he has procured this wealth, he sets off to buy a new wife with it, and is not very particular about her age, so that she be young. A girl is often married when quite a child, and in that case she lives with her parents until she has reached the marriageable age, which in that country is attained at a very early period.

In consequence of this arrangement, children are eagerly expected, and joyfully welcomed when they make their appearance. As a rule, African women are not prolific mothers, so that a wife who has several children is held in the highest estimation as the producer of valuable property, and carries things with a high hand over her husband and his other wives. The ideas of consanguinity are very curious among the Bakalai. A man will not marry a wife who belongs to the same village or clan as himself, and yet, if a man dies, his son takes his wives as a matter of course, and, if he has no son old enough to do so, they pass to his brother. Slaves also constitute part of a Bakalai's property, and are kept, not so much for the purpose of doing their master's work, which is little enough, but as live stock, to be sold to the regular slave-dealers whenever a convenient opportunity may occur.

The principal food of the Bakalai is the cassava or manioc, which is prepared so that it passes into the acid state of fermentation, and becomes a sour, but otherwise flavorless mess. The chief advantage of this mode of

preparation is, that it will keep from six weeks or two months, and at the end of that time is no nastier than it was when comparatively fresh. They have also a singularly unpleasant article of diet called njavi oil. It is made from the seeds of the njavi, one of the large forest trees of the country, and is prepared by first boiling the seed, then crushing it on a board, and lastly squeezing out the oil in the hand. Much oil is wasted by this primitive process, and that which is obtained is very distasteful to European palates, the flavor resembling that of scorched lard. It is chiefly used in cooking vegetables, and is also employed for the hair, being mixed with an odoriferous powder, and plastered liberally on their woolly heads. It is principally with this oil that the skin is anointed, a process which is really needful for those who wear no clothing in such a climate. Palm oil is sometimes employed for the same purpose, but it is too dear to be in general use. Even the natives cannot endure a very long course of this manioc, and, when they have been condemned to eat nothing but vegetable food for several weeks, have a positive craving for meat, and will do anything to procure it.

This craving after animal food sometimes becomes almost a disease. It is known by the name of gouamba, and attacks both white and black men alike. Quengeza himself was occasionally subject to it, and was actually found weeping with the agony of gouamba, a proceeding which seems absurd and puerile to those who have never been subjected to the same affliction. Those who suffer from it become positive wild beasts at the sight of meat, which they devour with an eagerness that is horrible to witness. Even M. du Chaillu, with all his guns and other means of destroying game, occasionally suffered from gouamba, which he describes as "real and frightful torture."

The Bakalai do not think of breeding their goats and chickens for food, their wandering habits precluding them from either agriculture or pastoral pursuits, and they are obliged, therefore, to look to fishing and hunting for a supply of animal food. The former of these pursuits is principally carried on during the dry season, when the waters of the river have receded, and pools have been left on the plains. To those pools the Bakalai proceed in numbers, men, women, and children taking part in the work. Each is furnished with a pot or bowl, with which they bail out the water until the fish are left struggling in the mud. The whole party then rush in, secure the fish, and take them home, when a large portion is consumed on the spot, but the greater quantity dried in the smoke and laid up for future stores. (See illustration p. 486.)

Savages as they are, the Bakalai are very cleanly in their cooking, as is mentioned by

M. du Chaillu. "The Bakalai were cooking a meal before setting out on their travels. It is astonishing to see the neatness with which these savages prepare their food. I watched some women engaged in boiling plantains, which form the bread of all this region. One built a bright fire between two stones. The others peeled the plantains, then carefully washed them—just as a clean white cook would—and, cutting them in several pieces, put them in the earthen pot. This was then filled with water, covered over with leaves, over which were placed the banana peelings, and then the pot was put on the stones to boil. Meat they had not, but roasted a few ground-nuts instead; but the boiled plantains they ate with great quantities of Cayenne pepper." From this last circumstance, it is evident that the Bakalai do not share in the superstitious notion about red pepper which has been lately mentioned.

With all this cleanliness in cooking, they are so fond of animal food that they will eat it when almost falling to pieces with decomposition. And, in spite of their love for it, there is scarcely any kind of meat which is not prohibited to one family or another, or at all events to some single individual. For example, when one of the party has shot a wild bull (*Bos brachyceros*), their principal chief or king refused to touch the flesh, saying that it was "roonda," or prohibited to himself and his family, because, many generations back, a woman of his family had given birth to a calf. Another family was prohibited from eating the flesh of the crocodile, for similar reasons. So careful are the Bakalai on this subject that even their love for meat fails before their dread of the "roonda," and a man will sooner die of starvation than eat the prohibited food. Of course, this state of things is singularly inconvenient. The kindred prohibitions of Judaism and Mahometanism are trying enough, especially to travellers, who cannot expect any great choice of food. But, as in the latter cases, the prohibited articles are invariably the same, there is little difficulty about the commissariat.

Among the Bakalai, however, if the traveller should happen to employ a party of twenty men, he may find that each man has some "roonda" which will not permit him to join his comrades at their repast. One man, for example, may not eat monkey's flesh, while another is prohibited to eat pork, and a third is forbidden to touch the hippopotamus, or some other animal. So strict is the law of "roonda," that a man will often refuse to eat anything that has been cooked in a kettle which may once have held the forbidden food.

This brings us naturally to other superstitions, in which the Bakalai seem to be either peculiarly rich, or to have betrayed more of their religious system than strangers can

generally learn from savages. The usual amount of inconsistency is found in their religion, if we may dignify with such a name a mere string of incongruous superstitions. In the first place, there is nothing which they dread so much as death, which they believe to be the end of all life; and yet they have a nearly equal fear of ghosts and spirits, which they believe to haunt the woods after dark.

This fear of death is one of their principal inducements to shift their dwellings. If any one dies in a village, Death is thought to have taken possession of the place, and the inhabitants at once abandon it, and settle down in another spot. The prevalence of this idea is the cause of much cruelty toward the sick and infirm, who are remorselessly driven from the villages, lest they should die, and so bring death into the place.

M. du Chaillu gives a very forcible illustration of this practice. "I have twice seen old men thus driven out, nor could I persuade any one to give comfort and shelter to these friendless wretches. Once, an old man, poor and naked, lean as death himself, and barely able to walk, hobbled into a Bakalai village, where I was staying. Seeing me, the poor old fellow came to beg some tobacco—their most cherished solace. I asked him where he was going.

"I don't know."

"Where are you from?"

"He mentioned a village a few miles off."

"Have you no friends there?"

"None."

"No son, no daughter, no brother, no sister?"

"None."

"You are sick?"

"They drove me away for that."

"What will you do?"

"Die!"

"A few women came up to him and gave him water and a little food, but the men saw death in his eyes. They drove him away. He went sadly, as though knowing and submitting to his fate. A few days after, his poor lean body was found in the wood. His troubles were ended."

This is the "noble savage," whose unsophisticated virtues have been so often lauded by those who have never seen him, much less lived with him.

The terror which is felt at the least suspicion of witchcraft often leads to bloody and cruel actions. Any one who dies a natural death, or is killed by violence, is thought to have been bewitched, and the first object of his friends is to find out the sorcerer. There was in a Bakalai village a little boy, ten years of age, who was accused of sorcery. The mere accusation of a crime which cannot be disproved is quite enough in this land, and the population of the village rushed on the poor little boy, and cut him to pieces

with their knives. They were positively mad with rage, and did not cool down for several hours afterward.

The prevalence of this superstition was a sad trial to M. du Chaillu when he was seized with a fever. He well knew that his black friends would think that he had been bewitched, and, in case of his death, would be sure to pounce upon some unlucky wretch, and put him to a cruel death as a wizard. Indeed, while he was ill one of his men took up the idea of witchcraft, and at night paraded the village, threatening to kill the sorcerer who had bewitched his master.

Idolatry is carried on here, as in most heathen countries, by dancing, drumming, and singing, neither the songs nor dances being very decent in their character. One of the chief idols of the Bakalai was in the keeping of Mbango, the head of a clan. The image is made of wood, and represents a grotesque female figure, nearly of the size of life. Her eyes are copper, her feet are cloven like those of a deer, one cheek is yellow, the other red, and a necklace of leopard's teeth hangs round her neck. She is a very powerful idol, speaks on great occasions, and now and then signifies approbation by nodding her head. Also she eats meat when it is offered to her, and, when she has exhibited any of those tokens of power, she is taken into the middle of the street, so that all the people may assemble and feast their eyes on the wooden divinity.

Besides the ordinary worship of the idol, the women have religious ceremonies of their own, which strangely remind the reader of the ancient mysteries related by sundry classic authors. To one of these ceremonies M. du Chaillu became a spectator in rather an unexpected manner.

"One day the women began their peculiar worship of Njambai, which it seems is their good spirit: and it is remarkable that all the Bakalai clans, and all the females of tribes I have met during my journeys, worship or venerate a spirit with this same name. Near the sea-shore it is pronounced Njembai, but it is evidently the same.

"This worship of the women is a kind of mystery, no men being admitted to the ceremonies, which are carried on in a house very carefully closed. This house was covered with dry palm and banana leaves, and had not even a door open to the street. To make all close, it was set against two other houses, and the entrance was through one of these. Quengueza and Mbango warned me not to go near this place, as not even they were permitted so much as to take a look. All the women of the village painted their faces and bodies, beat drums, marched about the town, and from time to time entered the idol house, where they danced all one night, and made a more outrageous noise than even the men had made before.

They also presented several antelopes to the goddess, and on the fourth all but a few went off into the woods to sing to Njambai.

"I noticed that half-a-dozen remained, and in the course of the morning entered the Njambai house, where they stayed in great silence. Now my curiosity, which had been greatly excited to know what took place in this secret worship, finally overcame me. I determined to see. Walking several times up and down the street past the house to allay suspicion, I at last suddenly pushed aside some of the leaves, and stuck my head through the wall. For a moment I could distinguish nothing in the darkness. Then I beheld three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor, with an immense bundle of greegrees before them, which they seemed to be silently adoring.

"When they saw me they at once set up a hideous howl of rage, and rushed out to call their companions from the bush; in a few minutes these came hurrying in, crying and lamenting, rushing toward me with gestures of anger, and threatening me for my offence. I quickly reached my house, and, seizing my gun in one hand and a revolver in the other, told them that I would shoot the first one that came inside my door. The house was surrounded by above three hundred infuriated women, every one shouting out curses at me, but the sight of my revolver kept them back. They adjourned presently for the Njambai house, and from there sent a deputation of the men, who were to inform me that I must pay for the palaver I had made.

"This I peremptorily refused to do, telling Quengueza and Mbango that I was there a stranger, and must be allowed to do as I pleased, as their rules were nothing to me, who was a white man and did not believe in their idols. In truth, if I had once paid for such a transgression as this, there would have been an end of all travelling for me, as I often broke through their absurd rules without knowing it, and my only course was to declare myself irresponsible.

"However, the women would not give up, but threatened vengeance, not only on me, but on all the men of the town; and, as I positively refused to pay anything, it was at last, to my great surprise, determined by Mbango and his male subjects that they would make up from their own possessions such a sacrifice as the women demanded of me. Accordingly Mbango contributed ten fathoms of native cloth, and the men came one by one and put their offerings on the ground; some plates, some knives, some mugs, some beads, some mats, and various other articles. Mbango came again, and asked if I too would not contribute something, but I refused. In fact, I dared not set such a precedent. So when all had given what they could, the whole amount was taken to

the ireful women, to whom Mbango said that I was his and his men's guest, and that they could not ask me to pay in such a matter, therefore they paid the demand themselves. With this the women were satisfied, and there the quarrel ended. Of course I could not make any further investigations into their mysteries. The Njambai feast lasts about two weeks. I could learn very little about the spirit which they call by this name. Their own ideas are quite vague. They know only that it protects the women against their male enemies, avenges their wrongs, and serves them in various ways if they please it."

The superstitions concerning death even extend to those cases where a man has been killed by accident. On one occasion, a man had been shot while bathing, whereupon the whole tribe fell into a panic, thought that the village had been attacked by witches,

and straightway abandoned it. On their passage to some more favored spot, they halted for the night at another village, and at sunset they all retired to their huts, and began the mournful chant with which they celebrate the loss of their friends. The women were loud in their lamentations, as they poured out a wailing song which is marvellously like the "keen" of the Irish peasantry:—

"You will never speak to us any more!

"We cannot see your face any more!

"You will never walk with us again!

"You will never again settle our palavers for us!"

And so on, *ad libitum*. In fact, the lives of the Bakalai, which might be so jovous and free of care, are quite embittered by the superstitious fears which assail them on every side.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE ASHIRA.

APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE NATIVES—A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE—NATURAL CUNNING OF THE ASHIRA—VARIOUS MODES OF PROCURING FOOD—NATIVE PLANTATIONS—THE CHIEF'S "KOMBO," OR SALUTATION—ASHIRA ARCHITECTURE—NATIVE AGRICULTURE—SLAVERY AMONG THE ASHIRA—MEDICINE AND SURGERY—AN "HEROIC" TREATMENT—SUPERSTITIONS—HOW TO CATCH GAME—TRIAL OF THE ACCUSED—THE ORDEAL OF THE RING—THE ASHIRA FAREWELL—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—DEATH AND BURIAL OF OLENDI.

THE tribe next in order is the Ashira. These people are not so nomad in their habits as the Bakalai, and are therefore more concentrated in one locality. They certainly are apt to forsake a village on some great occasion, but they never move to any great distance, and are not so apt to take flight as the Bakalai. The Ashira are a singularly fine race of men. Their color is usually black, but individuals among them, especially those of high rank, are of a comparatively light hue, being of a dark, warm bronze rather than black. The features of the Ashira are tolerably good.

The dress of the natives has its distinguishing points. The men and married women wear the grass-cloth robe, and the former are fond of covering their heads with a neat cap made of grass. So much stress do they lay on this article of apparel, that the best way of propitiating an Ashira man is to give him one of the scarlet woollen caps so affected by fishermen and yachtsmen of our country. There is nothing which he prizes so highly as this simple article, and even the king himself will think no sacrifice too great provided that he can obtain one of these caps.

The men also carry a little grass bag, which they sling over one shoulder, and which is ornamented with a number of pendent strings or thongs. It answers the purpose of a pocket, and is therefore very useful where the clothing is of so very limited a character. Both sexes wear necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, made of thick copper bars, and they also display some amount of artistic taste in the patterns with which they dye their robes.

The strangest part of Ashira fashion is, that the females wear no clothing of any kind until they are married. They certainly tie a small girdle of grass cloth round the waists, but it is only intended for ornament, not for dress. As is usual in similar cases, the whole of the toilet is confined to the dressing of the hair and painting of the body. The woolly hair is teased out with a skewer, well rubbed with oil and clay, and worked up until it looks something like a cocked hat, rising high on the top of the head and coming to a point before and behind. Mostly, the hair is kept in its position by a number of little sticks or leaves, which are passed through it, and serve as the framework on which it rests. Filing the teeth is practised by the Ashira, though very few of them carry the practice to such an extent as to reduce the teeth to points.

Among the West Africans, the women are not so badly treated as in the south, and indeed, are considered nearly as the equals of men. They can hold property of their own, and are quite aware of the importance which such an arrangement gives them. Mayolo, one of the chiefs, had a most absurd quarrel with his favorite wife, a young woman of twenty years of age, and remarkable for her light-colored skin and hazel eyes. She had contrived either to lose or waste some of his tobacco, and he threatened to punish her by taking away the pipe, which, among these tribes, belongs equally to the husband and wife. She retorted that he could not do so, because the plantain stem of the pipe was cut from one of her own trees, and if he quarrelled with her, she would take away the stem, and not allow him to cut another from the plantain

trees, which belonged to her and not to him. The quarrel was soon made up, but the fact that it took place at all shows the position which the women hold in domestic affairs.

As is often the case with savages, the Ashira exhibits a strange mixture of character. Ignorant though he may be, he is possessed of great natural cunning. No man can lie with so innocent a face as the "noble savage," and no one is more capable of taking care of his own interests. The Ashira porters were a continual source of trouble to Du Chaillu, and laid various deep plans for increase of wages. Those of one clan refused to work in company with those of another, and, on the principle of trades' unions, struck work unanimously if a man belonging to another clan were permitted to handle a load.

Having thus left the traveller with all his packages in the forest, their next plan was to demand higher wages before they would consent to re-enter the service. In the course of the palaver, which ensued on this demand, a curious stroke of diplomacy was discovered. The old men appeared to take his part, declared that the demands of the young men were exorbitant, and aided him in beating them down, asking higher wages for themselves as a percentage on their honorable conduct. When the affair was settled, and the men paid, the young men again struck work, saying that it was not fair for the old men, who had no burdens to carry, to have higher wages than themselves, and demanding that all should be paid alike. In course of investigation it was discovered that this was a deeply-laid scheme, planned by both parties in order to exact higher wages for the whole.

These people can be at the same time dishonest and honorable, hard-hearted and kind, disobedient and faithful. When a number of Ashira porters were accompanying Du Chaillu on his journey, they robbed him shamefully, by some unfortunate coincidence stealing just those articles which could not be of the least use to them, and the loss of which would be simply irreparable. That they should steal his provisions was to be expected, but why they should rob him of his focussing glasses and black curtains of the camera was not so clear. The cunning of the Ashira was as remarkable as their dishonesty. All the villages knew the whole circumstances. They knew who were the thieves, what was stolen, and where the property had been hidden, but the secret was so well kept that not even a child gave the least hint which would lead to the discovery of the stolen goods.

Yet when, in the course of the journey, they were reduced to semi-starvation, on account of the negro habit of only carrying two or three days' provision, the men happened to kill a couple of monkeys, and offered them both to the leader whom they

had been so remorselessly plundering. Even when he refused to take them to himself, they insisted on his retaining the lion's share, and were as pleasant and agreeable as if no differences had existed.

Next day, however, those impulsive and unreflecting creatures changed their conduct again. They chose to believe, or say they believed, that the expedition would come to harm, and tried to get their pay in advance, for the purpose of running off with it. When this very transparent device was detected, they openly avowed their intention of running away, and threatened to do so even without their pay. Fortunately, the dreaded name of Quengueza had its effect on them, and, as it was represented to them that war would certainly be made on the Ashira by that chief if they dared to forsake the white traveller whom he had committed to their charge, they resumed their burdens. In the course of the day supplies arrived, and all was peace again.

The reason why the natives dislike taking much food with them is that the plantains which form the usual rations are very heavy, and the men would rather trust to the chance of coming on a village than trouble themselves with extra loads. However, there are the koola and mpegai nuts, on which the natives usually live while travelling in the nut season.

The koola is a singularly useful nut. It grows in such abundance on the tree, that when the nuts are ripe, the whole crown of the koola tree appears to be a single mass of fruit. It is round, about as large as a cherry, and the shell is so hard that it has to be broken between two stones. Thirty of these nuts are considered sufficient for a meal, even for a native African, and, as a general rule, the trees are so plentiful that the natives do not trouble themselves about carrying food in the nut season. M. du Chaillu, however, was singularly unfortunate, for he contrived to miss the koola trees on his journey, and hence the whole party suffered great privation.

The wild swine know the value of the koola nuts as well as the natives, and in the season become quite fat and sleek.

The mpegai nut is round, like the koola, but the kernel is three-lobed. It is so full of oil that it is formed into cakes by the simple operation of pounding the kernel, folding the paste in leaves, and smoking them over a wood fire. When thus treated, it can be kept for a considerable time, and is generally eaten with pepper and salt, if these can be obtained. Neither the koola nor the mpegai are cultivated by the improvident natives.

About ten miles from Olenda's residence was a village belonging to a chief named Angouka, and remarkable for the manner in which the plantain was cultivated. In one plantation there were about thirty thou-



sand trees, set about five feet apart. Each tree produced five or six shoots, but the cultivators cut away all but two or three of the finest, in accordance with true arboricultural principles. On an average, thirty pounds' weight of fruit were grown on each tree, and the natives managed so as to keep up a tolerably constant supply by planting several varieties of the tree, some bearing fruit in six months after planting, some ten months, and others not until eighteen months, the last being the best and most fertile.

While describing the journeys of certain travellers, mention is frequently made of the porters and their loads. The burdens are carried in rather a peculiar manner. The men have a sort of oblong basket, called "otaitai," which is made of canes woven closely along the bottom, and loosely along the sides. The elasticity of the sides enables it to accommodate itself to various-sized loads, as they can be drawn together if the loads should be small, or expanded to admit a larger burden. Three broad straps, made of rushes, are fixed to the otaitai, one passing over each shoulder of the porter and the other one over his forehead.

Some of the ceremonies employed by the Ashira are very curious. Each chief has a sort of salutation, called "Kombo," which he addresses to every one of importance whom he meets for the first time. For example, when M. du Chaillu met Olenda, the head chief of a sub-tribe of the Ashira, a singular scene took place. After waiting for some time, he heard the ringing of the "kando" or sacred bell, which is the emblem of royalty in this land, and which is only sounded on occasions of ceremony.

Presently the old chief appeared — a man of venerable aspect, and very old indeed. His woolly hair was perfectly white, his body bent almost double with age, and his face one mass of wrinkles. By way of adding to the beauty of his countenance, he had covered one side of his face with red and the other with white stripes. He was so old that he was accompanied by many of his children, all old, white-headed, and wrinkled men. The natives held him in great respect, believing that he had a powerful fetish against death.

As soon as he had recovered from the sight of a clothed man with straight hair, steady eyes, and a white face, he proceeded to make a speech which, when translated, was as follows: "I have no bowels. I am like the Ovenga River; I cannot be cut in two. But also, I am like the Niembai and Ovenga rivers, which unite together. Thus my body is united, and nothing can divide it." This address was rather puzzling because no sense could be made from it, but the interpreter explained that this was merely the kombo, and that sense was not a necessary ingredient in it.

According to the etiquette of the country,

after Olenda had made his salutation, he offered his presents, consisting of three goats, twenty fowls, twenty bunches of plantains, several baskets of ground-nuts, some sugar-cane, and two slaves. That the last-mentioned articles should be declined was a most astonishing phenomenon to the Ashira. This mode of salutation is finely represented in an engraving on the next page.

The villages of the Ashira are singularly neat and cleanly, a most remarkable fact, considering the propensity to removal on the death of an inhabitant. They consist mostly of one long street, the houses being built of bark, and having the ground cleared at the back of the houses as well as in the front, — almost the only example of such industry in this part of Africa. Paths invariably lead from one village to another.

The Ashira are a tolerably industrious tribe, and cultivate the land around their villages, growing tobacco, plantains, yams, sugar-cane, and other plants with much success. The tobacco leaves, when plucked and dried, are plaited together in a sort of flat rope, and are then rolled up tightly, so that a considerable quantity of tobacco is contained in a very small space.

Of course, they drink the palm wine, and, as the method of procuring this universally favorite beverage is rather peculiar, it will be briefly explained. The native, taking with him an empty calabash or two, and a kind of auger, climbs the tree by means of a hoop made of pliant creepers; tying the hoop loosely round the tree, he gets into it, so that his back is pressed against the hoop and his feet against the tree. By a succession of "hitches," he ascends the tree, much as a chimney-sweep of the old times used to ascend the wide chimneys, which are now superseded by the narrow, machine-swept flues, lifting the hoop at every hitch, and so getting up the tree with wonderful rapidity. When he has reached the top, he takes the auger out of the little bag which is hung round his neck, and bores a deep hole, just below the crown of the palm. A leaf is then plucked, rolled up in a tubular form, and one end inserted into the hole, the calabash being hung just below the other end. During the night the sap runs freely into the calabash, several quarts being procured in a single night. In the morning it is removed and a fresh calabash substituted. Even in its fresh state the juice is a very pleasant drink, but after standing for twenty-four hours it ferments, and then becomes extremely intoxicating, the process of fermentation being generally hastened by adding the remains of the previous day's brewing. The supply of juice decreases gradually, and, when the native thinks that the tree will produce no more, he plugs up the hole with clay to prevent insects from building their nests in it, and so killing



(1.) ASHIRA FAREWELL. (See page 502.)



(2.) OLENDIA'S SALUTATION TO AN ISHOGO CHIEF. (See page 496.)



the valuable tree. Three weeks is the average juice-producing time, and if a tree be forced beyond this point it is apt to die.

Besides the tobacco, the Ashira cultivate a plant called the liamba, *i. e.* *Cannabis*, or Indian hemp, either the same species from which the far-famed hashish of the East is made, or very closely allied to it. They always choose a rich and moist soil on the sunny side of a hill, as the plant requires both heat and moisture to attain perfection. The natives seem to prefer their liamba even to the tobacco; but there are some doubts whether both these plants have not been imported, the tobacco from America and the liamba from Asia, or more likely from north-western Africa. Du Chailu says that the Ashira and Apingi are the only tribes who cultivate it. Its effects upon the smokers are terrible, causing them to become for the time insane, rushing into the woods in a frantic state, quarrelling, screaming, and at last falling down in convulsions. Permanent madness is often the result of over-indulgence in this extraordinary luxury.

The above-mentioned traveller met with an idiot among the Ashira. Contrary to the usual development of idiocy among the Africans, the man was lively and jocular, jumping about with all kinds of strange antics, and singing joyous songs. The other inhabitants were very fond of him, and treated him well, and with a sort of reverence, as something above their comprehension. Idiots of the dull kind are treated harshly, and the usual mode of getting rid of them is to sell them as slaves, and so to foist them upon the purchaser before he learns the quality of his bargain.

Slavery exists among the Ashira as among other tribes, but is conducted in so humane a character that it has little connection with the system of slavery as the word is generally understood. Olenda, for example, had great numbers of slaves, and kept them in separate settlements, each consisting of two or three hundred, each such settlement having its chief, himself a slave. One of these slave chiefs was an Ashango, a noble-looking man, with several wives and plenty of children. He exercised quite a patriarchal sway over the people under his charge, and neither he nor the slaves seemed to consider their situation at all degrading, calling themselves the children of Olenda.

This village was remarkably neat, and the houses were better built than those of the Ashira generally. The inhabitants had cleared a large tract of ground, and covered it with the plantains, sugar-canes, and ground-nuts, all of which were thriving wonderfully, and had a most picturesque appearance when contrasted with the wild beauties of the surrounding forest. Most of these slave families had been inherited by Olenda, and many of them had never known any other kind of life.

Medicine and surgery are both practised among the tribes that live along the Rembo, and in a very singular manner. The oddest thing about the practitioner is, that the natives always try to procure one from another tribe, so that an Ashango patient has a Bakalai doctor, and *vice versa*. The African prophet has little honor in his own country, but, the farther he goes, the more he is respected. Evil spirits that have defied all the exorcisms of home-bred prophets are sure to quail before the greater powers of a sorcerer who lives at a distance; while the same man who has failed at home is tolerably sure to succeed abroad.

The natives have one grand panacea for all kinds of disorders, the same being used for both lumbago and leprosy. This consists of scarifying the afflicted part with a knife, making a great number of slight cuts, and then rubbing in a mixture of pounded capsicum and lime juice. The agony caused by this operation is horrible, and even the blunt nerves of an African can barely endure the pain. If a native is seized with dysentery, the same remedy is applied internally, and the patient will sometimes drink half a tumblerful for a dose. There is some ground for their faith in the capsicum, for it really is beneficial in the West African climate, and if a traveller feels feverish he can generally relieve the malady by taking plenty of red pepper with his food. Sometimes, when the disease will not yield to the lime juice and pepper, stronger remedies are tried. M. du Chailu saw a curious instance of the manner in which a female practitioner exercised her art on Máyolo, whose quarrel with his wife has already been mentioned.

The patient was seated on the ground, with a genet skin stretched before him, and the woman was kneading his body with her hands, muttering her incantations in a low voice. When she had finished this manipulation, she took a piece of the alumbi chalk, and drew a broad stripe down the middle of his chest and along each arm. Her next process was to chew a quantity of roots and seeds, and to spirt it over the body, directing her heaviest shots at the affected parts. Lastly, she took a bunch of dried grasses, twisted them into a kind of torch, lighted it, and applied the flame to various parts of the body and limbs, beginning at the feet and ending with the head. When the torch had burned itself out, she dashed the glowing end against the patient's body, and so ended her operations. Máyolo sat perfectly still during the proceedings, looking on with curiosity, and only wincing slightly as the flame scorched his skin. The Africans have a great faith in the efficacy of fire, and seem to think that, when it has been applied, it effectually prevents a recurrence of the disease.

The worship of the Ashira is idolatry of the worst description. One of their ongara,

or idols, named the Housekeeper, was purchased by Du Chaillu. It was, of course, hideously ugly, represented a female figure, and was kept in the house of a chief for the purpose of protecting property. The natives were horribly afraid of it, and, so long as the Housekeeper was in her place, the owner might leave his goods in perfect security, knowing that not a native would dare to touch them.

Skilful hunters as they are, they never start on the chase without preparing themselves by sundry charms. They hang all kinds of strange fetishes about their persons, and cut the backs of their hands for luck, the flowing blood having, according to their ideas, a wonderful efficacy. If they can rub a little powdered sulphur into the cuts, the power of the charm is supposed to be doubled, and any man who has thus prepared himself never misses his aim when he shoots. Painting the face red is also a great assistance in hunting; and, in consequence of these strange beliefs, a party of natives just starting for the chase presents a most absurd appearance.

Along the river Rembo are certain sacred spots, on which the natives think themselves bound to land and dance in honor of the spirit. In one place there is a ceremony analogous to that of "crossing the line" in our own vessels. When any one passes the spot for the first time, he is obliged to disembark, to chant a song in praise of the local deity, to pluck a bough from a tree and plant it in the mud. When Du Chaillu passed the spot, he was requested to follow the usual custom, but refused, on the ground of disbelief in polytheism. As usual, the natives admitted his plea as far as he was concerned. He was a great white man, and one God was enough for the rich and wise white men. But black men were poor and ignorant, and therefore wanted plenty of gods to take care of them.

Many superstitions seem to be connected with trees. There is one magnificent tree called the "oloumi," perhaps the largest species that is to be found in Western Africa. The bark of the oloumi is said to possess many healing qualities, and, if a man washes himself all over with a decoction of the bark before starting on a trading expedition, he will be sure to make good bargains. Consequently, the oloumi trees (which are rather scarce) are always damaged by the natives, who tear great strips of bark from the trunk for the purpose of making this magic decoction.

A rather remarkable ordeal is in use among the Ashira. — remarkable because it is so exactly like the ordeals of the Middle Ages.

A Bakalai canoe had been injured, and a little boy, son to Aquilai, a far-famed Bakalai sorcerer, said that the damage had been done by one of Quengueza's men. Of

course the man denied the accusation, and called for the ordeal, and, as the matter concerned the Bakalai, an Ashira wizard was summoned, according to the usual custom. He said that "the only way to make the truth appear was by the trial of the ring boiled in oil." Hereupon the Bakalai and the Goumbi (i. e. Camma) men gathered together, and the trial was at once made.

"The Ashira doctor set three little billets of bar wood in the ground, with their ends together, then piled some smaller pieces between, until all were laid as high as the three pieces. A native pot half full of palm oil was set upon the wood, and the oil was set on fire. When it burned up brightly, a brass ring from the doctor's hand was cast into the pot. The doctor stood by with a little vase full of grass, soaked in water, of which he threw in now and then some bits. This made the oil burn up afresh. At last all was burnt out, and now came the trial. The accuser, the little boy, was required to take the ring out of the pot. He hesitated, but was pushed on by his father. The people cried out, 'Let us see if he lied or told truth.' Finally he put his hand in, seized the red-hot ring, but quickly dropped it, having severely burned his fingers. At this there was a shout, 'He lied! He lied!' and the Goumbi man was declared innocent."

The reader will remember that when Du Chaillu visited the Ashira, he was received by the wonderful old chief Olenda, whose salutation was of so extraordinary a character. The mode in which he dismissed his guests was not less curious. Gathering his old and white-haired sons round him, Olenda addressed the travellers, wishing them success, and uttering a sort of benediction. He then took some sugar-cane, bit a piece of the pith out of it, chewed it, and spat a small portion into the hand of each of the travellers, muttering at the same time some words to the effect that he hoped that all things would go pleasantly with them, and be sweet as the breath which he had blown on their hands. The reader will find this "Farwell" illustrated on page 499.

Advanced as was his age, he lived for some years longer, until he succumbed to the small-pox in common with many of his relatives and people. The circumstances attending his death and burial were very characteristic of the people.

First Olenda's head wife died of it, and then the disease spread with frightful rapidity through the district, the whole of the chief's wives being taken with it, and Mpotto, his nephew and heir, dying after a very short illness. Then Olenda himself took the disease. Day after day the poor old man's plaintive voice was heard chanting his song of grief at the pestilence which had destroyed his clan, and one morning he complained of fever and thirst, the sure

signs of the disease. On the third day afterward Olenda was dead, having previously exhorted the people that if he died they were not to hold the white man responsible for his death. The exhortation was needful, as they had already begun to accuse him of bringing the small-pox among them.

His body was disposed of in the usual Ashira manner. It was taken to an open place outside the village, dressed in his best clothes, and seated on the earth, surrounded with various articles of property, such as chests, plates, jugs, cooking utensils, pipes, and tobacco. A fire was also made near him, and kept burning for several weeks. As the body was carried to the place of sepulture, the people broke out in wild plaintive cries, addressing the deceased, and asking him why he left his people. Around him were the bones of many of chiefs who had preceded him to the spirit-world; and as the Ashira do not bury their dead, but merely leave them on the surface of the ground, it may be imagined that the place presented a most dismal aspect.

For several days after Olenda's death the people declared that they had seen their deceased chief walking among them, and saying that he had not left them entirely, but would guard and watch over them, and would return occasionally to see how they were going on.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### THE CAMMA, OR COMM.

THE FERNAND VAZ, OR REMBO RIVER—KING QUENGUEZA AND HIS DOMINIONS—APPEARANCE OF THE CAMMA—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THEIR KING—THE "PALAVER" AND ITS DISCIPLINE—HONESTY OF THE CAMMA—THE COURSE OF JUSTICE AND LAW OF REPRISAL—CODE OF ETIQUETTE—CAMMA DIGNITY—DANCING AMONG THE CAMMA—THE GORILLA DANCE—SUPERSTITION, ITS USE AND ABUSE—QUENGUEZA'S TEMPLES—HIS PERILOUS WALK—GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS—THE OVENGUA, OR VAMPIRE—THE TERRORS OF SUPERSTITION—INITIATION INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES—EXORCISM—THE SELF-DECEIVER—THE GODDESS OF THE SLAVES—THE ORDEAL OF THE MBOUNDOU—A TERRIBLE SCENE—SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL—DISPOSITION OF THE DEAD—BREAKING UP OF MOURNING—THE WATER CUSTOM.

If the reader will look on the west coast of Africa, just below the Equator, he will see a large and important river called the Fernand Vaz. This river skirts the coast for some distance, and is very wide, but, when it turns eastward, it suddenly narrows its channel, and is known by the name of Rembo. The whole of the district through which the Rembo flows, as far as long. 10° E., is inhabited by the great Camma or Commi tribe, which is evidently another band of the same family that supplies all the tribes along the Rembo.

This tribe is broken up into a vast number of sub-tribes or clans, and each of these clans is ruled by a chief, who acknowledges himself to be a vassal of one great chief or king, named Quengueza. This man was fond of calling himself King of the Rembo, by which we must understand, not that he was king of all the tribes that inhabit its banks, but that he had authority over the river, and could prevent or encourage traffic as he chose. And, as the Rembo is the great highway into Central Africa, his position was necessarily a very important one.

Still, although he was not absolutely the king of these tribes, several of them acknowledged his superiority, and respected him, and respect, as is well said in "Eöthen," implies the right of the respected person to take the property of those who respect him. Consequently Quengueza had a right—and exercised it—to the wife of any Bakalai or Ashira, and even the chiefs of those tribes

thought themselves honored by placing their wives at the disposal of so eminent a personage. And he certainly claimed an authority over the river itself and its traffic. The Bakalai had submitted themselves to him for the sake of alliance with so powerful a chief, and found that he was by no means disposed to content himself with the mere name of sovereignty. On one occasion, when passing along the Rembo, he found that the Bakalai had quarrelled with a neighboring tribe, and had built a fence across the river, leaving only a small gap, which could easily be defended. On coming to this obstacle, Quengueza became very angry, called for axes, and in a minute or two the fence was demolished, and the passage of the river freed. The Bakalai stood on the banks in great numbers, and, although well armed, dared not interfere.

The mode of government which prevails through all these tribes may be called the patriarchal. Each tribe is divided into a number of sub-tribes or clans, each of which resides in a separate locality, that is usually called after the name of the chief or patriarch. This man is always revered, because he is sure to be old and rich, and age and wealth are greatly venerated in this part of the world. Their authority, however, is extremely limited, and they are rather the chief advisers of their clan than autocrats. There is no real monarchy, such as is found among the Kaffir tribes, although the most important chief is some-

times greeted with the title of king. The honor, however, is an empty one, as the other chiefs have no idea of submitting themselves to one whom they consider to be but *primus inter pares*.

The Camma are a fine race of people, and, like the Ashira, are not entirely black, but vary much in hue, some having a decided olive or chocolate tint of skin. Neither are their features those of the true negro, the face of the king Quengueza resembling that of a North American Indian rather than that of an African. The character of the Camma is well typified by that of their chief, Quengueza. He exhibited a singular mixture of nobility, meanness, kindness, cruelty, selfishness, and generosity, as is well shown by the visits of M. du Chaillu and Mr. W. Reade—the former thinking much more highly of him than the latter.

Like other savage chiefs, Quengueza could not bear his white visitors to leave him. He openly thwarted Mr. Reade, and it is evident from M. du Chaillu's account that, while he was pretending to procure porters for the journey to the Bakalai, he was in reality throwing every obstacle in the way. The possession of a white man is far too valuable to a black chief to be surrendered in a hurry, and Quengueza knew his own interests too well to allow such profitable visitors to leave his land as long as he could detain them in it.

Once Mr. Reade had succeeded in slipping off, in spite of the king's assertion that he would accompany his "dear friend" and his continual procrastination. He had paddled to some distance, when "suddenly my men stopped, and looked at each other with anxious faces. Lazily raising myself, I looked back, and could see at a great distance a large black spot, and something rising and falling like a streak of light in the sunshine. The men put their hands to their ears: I listened, and could hear now and then a faint note borne toward us on the wind.

"What's that, Mafuk?"

"King, sir."

"O, he is coming. is he?" said I, laughing. "Well, he can easily catch us, now he is so near. *Kabbi!*" (i. e. Paddle!)

"My stewards gave an uneasy smile, and did not answer me.

"The men dipped their paddles into the water, and that was all. Every man was listening with bent head, as if trying to detect the words, or the tune. 'I looked round again. I could see that it was a large canoe, manned by about twenty men, with a kind of thatched house in its stern. The song still continued, and could now be heard plainly. My men flung their paddles down, and began to talk to one another in an excited manner.

"What is the matter?" said I, pettishly.

"The sweat was running down Mafuk's forehead. He knew what he had to fear, if I did not.

"It is the war song!"

"On came the canoe, low and dark, black with men, the paddles tossing the white water in the air. On it came, shot swiftly past us, arched round, and came close alongside. Then arose a storm of angry voices, Quengueza's raised above the rest.

"What does it say, Mafuk?"

"Says we must go back."

And go back they were forced to do, for just at that moment another war-boat came gliding along, and the whole party were taken prisoners, Quengueza embracing his "dear friend," and being quite lively and jocular by reason of his success in recapturing him. Yet this man, superstitious as he was, and dreading above all things the small-pox, that scourge of savage nations, took into his own hut a favorite little slave, who had been seized with small-pox, laid the boy on a mat close to his own bed, and insisted on nursing him throughout the illness.

Afterward, when the small-pox had swept through the country, and almost desolated it, the sorrow of Quengueza was great and unfeigned. Wives, slaves, and relations had all been carried off by the dreaded plague; the town of Goumbi, where he lived, was deserted; and the poor old chief was obliged to collect the few survivors of his clan, and establish a new settlement on the opposite side of the river. His lamentations had all the sublimity of intense grief, and he sat chanting his monody over the dead, just as Catlin describes a North American chief when his tribe had perished by the same fearful disease.

No malady is so terrible to the savage as small-pox. Scarcely susceptible of bodily pain, enduring the most frightful wounds with quiet composure, and tenacious of life to an astonishing degree, he succumbs instantly to sickness; and an ailment which a white man resists and finally throws off, will in nine cases out of ten be fatal to the black one. Yet for himself Quengueza had no fears, and his sole lamentations were for his friends. "The Bakalai," said he, "are all gone; the Rembo people are gone; my beloved Monbou (his head slave) is gone; I am alone in the world."

In spite of the many barbarous customs of the Camma tribes, they have a code of minutely regulated etiquette. If, for example, the king holds a council, he takes his seat on an elevated throne, and bears in his hand a wooden staff. When he has had his say, he passes the staff to the person who is to speak next, and he in turn to his successor. In such meetings the utmost order is preserved, and no one thinks of interrupting the speaker so long as he has possession of the staff.



It is not every one who has the right of speech in the council. This is a privilege extended to a very few men called Councilors, or Makagas, and only to them does the king hand the staff which gives the permission to speak. They are exceedingly jealous of this honor, and yet it has been conferred upon two white men, one being M. du Chaillu, and the other a Captain Lawlin of New York. The latter individual caused quite a revolution in his district, abolishing the many impediments to trade, inflicting severe penalties on quarrelsome chiefs who made warlike aggressions on their neighbors, and establishing a strict code of criminal laws.

Some such arrangements as the possession of the orator's staff is absolutely necessary for the due regulation of the innumerable "palavers," or native parliaments, that are continually being held on all sorts of subjects. If one trader overreaches another, and can be detected in time, a palaver is held; and a similar ceremony is gone through if a trader pays for goods in advance and does not receive them. Runaway wives are the most fertile source of palavers, and, if the accused be proved guilty, the penalty is very severe. Generally the offending wife has her nose and ears cut off, and a similar punishment is inflicted on the man with whom she is found; but the latter has the privilege of commuting this sentence for a fine—generally a slave. Murder is a frequent cause of palavers, and it is a rather remarkable fact that the natives draw no distinction between accidental homicide and wilful murder. Death is not necessarily the punishment of homicide, but, as a rule, a heavy fine is substituted for the capital penalty.

If the culprit cannot be captured, the injured husband has a singular mode of procuring a palaver. He goes out and kills the first man he meets, proclaiming that he has done so because some one has run away with his wife. The course of justice then passes out of his hands. The relatives of the murdered man are now bound to take up the quarrel, which they do by killing, not the murderer, but some one of another village. His friends retaliate upon a third village, and so the feud passes from one village to another until the whole district is in arms. The gates are barricaded, no one dares to go out alone, or unarmed, and at last one unfortunate clan has a man murdered and can find no chance of retaliation. The chief of the clan then holds a palaver, and puts forward his claim against the man who ran away with the wife. The chief of the delinquent's clan then pays a fine, the affair is settled, and peace is restored.

Too often, however, when a wife is, or appears to be, unfaithful, her husband is in collusion with her, for the purpose of extorting money out of some imprudent young man. She gets up a flirtation with the sus-

ceptible victim, and appoints a meeting at a spot where the husband has placed himself in concealment. As soon as the couple reach the appointed place, out comes the husband, and threatens a palaver if a fine be not paid at once. The young man knows well enough what the result of the palaver will be to him, and accordingly makes the best of the business and pays his fine. So completely established is this system, that even the most powerful chiefs have been known to purchase pretty wives for the express purpose of using them as traps wherewith to ensnare the young men.

As time is not of the least consequence to the Camma, and they are rather pleased than otherwise when they can find some sort of amusement, a palaver will sometimes expend a week upon a trivial cause. All these palavers are held in the simple buildings erected for the purpose. These edifices are little more than sheds, composed of a roof supported on poles, and open on all sides. The king sits in the middle on an elevated throne made of grass, and covered with leopard skins as emblems of his rank, while all the others are obliged either to stand or to sit on the ground.

When palavers are of no avail, and nothing but war can be the result of the quarrel, both parties try to frighten the enemy by the hideousness of their appearance. They are perfectly aware that they could not withstand a charge, and, knowing that the enemy is not more gifted with courage than themselves, try to inspire terror by their menacing aspect. They paint their faces white, this being the war color, and sometimes add bars and stripes of red paint. The white paint, or chalk, is prepared in their greegree or idol houses, and is thought to be a very powerful charm. They also hang fetiches of various kinds upon their bodies, and then set off in their canoes, yelling, shouting, flourishing their weapons, and trying to intimidate their adversaries, but taking very good care not to come within two hundred yards of the enemy's boats.

The Camma seem to be a better principled people than the Ashira. When Du Chaillu was troubled with the strikes among his Ashira porters, his Camma men stood by him, and would not consent to his plan of sending them forward with part of the goods. They feared lest he should be poisoned among the Ashira, and insisted on leaving some of their party with their chief.

The reader may remember that the old chief Olenda was held in great respect by his people. Among the tribes of Equatorial Africa much reverence is paid to age, an old person being looked upon as nearly akin to the spirits into whose land he is soon to enter. Contrary to the usual custom of the South, the young never enter the presence





(1.) CAMMA DANCE. (See page 509.)



(2.) QUENGEZA'S WALK. (See page 511.)

of an old man or woman without bending low, and making a genuine school-girl courtesy. When they seat themselves, it is always at a respectful distance; and if they are asked for a pipe, or for water, they present it on one knee, addressing a man as "Father" and a woman as "Mother." It is, moreover, contrary to etiquette for a young man to tell bad news to an old one. Even the dead bodies of the old are honored, and the bones and skulls are laid up in little temples made expressly for them. They are usually laid in chalk, which is therefore thought to possess sundry virtues, and with that chalk the relations of the dead man mark their bodies whenever they are about to engage in any important undertaking. The skull is also put to practical uses. If a trader comes to make purchases, the vender always entertains him hospitably, but has a definite purpose in so doing. Before he prepares the banquet, he goes to the fetish house, and scrapes a little powder from the skull. This he mixes with the food, and thus administers it to his guest. The spirit of the dead man is then supposed to enter into the body of the person who has eaten a portion of his skull, and to impress him to make good bargains with his host—in other words, to be cheated.

When a stranger first enters a Camma village, he is rather surprised at the number of boxes which he sees. The fact is, that among the Camma boxes are conventionally held to represent property, the neighbors giving them the credit of being filled with valuables. Consequently it is the ambition of every Camma man to collect as many chests as he can, leaving the chance of filling them to a future opportunity. When his white visitors gave Quengueza their presents, the old chief was quite as much struck with the number of boxes as with their contents, and expressed his gratitude accordingly.

The dances of the Camma have much in common with those of other tribes, but they have one or two peculiarities of their own. A fat old head-chief, or king, as their rulers are generally called—though, by the way, the term "patriarch" would be much more appropriate—gave a grand dinner in honor of his white visitor. Noise is one of the chief elements in a negro's enjoyment, as it is in the case of a child. The negro, in fact, is the veriest child in many things, and always remains a child. On this occasion the "band" distinguished themselves by making a noise disproportionately loud for their numbers.

There was a row of drummers, each beating his noisy instrument with such energy that a constant succession of drummers took the instruments, the stoutest and strongest being worn out in less than an hour. There were also a number of boys beating with sticks upon hollow pieces of wood, and, as

if the drummers and log-beaters did not make sufficient noise, the musicians had hung a row of brass kettles on poles, and were banging them with sticks as if they had been drums. Add to this the shouts and screams of the excited dancers, and the noise may be tolerably well appreciated. The artist has sketched this singular dance on the previous page.

Great quantities of palm wine were drunk, and the consequence was, that before very long the whole of the dancers and musicians, including the king himself, were in various stages of intoxication. As to the king, being rather more inebriated than his subjects, he must needs show his own skill in the dance, and therefore jumped and leaped about the ground with great agility for so heavy a man, while his wives bowed down to his feet as he danced, clapped their hands in time to the music, and treated him with the deepest veneration.

As to the dance itself, the less said about it the better. It is as immodest as the unrestrained savage temperament can make it, inflamed by strong drink and by the sound of the drum, which seems to excite the people almost to madness. The songs with which they accompany the dance are of a similar nature, and are worse than the worst specimens of heathen vice as narrated by the classic satirists.

There is, however, one dance in which the immodest element does not exist. It is called the Gorilla Dance, and is performed as a means of propitiating the deities before starting on a gorilla hunt: for this is part of the great gorilla country, in which alone is found that huge and powerful ape which has lately attracted so much attention. An account of a gorilla hunt will be given when we come to the Fan tribe, but at present we will content ourselves with the gorilla dance, as seen by Mr. W. Reade. He had made several unavailing attempts to kill a gorilla, and had begun to despair of success, although the place was a well-known haunt of these animals.

"One morning Etia, the chief hunter of the village, came and told me that he had heard the cry of a ujina (*i. e.* gorilla) close to one of the neighboring plantations. He said that we should certainly be able to kill him next day, and that during the night he and his friends would celebrate the gorilla dance.

"This Etia was a Mchaga slave. His skin, to use Oshupia's comparison, was like that of an old alligator—all horny and wrinkled; his left hand had been crippled by the teeth of a gorilla; his face was absurdly hideous, and yet reminded me of something which I had seen before. After puzzling myself for a long time, I at last remembered that it was the mask which Mr. Ryder wore in the character of Caliban at the Princess' which Etia resembled so

closely. That night I could have imagined him less man than monster.

"In the house allotted to the slaves three old men, their faces grotesquely chalked, played the drums, the sounding log, and the one-stringed harp. To them danced Etia, imitating the uncouth movements of the gorilla. Then the iron bell was rung, and Ombuiri, the evil spirit, was summoned to attend, and a hoarse rattle mingled with the other sounds. The dancers rushed yelling into the midst, and sprang into the air. Then would be a pause, broken only by the faint slow tinkling of the harp, then the drum would be beaten, and the sticks thundered on the log.

"In another dance Caliban assumed the various attitudes peculiar to the ape. Now he would be seated on the ground, his legs apart, his elbows resting on his knees, his head drooping, and in his face the vacant expression of the brute; sometimes he folded his hands on his forehead. Suddenly he would raise his head with prone ears and flaming eyes, while a loud shout of applause would prove how natural it was. In the chorus all the dancers assumed such postures as these, while Etia, climbing ape-like up the pole which supported the roof, towered above them all.

"In the third dance he imitated the gorilla attacked and being killed. The man, who played the hunter inimitably, acted terror and irresolution before he pulled the trigger of his imaginary gun. Caliban, as gorilla, charged upon all fours, and fell dead at the man's feet, in the act of attempting to seize him with one hand.

"You may be sure that nothing short of seeing a gorilla in its wild state could have afforded me so much interest or given me so good a clue to the animal's real habits. For here could be no imposture. It was not an entertainment arranged for my benefit, but a religious festival held on the eve of an enterprise."

This dance brings us to the religion, or rather the superstition, of the Camma people. Superstition has its estimable, its grotesque, and its dark side, and there is scarcely any people among whom these three phases are more strongly marked.

The estimable side is, of course, the value of superstition as a substitute for true religion—a feeling of which the savage never has the least idea, and which it is almost impossible to make him comprehend. He often takes very kindly to his teacher, picks up with wonderful readiness the phrases which he hears, regulates his external life in accordance with the admonitions he has received; but it is very, very seldom indeed that any real conviction has touched his heart; and, as soon as the direct influence of his teacher is removed, he reverts to his old mode of life. Mr. Reade relates a rather striking example of this tendency. He met

a negress on her way to church, accompanied by a beautiful little girl.

Addressing the child, he asked whether she was the woman's daughter. The mother answered in the affirmative; and, in the same breath, offered to sell her. This was the original negro nature. Just then the bell stopped, and her education made itself apparent. "Hei-gh!" she cried, "you no hear bell stop? Me go now. After church we palaver, give me plenty dash (i. e. presents), den we drink rum, den you take him (i. e. the girl); palaver said."

Superstition, therefore, takes the place of personal religion, and, in spite of the dread excesses into which it leads the savages, it does at all events keep before them the idea of a spiritual world, and impresses upon them the fact that there exist beings higher and greater than themselves. That their superstitions, debased and gross as they are, have yet the power of impressing the native mind with a feeling of veneration, is evident by the extreme unwillingness of these people to utter the name by which they designate the Great Spirit. Of course their idea of a God is very imperfect, but still it is sufficient to impress them with such awe that they can scarcely be induced to pronounce the sacred name. Only twice did Mr. Reade hear it. Once, when they were in a dangerous storm, the men threw up their arms, and ejaculated the holy name as if it were some great charm; and on another occasion, when a man was asked suddenly what was the native name for God, he pointed upward, and in a low voice uttered the word "Njambi."

The ceremonies observed at the time of full moon have been several times mentioned in the course of the present work. Du Chaillu gives an account of one of these ceremonies as performed by the Camma, which is useful in showing the precise object of the ceremony.

One day Quengueza sent word that he was ill, and that the people must consult Ilogo, the spirit of the moon, and ask him whether he was bewitched, and how he was to be cured. Accordingly, just before the full moon, a crowd of women assembled in front of Quengueza's house, accompanied by the drums and the usual noisy appurtenances of a negro festival. They formed themselves into a hollow circle, and sang songs in honor of Ilogo, clapping their hands in unison with the beating of the drums.

In the midst of the circle sat a woman steadfastly gazing at the moon, and waiting for inspiration. Two women tried this post unsuccessfully, but the third soon began to tremble, her limbs to work convulsively, then to stiffen, and at last she fell insensible to the ground. Then arose the chant to Ilogo with redoubled energy, the singers repeating the same words over and over

again for about half an hour, until the prostrate form of the woman began to show signs of returning sensibility. On being questioned, she said that she had seen Ilogo, and that he had told her that the king was not bewitched, but that he could be healed by a remedy prepared from a certain plant. She looked utterly prostrated by the inspiration, and not only her hearers, but also herself, thoroughly believed in the truth of her strange statement.

It will be seen that Quengueza was nearly as superstitious as his subjects. He never stirred without his favorite fetish, which was an ugly little wooden image, embellished with a row of four sacred cowries stuck on its abdomen. These cowries are not indigenous to Western Africa, and seem to have been brought from the eastern coast of the continent. Whenever he ate or drank, the fetish always bore him company, and before eating he saluted it by passing the four sacred cowries over his lips. Before drinking he always poured a few drops over the feet of the image by way of a libation.

When travelling, he liked to have with him one of his medicine men, who could charm away rain by blowing with his magic horn. So sure was the doctor of his powers, that on one occasion he would not allow the party to repair a dilapidated hut in which they passed the night. As it happened, a violent shower of rain fell in the middle of the night, and drenched the whole party. The doctor, however, was not at all disconcerted, but said that if he had not blown the horn the rain would have been much heavier. Still his natural strength of mind sometimes asserted itself, and on one remarkable occasion, when the small-pox had destroyed so many people, and the survivors were crying out for vengeance against the sorcerers who had brought the disease upon them, Quengueza forbade any more slaughter. The small-pox, he said, was a wind sent from Njambi (pronounced N'yamyé), who had killed enough people already.

Like most native chiefs, Quengueza had a pet superstition of his own. At his own town of Gombi (or Ngumbi, as it is sometimes spelt), there was a very convenient and dry path leading from the houses to the river. Quengueza, however, never would use this path, but always embarked or landed at an abominable mud bank, over which it was necessary to run as fast as possible, in order to avoid sinking in the river. The reason was, that when he came to the throne he had been told that an enemy had placed an evil spirit in the path, and that he would die if he went along it. So powerful was this spirit, that several unavailing attempts had been made to drive it away, and at last Quengueza was obliged to send for a renowned Bakalai wizard named Aquilai. This was the same man

who was mentioned in page 502 as the father of the boy who was tried by the ordeal of the hot ring.

"The people gathered in great numbers under the immense *hangar* or covered space in which I had been received, and there lit fires, round which they sat. . . . About ten o'clock, when it was pitch dark, the doctor commenced operations by singing some boasting songs recounting his power over witches. This was the signal for all the people to gather into their houses, and about their fires under the hangar. Next, all the fires were carefully extinguished, all the lights put out, and in about an hour more not a light of any kind was in the whole town except mine. I gave notice that white men were exempted from the rule made in such cases, and this was allowed. The most pitchy darkness and the most complete silence reigned everywhere. No voice could be heard, even in a whisper, among the several thousand people gathered in the gloom."

"At last the curious silence was broken by the doctor; who, standing in the centre of the town, began some loud babbling of which I could not make out the meaning. From time to time the people answered him in chorus. This went on for an hour; and was really one of the strangest scenes I ever took part in. . . . The hollow voice of the witch-doctor resounded curiously through the silence, and when the answer of many mingled voices came through the darkness, it really assumed the air of a serious, old-fashioned incantation scene.

"At last, just at midnight, I heard the doctor approach. He had bells girded about him, which he jingled as he walked. He went separately to every family in the town, and asked if the witch which obstructed the king's highway belonged to them. Of course all answered 'No.' Then he began to run up and down the bewitched street, calling out loudly for the witch to go off. Presently he came back, and announced that he could no longer see the *aniemba*, and that doubtless she had gone never to come back. At this all the people rushed out and shouted, 'Go away! go away! and never come back to hurt our king.' Then fires were lit, and we all sat down to eat. This done, all the fires were again extinguished, and all the people sang wild songs until four o'clock. Then the fires were again lit. At sunrise the whole population gathered to accompany their king down the dreaded street to the water.

"Quengueza, I knew, was brave as a hunter and as a warrior. He was also intelligent in many things where his people were very stupid. But the poor old king was now horribly afraid. He was assured that the witch was gone, but he evidently thought himself walking to almost certain death. He would have refused to go if it

had been possible. He hesitated, but at last determined to face his fate, and walked manfully down to the river and back amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects." The artist has represented this victory over superstitious fear, on the 508th page.

Throughout the whole of this land are many of these prohibitory superstitions. When, for example, a woman is about to become a mother, both she and her husband are prohibited from seeing a gorilla, as all the natives firmly believe that, in such a case, the expected child would be a gorilla cub, and not a human baby. Drinking the water of the Rembo is also prohibited, because the bodies of those who are executed for witchcraft are chopped up and flung into it, and the natives imagine that, if they were to drink of the water, they would become sorcerers against their will. Yet, as if to show the inconsistency of superstition, there is a rite, which will be presently mentioned, in which tasting the water is the principal ceremony.

There is a certain island in the Rembo of which the natives have the greatest dread. It is thickly covered with trees, and the people fully believe that in the midst of this island there lives a huge crocodile covered with brass scales. This crocodile is an enchanter, and by his incantations every one who lands on the island either dies suddenly, or goes mad and wanders about until he dies. Du Chaillu of course did land, and traversed the island in different directions. The people were stupefied with astonishment; but even the fact of his safe return made no difference in their belief, because he was white, and the great enchanter had no power over white men.

As to the fetishes, they are innumerable. Weather fetishes are specially plentiful, but, unlike the charms of Southern Africa, they are used to keep off the rain, not to produce it. One fetish gave our traveller a vast amount of trouble. He had purchased, from a petty chief named Rabolo, a small deserted village, and had built a new house. The edifice was completed all but the veranda, when the builders refused to work any longer, as they had come upon a great health fetish that Rabolo had placed there when the village was first built. They flatly refused to touch it until Rabolo came, and, even after his permission had been gained, they were very nervous about the seeming desecration.

The fetish was a good example of such articles. Buried in the sands were two skulls, one of a man and another of a chimpanzee, this combination having a high reputation among the Camma. These were buried at the foot of the two posts that constituted the entrance to the village. Then came a quantity of crockery and broken glass, and then some more chimpanzee skulls, while a couple of wooden idols kept company with the com-

ponent parts of the charm. A sacred creeper was also planted by the posts, which it had covered with its branches, and the natives believe that as long as the creeper survives, so long does the fetish retain its power. Rabolo was very proud of his health fetish, as no one had died in the village since it had been set up. But, as there had never been more than fifteen inhabitants, the low death-rate is easily accounted for.

From their own accounts, the Camma must have a very unpleasant country. It is overrun with spirits, but the evil far outnumber the good, and, according to the usual custom of ignorant nations, the Camma pay their chief reverence to the former, because they can do the most harm.

As specimens of these spirits, three will be mentioned. The first is a good spirit called Mbui, who traverses the country, and occasionally pays a visit to the villages. He has taken under his protection the town of Aniambia, which also has the privilege of being guarded by an evil spirit of equal power, so that the inhabitants enjoy a peace of mind not often to be found in the Camma country. There is only one drawback to the repose of the place, and that is the spirit of an insane woman, who made her habitation outside the village when she was alive, and continues to cultivate her plantation, though she is a spirit. She retains her dislike to human beings, and, if she can catch a man alone, she seizes him, and beats him to death.

The evil spirit which protects Aniambia is a very wicked and mischievous being named Abambou, who lives chiefly in burial-places, and makes his bed of skeletons. In order to propitiate Abambou, offerings are made to him daily, consisting entirely of food. Sometimes the Camma cook the food, and lay it in lonely places in the wood, where Abambou would be sure to find it; and sometimes they propitiate him by offerings of plantains, sugar-cane, and nuts. A prayer accompanies the offering, and is generally couched in the universal form of asking the protecting spirit to help the Camma and destroy inimical tribes. It is rather curious that, when a free man makes an offering to Abambou, he wraps it in leaves; but the slaves are obliged to lay it on the bare ground.

Fetish houses are appropriated to Mbui and Abambou, and are placed close to each other. They are little huts, about six feet high and six wide. No image is placed in the huts, but only a fire, which is always kept burning, and a chest, on the top of which are laid some sacred chalk and red parrot's feathers.

A bed is usually prepared in Abambou's house, on which he may repose when he is tired of walking up and down the country; and, as the medicine-man takes care that no one but himself shall open the door of the hut, the villagers pass by in awe-struck silence, none knowing whether at that mo-

ment the dreadful Abambou may not be sleeping within. Now and then he is addressed publicly, the gist of the speeches being that everybody is quite well and perfectly happy, and hopes that he will not hurt them.

The evil spirit, however, who is most feared by this tribe is the Ovengua or Vampire. It is most surprising to find the Hungarian and Servian superstition about the vampire existing among the savages of Western Africa, and yet it flourishes in all its details along the banks of the Rembo.

No worship is paid to the Ovengua, who is not thought to have any power over diseases, nor to exercise any influence upon the tenor of a man's life. He is simply a destructive demon, capricious and cruel, murdering without reason, and wandering ceaselessly through the forests in search of victims. By day he hides in dark caverns, so that travelers need not fear him, but at night he comes out, takes a human form, and beats to death all whom he meets. Sometimes when an Ovengua comes across a body of armed men, they resist him, and kill the body in which he has taken up his residence.

When an Ovengua has been thus killed, the conquerors make a fire and burn the body, taking particular care that not a bone shall be left, as from the bones new Ovenguas are made. The natives have a curious idea that, if a person dies from witchcraft, the body decays until the bones are free from flesh. As soon as this is the case, they leave the grave one by one, form themselves end to end into a single line, and then gradually resolve themselves into a new Ovengua. Several places are especially dreaded as being favorite resorts of this horrible demon, and neither bribes, threats, nor persuasions, can induce a Camma to venture near them after nightfall. It is very probable that cunning and revengeful men may take advantage of the belief in the vampire, and, when they have conceived an antipathy against any one, may waylay and murder him treacherously, and then contrive to throw the blame on the Ovengua.

The prevalence of this superstition may perhaps account for much of the cruelty exercised upon those who are suspected of witchcraft, the fear of sorcery being so overwhelming as to overcome all feelings of humanity, and even to harden the heart of the parent against the child. The slightest appearance of disbelief in such an accusation would at once induce the terrified multitude to include both parties in the accusation, and the consequence is that, when any one is suspected of witchcraft, none are so loud and virulent in their execrations as those who ought to be the natural protectors of the accused.

Mr. C. Reade, in his "Savage Africa," gives an example of the cruelty which is inspired by terror.

A petty chief had been ill for some time, and a woman had been convicted, by her own confession, of having bewitched him. It is true that the confession had been extorted by flogging, but this fact made no difference in the minds of the natives, who had also forced her to accuse her son, a boy only seven years old, of having been an accomplice in the crime. This was done lest he should grow up to manhood, and then avenge his mother's death upon her murderers.

"On the ground in their midst crouched the child, the mark of a severe wound visible on his arm, and his wrists bound together by a piece of withy. I shall never forget that child's face. It wore that expression of dogged endurance which is one of the traditional characteristics of the savage. While I was there, one of the men held an axe before his eyes—it was the brute's idea of humor. The child looked at it without showing a spark of emotion. Some, equally fearless of death, would have displayed contempt, anger, or acted curiosity; but he was the perfect stoic. His eye flashed for a moment when his name was first mentioned, but only for a moment. He showed the same indifference when he heard his life being pleaded for, as when, a little while before, he had been taunted with his death."

Both were killed. The mother was sent to sea in a canoe, killed with an axe, and then thrown overboard. The unfortunate boy was burnt alive, and bags of gunpowder were tied to his legs, which, according to the account of a spectator, "made him jump like a dog." On being asked why so cruel a death had been inflicted on the poor boy, while the mother was subjected to the comparatively painless death by the axe, the man was quite astounded that any one should draw so subtle a distinction. Death was death in his opinion, however inflicted, and, as the writhing of the tortured child amused the spectators, he could not see why they should deprive themselves of the gratification.

"This explains well enough the cruelty of the negro: it is the cruelty of the boy who spins a cockchafer on a pin; it is the cruelty of ignorance. A twirling cockchafer and a boy who jumps like a dog are ludicrous sights to those who do not possess the sense of sympathy. How useless is it to address such people as these with the logic of reason, religion, and humanity! Such superstitions can only be quelled by laws as ruthless as themselves."

Another curious example of this lack of feeling is given by the same author. Sometimes a son, who really loves his mother after his own fashion, thinks that she is getting very old, and becoming more infirm and unable to help him. So he kills her, under the idea that she will be more useful to



him as a spirit than in bodily form, and, before dismissing her into the next world, charges her with messages to his friends and relatives who have died. The Camma do not think that when they die they are cut off, even from tangible communication with their friends. "The people who are dead," said one of the men, "when they are tired of staying in the bush (*i. e.* the burying-ground), then they come for one of their people whom they like. And one ghost will say, 'I am tired of staying in the bush; please to build a little house for me in the town close to your house.' He tells the man to dance and sing too; so the men call plenty of women by night to dance and sing."

In accordance with his request, the people build a miniature hut for the unquiet spirit, then go to the grave and make an idol. They then take the bamboo frame on which the body was carried into the bush, and which is always left on the spot, place on it some dust from the grave, and carry it into the hut, the door of which is closed by a white cloth.

Among the Camma, as with many savage tribes, there is a ceremony of initiation into certain mysteries, through which all have to pass before they can be acknowledged as men and women. These ceremonies are kept profoundly secret from the uninitiated, but Mr. Reade contrived to gain from one of his men some information on the subject.

On the introduction of a novice, he is taken in a fetish house, stripped, severely flogged, and then plastered with goat's dung, the ceremony being accompanied by music. Then he is taken to a screen, from behind which issues a strange and uncouth sound, supposed to be produced by a spirit named Ukuk. There seems, however, to be a tacit understanding that the spirit is only supposed to be present in a vicarious sense, as the black informant not only said that the noise was made by the fetish man, but showed the instrument with which he produced it. It was a kind of whistle, made of hollowed mangrove wood, and closed at one end by a piece of bat's wing.

During five days after initiation an apron is worn, made of dry palm leaves. These ceremonies are not restricted to certain times of the year, but seem to be held whenever a few candidates are ready for initiation. Mr. Reade had several times seen lads wearing the mystic apron, but had not known its significance until Mongilomba betrayed the secrets of the lodge. The same man also gave some information regarding the initiation of the females. He was, however, very reticent on the subject, partly, perhaps, because the women kept their secret close, and partly because he was afraid lest they might hear that he had acted the spy upon them, and avenge their insulted rites by mobbing and beating him.

Some of the ceremonies are not concealed very carefully, being performed in the open air. The music is taken in hand by elderly women, called Ngembi, who commence operations by going into the forest and clearing a space. They then return to the village, and build a sacred hut, into which no male is allowed to enter. The novice, or Igonji, is now led to the cleared space—which, by the way, must be a spot which she has never before visited—and there takes her place by a fire which is carefully watched by the presiding Ngembi, and never suffered to go out. For two days and nights a Ngembi sits beside the fire, feeding it with sticks, and continually chanting, "The fire will never die out." On the third day the novice is rubbed with black, white, and red chalk, and is taken into the sacred hut, where certain unknown ceremonies are performed, the men surrounding it and beating drums, while the novice within continually responds to them by the cry, "Okanda! yo! yo! yo!" which, as Mr. Reade observes, reminds one of the "Evoo!" of the ancient Bacchantes.

The spirit Ukuk only comes to light on such occasions. At other times he lives deep below the surface of the earth in his dark cavern, which is imitated as well as may be by the sacred hut, that is thickly covered with leaves, so that not a ray of light may enter. When he enters the hut, he blows the magic whistle, and on hearing the sound all the initiated repair to the house. As these spirits are so much feared, it is natural that the natives should try to drive them out of every place where they have taken up an unwelcome residence.

With some spirits the favorite spot is the body of a man, who is thereby made ill, and who will die if the spirit be not driven out of him. Now the Camma believe that evil spirits cannot bear noise, especially the beating of drums, and so, at the call of the fetish man, they assemble round the sick man, beat drums and kettles close to his head, sing, dance, and shout with all their might. This hubbub goes on until either the patient dies, as might naturally be expected, or manages to recover in spite of the noise. The people who assist in the operation do so with the greatest vigor, for, by some strange coincidence, it happens that the very things which disgust an evil spirit, such as dancing, singing, drum-beating, and noise-making in general, are just the things which please them best, and so their duties and inclinations are happily found to coincide.

Sometimes the demon takes up his residence in a village, and then there is a vast to-do before he can be induced to go out. A fetish man is brought from a distance—the farther the better—and immediately set to work. His first business is to paint and adorn himself, which he does in such a manner as to look as demoniacal as possible.

One of these men, named Damagondai, seen by Du Chaillu, had made himself a horrible object. The artist has pictured the weird-looking creature on the 517th page. His face was whitened with chalk, a red circle was drawn on each side of his mouth, a band of the same color surrounded each eye, and another ran from the forehead to the tip of the nose. A white band was drawn from the shoulders to the wrists, and one hand was completely whitened. On his head was a tall plume of black feathers; strips of leopard skin and a variety of charms were hung upon his body; and to his neck was suspended a little box, in which he kept a number of familiar spirits. A string of little bells encircled his waist.

This ghastly figure had seated himself on a stool before another box full of charms, and on the box stood a magic mirror. Had the magician been brought from the inland parts of the country, and away from the river along which all traffic runs, he could not have possessed such an article as a mirror, and would have used instead a bowl of water. By the mirror lay the sacred horn full of the fetish powder, accompanied by a rattle containing snake bones. His assistant stood near him, belaboring a board with two sticks.

After the incantations had been continued for some time, the wizard ordered that the names of all the inhabitants of the village should be called out, and as each name was shouted he looked in the mirror. However, he decided at last that the evil spirit did not live in any of the inhabitants, but had taken up his residence in the village, which he wanted for himself, and that he would be very angry if any one tried to share it with him.

Du Chaillu saw that this was a sly attack on him, as he had just built some comfortable houses in the village. Next morning the people began to evacuate the place. They carried off their property, and tore down the houses, and by nightfall not an inhabitant was left in the village except the white man and two of his attendants, both of whom were in great terror, and wanted to follow the others. Even the chief was obliged to go, and, with many apologies to his guest, built a new house outside the deserted village. Not wishing to give up the houses that had cost so much time and trouble, Du Chaillu tried to induce the natives to rebuild the huts; but not even tobacco could overcome their fear of the evil spirit. However, at last some of the bolder men tried the experiment, and by degrees a new village arose in the place of that which had been destroyed.

The same magician who conducted the above-mentioned ceremony was an unmitigated cheat, and seems to have succeeded in cheating himself as well as his countrymen. He was absurdly afraid of darkness,

and as nightfall came on he always began to be frightened, wailing and execrating all sorcerers, witches, and evil spirits, lamenting because he knew that some one was trying to bewitch him, and at last working himself up to such a pitch of excitement that the inhabitants of the village had to turn out of their huts, and begin dancing and singing.

Perhaps this self-deception was involuntary, but Damagondai wilfully cheated the people for his own purposes. In his double capacity as chief and fetish man he had the charge of the village idols. He had a very potent idol of his own, with copper eyes and a sword-shaped protruding tongue.

With the eyes she saw coming events, and with the tongue she foretold the future and cut to pieces the enemies of Damagondai's people. M. du Chaillu wanted to purchase this idol, but her owner refused to sell her. He hinted, however, that for a good price the goddess of the slaves might be bought. Accordingly, a bargain was struck, the idol in question was removed from the hut, packed up, and carried away by the purchaser, while the slaves were away at their work. Damagondai was rather perplexed as to the answer which he would have to give the slaves when they came home and found their idol house empty, but at last he decided to tell them that he had seen the goddess leave her house, and walk away into the woods. The idol in question was an absurd-looking object, something like a compromise between one of the figures out of a "Noah's Ark" and a Dutch wooden doll.

Various as are all these superstitions, there is one point at which they all converge, namely, the dread Mboundou ordeal, by which all who are accused of witchcraft are tested. The mboundou is a tree belonging to the same group as that from which strychnine is made, and is allied to the scarcely less celebrated "vine" from which the Macoushie Indians prepare the wourali poison. From the root of the mboundou a drink is prepared, which has an intoxicating as well as a poisonous quality, and which is used for two purposes, the one being as an ordeal, and the other as a means of divination.

The medicine men derive most of their importance from their capability of drinking the mboundou without injury to their health; and while in the intoxicated state they utter sentences more or less incoherent, which are taken as revelations from the particular spirit who is consulted. The mode of preparing the poisoned draught is as follows:—A given quantity of the root is scraped and put into a bowl, together with a pint of water. In a minute or so a slight fermentation takes place, and the water is filled with little bubbles, like those of champagne or other sparkling wines. When this

has subsided, the water becomes of a pale reddish tint, and the preparation is complete. Its taste is very bitter.

The effects of the mboundou vary greatly in different individuals. There was a hardened old sorcerer, named Olanga, who was greatly respected among his people for his capability of drinking mboundou in large quantities, and without any permanent effect. It is very probable that he may have had some antidote, and prepared himself beforehand, or that his constitution was exceptionally strong, and that he could take with impunity a dose which would kill a weaker man. Olanga was constantly drinking mboundou, using it chiefly as a means of divination. If, for example, a man fell ill, his friends went off to Olanga, and asked him to drink mboundou and find out whether the man had been bewitched. The illustration No. 2, on the next page, represents such a scene. As soon as he had drunk the poison, the men sat round him, beating the ground with their sticks, and crying out the formula—

"If he is a witch, let the mboundou kill him.

"If he is not, let the mboundou go out."

In about five minutes symptoms of intoxication showed themselves. The old man began to stagger, his speech grew thick, his eyes became bloodshot, his limbs shook convulsively, and he began to talk incoherently. Now was the time to ask him questions, and accordingly several queries were propounded, some of which he answered: but he soon became too much intoxicated to understand, much less to answer, the questions that were put to him. Sleep then came on, and in less than half an hour Olanga began to recover.

With most persons, however, it has a different and a deadly effect, and M. du Chaillu mentions that he has seen persons fall dead within five minutes of drinking the mboundou, the blood gushing from the mouth, eyes, and nose.

It is very seldom that any one but a professional medicine man escapes with life after drinking mboundou. Mostly there is an absence of the peculiar symptoms which show that the poison is working itself out of the system, and in such a case the spectators hasten the work of death by their knives. Sometimes the drinkers rally from the effects of the poison, but with constitutions permanently injured; and in a few cases they escape altogether. Du Chaillu was a witness to such an event. Three young men, who were accused of witchcraft, were adjudged, as usual, to drink the mboundou. They drank it, and boldly stood their ground, surrounded by a yelling multitude, armed with axes, spears, and knives, ready to fall upon the unfortunate victims if they showed symptoms that the draught would be fatal. However, they succeeded in keep-

ing their feet until the effects of the poison had passed off, and were accordingly pronounced innocent. According to custom, the medicine man who prepared the draught finished the ceremony by taking a bowl himself, and while in the stage of intoxication he gladdened the hearts of the people by saying that the wizards did not belong to their village, but came from a distance.

It is evident that those who prepare the mboundou can make the draught stronger or weaker, according to their own caprice, and indeed it is said that, when any one who is personally disliked has to drink the poison, it always proves fatal. The accused persons are not allowed to see that it is prepared fairly, but they are permitted to send two friends for that purpose.

A most terrible scene was once witnessed by Du Chaillu. A chief named Mpomo had died, and the people were in a state of frenzy about it. They could not believe that a young and strong man could be seized with illness and die unless he were bewitched, and accordingly a powerful doctor was brought from a distance, and set to work. For two days the doctor went through a number of ceremonies, like those which have been described at page 515, for the purpose of driving out the evil spirits, and at last he announced that he was about to name the wizards. The rest must be told in the narrator's own words:—

"At last, on the third morning, when the excitement of the people was at its height—when old and young, male and female, were frantic with the desire for revenge on the sorcerers—the doctor assembled them about him in the centre of the town, and began his final incantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers.

"Every man and boy was armed,—some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes; and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was wrapped in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. For the first time, I found my voice without authority in Goumbi. I did not even get a hearing. What I said was passed by as though no one had spoken. As a last threat, when I saw proceedings begun, I said I would make Quengueza punish them for the murders they had done in his absence. But, alas! here they had outwitted me. On the day of Mpomo's death they had sent secretly to Quengueza to ask if they could kill the witches. He, poor man—sick himself, and always afraid of the power of sorcerers, and without me to advise him—at once sent word back to kill them all without mercy. So they almost laughed in my face.

"Finding all my endeavors vain, and that the work of bloodshed was to be carried



(1.) EJECTING A DEMON. (See page 515.)



(2.) OLANGA DRINKING MBOUNDU. (See page 516.)  
(517)



through to its dreadful end, I determined, at least, to see how all was conducted. At a motion from the doctor, the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard: 'There is a very black woman, who lives in a house'—describing it fully, with its location—'she bewitched Mpomo.' Scarce had he ended when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide Adouma. Waving their weapons over her head, they bore her away toward the water-side. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the doctor again.

"As poor Okandaga passed in the hands of her murderers, she saw me, though I thought I had concealed myself from view. I turned my head away, and prayed she might not see me. I could not help her. But presently I heard her cry out, 'Chally, Chally, do not let me die!'

"It was a moment of terrible agony to me. For a minute I was minded to rush into the crowd, and attempt to rescue the poor victim. But it would have been of not the slightest use; the people were too frantic and crazed to even notice my presence. I should only have sacrificed my own life, without helping her. So I turned away into a corner behind a tree, and—I may confess, I trust—shed bitter tears at my utter powerlessness.

"Presently, silence again fell upon the crowd. Then the harsh voice of the devilish doctor again rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven. 'There is an old woman in a house'—describing it—'she also bewitched Mpomo.'

"Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off, said, 'I will drink the mboundou; but woe to my accusers if I do not die.' Then she, too, was escorted to the river, but without being bound. She submitted to all without a tear, or a murmur for mercy.

"Again, a third time, the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard: 'There is a woman with six children. She lives on a plantation toward the rising sun. She too bewitched Mpomo.' Again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza's slave-women—a good and much-respected woman—whom also I knew.

"The doctor now approached with the crowd. In a loud voice he recited the crime

of which these women were accused. The first taken, Okandaga, had—so he said—some weeks before asked Mpomo for some salt, he being her relative. Salt was scarce, and he had refused her. She had said unpleasant words to him then, and had by sorcery taken his life.

"Then Quengueza's niece was accused. She was barren, and Mpomo had children. She envied him. Therefore she had bewitched him.

"Quengueza's slave had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass. He had refused her. Therefore she had killed him with sorcery.

"As each accusation was recited the people broke out into curses. Even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this. Every one rivalled his neighbor in cursing, each fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate.

"Next the victims were put into a large canoe, with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people all armed. Then the tam-tams were beaten, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face—for even the negro face has at such times a pallor, which is quite perceptible. Three other canoes now surrounded that in which the victims were. All were crowded with armed men. Then the mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave-woman, next to the royal niece, and last to Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted: 'If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out.'

"It was the most exciting scene of my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.

"Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river. Meantime poor Okandaga staggered, and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewn off. Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in small pieces, which were cast into the river.

"When this was done, the crowd dispersed to their houses, and for the rest of the day the town was very silent. Some of these rude people felt that their number, in their already almost extinguished tribe, was becoming less, and the dread of death filled their hearts. In the evening poor Adouma came secretly to my house, to unburden his

sorrowing heart to me. He, too, had been compelled to take part in the dreadful scene. He dared not even refrain from joining in the curses heaped upon his poor sister. He dared not mourn publicly for her who was considered so great a criminal."

The ceremonies which attend the death of members of the Camma tribe are really remarkable. As soon as the end of a man is evidently near, his relations begin to mourn for him, and his head wife, throwing herself on the bed, and encircling the form of her dying husband with her arms, pours out her wailing lamentations, accompanied by the tears and cries of the villagers who assemble round the house. The other wives take their turns in leading the lamentations, and after his death they bewail him in the most pitiful fashion. These pitiful lamentations are partly owing to real sorrow, but there is no doubt that they are also due to the fear lest any one who did not join in the mourning might be accused of having bewitched her husband to death.

For several days they sit on the ground, covered with ashes, their heads shaved, and their clothing torn to rags; and when the body can no longer be kept in the place, the relatives take it to the cemetery, which is usually at some distance down the river. That, for example, of Goumbi was situated at nearly fifty miles from the place. No grave is dug, but the body is laid on the ground, and surrounded with different valuables which belonged to the dead man in his lifetime. The corpses of the chiefs or headmen are placed in rude boxes, but those of ordinary men are not defended in any way whatever.

For at least a year the mourning continues, and, if the dead man has held high rank, it is sometimes continued for two years, during which time the whole tribe wear their worst clothes, and make a point of being very dirty, while the widows retain the shaven head and ashes, and remain in perfect seclusion. At the end of the appointed time, a ceremony called Bola-ivoga is performed, by which the mourning is broken up and the people return to their usual dress.

One of these ceremonies was seen by Du Chaillu. The deceased had been a tolerably rich man, leaving seven wives, a house, a plantation, slaves, and other property, all which was inherited, according to custom, by his elder brother, on whom devolves the task of giving the feast. Great preparations were made for some days previously, large quantities of palm wine being brought to the village, several canoe loads of dried fish prepared, all the best clothes in the village made ready, and every drum, kettle, and anything that could make a noise when beaten being mustered.

On the joyful morning, the widows begin

the ceremony by eating a magic porridge, composed by the medicine man, and are then released formally from their widowhood. They then throw off their torn and soiled garments, wash away the ashes with which their bodies had been so long covered, and robe themselves in their best clothes, covering their wrists and ankles with iron and copper jewelry.

While they are adorning their persons, the rest of the people arrange themselves in little groups in front of the houses, and to each group is given an enormous jar of palm wine. At a given signal the drinking begins, and is continued without interruption for some twenty-four hours, during which time dancing, singing, and drum-beating are carried on with furious energy. Next morning comes the final ceremony. A large crowd of men, armed with axes, surround the house formerly occupied by the deceased, and, at a signal from the heir, they rush at once at it, and in a few minutes nothing is left but a heap of fragments. These are heaped up and burned; and when the flames die away, the ceremony is over, and the heir is considered as having entered into possession of the property.

There are one or two miscellaneous customs of the Camma people which are deserving of a brief notice. They seem to be rather quarrelsome among themselves, and when they get into a fight use a most formidable club. This weapon is made of heavy and hard wood, and is nearly seven feet long. The thick end is deeply notched, and a blow from the "tongo," as it is called, would smash the skull of an European. The native African, however, sustains heavy blows without being much the worse for it; and, although every tongo will be covered with blood and woolly hair, the combatants do not seem to have sustained much injury.

As they fight, they heap on their adversaries every insulting epithet they can think of: "Your chief has the leg of an elephant," cries one; "Ho! his eldest brother has the neck of a wild ox," shouts a second; "Ho! you have no food in your village," bawls a third; and, according to the narrator, the words really seem to do more damage than the blows.

When a canoe starts on a long journey, a curious ceremony is enacted. Each man dips his paddle in the water, slaps it on the surface, raises in the air, and allows one drop of the water to fall into his mouth. After a good deal of singing, shouting, and antic-playing, they settle down to their work, and paddle on steadily for hours. When a chief parts from a guest, he takes his friend's hands within his own, blows into them, and solemnly invokes the spirits of his ancestors, calling on them to take care of the departing guest.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE SHEKIANI AND MPONGWÉ.

LOCALITY OF THE SHEKIANI—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—SKILL IN HUNTING—SHEKIANI ARCHITECTURE—MEDICAL TREATMENT—NATIVE SORCERERS—FATE OF THE WIZARD—A VICTIM TO SUPERSTITION—TREATMENT OF THE POSSESSED—LOCALITY OF THE MPONGWÉ—NATIVE FASHIONS—MPONGWÉ MOURNING—SKILL IN LANGUAGES—THE SUCCESSFUL TRADER AND HIS RELATIONS—DEATH OF THE MONARCH AND ELECTION OF A NEW KING—A MPONGWÉ CORONATION—OLD KING GLASS AND HIS CHARACTER—HIS SICKNESS, DEATH, BURIAL, AND SUCCESSOR.

SCATTERED over a considerable track of country between the Muni and Gaboon rivers, on the western coast of Africa, are numerous villages of the Shekiani or Chekiani tribe. The Shekiani are divided into numerous sub-tribes, which speak a common language, but call themselves by various names, such as the Mbondemo, the Mbousha, the Mbicho, &c. Each of these lesser tribes is again subdivided into clans or families, each of which has its own head.

The mode of government is very simple, and indeed scarcely deserves the name; for although the chiefs of the different tribes are often called kings, their titles are but empty honors, and their authority is but partially recognized even by the headmen of the clans. The kings, indeed, are scarcely distinguishable from their so called subjects, their houses being the same, and their mode of living but little superior. Still, they are respected as advisers; and, in cases of difficulty, a few words from one of these kings will often settle a dispute which threatens to be dangerous.

Owing to their proximity to the coast, the Shekiani are great traders, and, in consequence of their contact with the white man, present a most curious mixture of savageness and civilization, the latter being modified in various droll ways. Take, for example, the Shekiani mode of managing fire-arms. When they go to hunt the elephant for the sake of its tusks, they always arm themselves with trade guns, for which

they pay seven shillings and sixpence. The quality of these weapons may be easily imagined, and it is really wonderful how the Birmingham manufacturer contrives to furnish for so small a sum a gun that deserves the name.

Of course it is made to suit native ideas, and consequently it is very large and very heavy, a negro contemptuously rejecting a small and light gun which might be worth thirty or forty pounds. Then the main-spring of the lock is of prodigious strength, and the hammer and pan of proportionate size. Inferior, of course, as is the material, the weapon is really a wonderful article; and, if properly handled, is capable of doing good service. But a negro never handles anything carefully. When he cocks his musket, he wrenches back the hammer with a jerk that would break a delicate lock; when he wants to carry home the game that he has killed, he hangs it to the muzzle of the piece, and so slings it over his shoulder, and, as he travels, he allows it to bang against the trees, without the least care for the straightness of the barrel.

But it is in loading the weapon that he most distinguishes himself. First he pours down the barrel a quantity of powder at random, and rams upon it a tuft of dry grass. Upon the grass come some bullets or bits of iron, and then more grass. Then come more powder, grass, and iron as before; and not until then does the negro flatter himself that he has loaded his mus-



ket. That a gun should burst after such a method of loading is not surprising, and indeed it is a wonder that it can be fired at all without flying to pieces. But the negro insists on having a big gun, with plenty of powder and shot, and he cares nothing for a weapon unless it goes off with a report like a small cannon, and has a recoil that almost dislocates the shoulder.

The Shekiani are of moderate size, not very dark-colored, and in character are apt to be quarrelsome, passionate, revengeful, and utterly careless of inflicting death or pain. Owing to their unsettled habits, they are but poor agriculturists, leaving all the culture of the ground to the women. Their mode of making a plantation is very simple. When they have fixed upon a suitable spot, they begin to clear it after a very primitive fashion. The men ascend the trees to some ten or twelve feet of height, just where the stem narrows, supporting themselves by a flexible vine branch twisted hoop-fashion round the tree and their waist. They then chop away at the timber, and slip nimbly to the ground just as the upper part of the tree is falling. The trunks and branches are then gathered together until the dry season is just over, when the whole mass is lighted, and on the ground thus cleared of trees and brushwood the women plant their manioc, plantains, and maize.

Their villages are built on one model. The houses are about twelve or fifteen feet in length by eight or ten wide, and are set end to end in a double row, so as to form a long street. The houses have no windows, and only one door, which opens into the street. At night the open ends of the street are barricaded, and it will be seen that each village thus becomes a fortress almost impregnable to the assaults of native warriors. In order to add to the strength of their position, they make their villages on the crests of hills, and contrive, if possible, to build them in the midst of thorn brakes, so that, if they were attacked, the enemy would be exposed to their missiles while engaged in forcing their way through the thorns. When such a natural defence cannot be obtained, they content themselves with blocking up the approaches with cut thorn branches.

The houses are made of the so called bamboo poles, which are stuck in the ground, and lashed to each other with vine ropes. The interior is divided at least into two apartments, one of which is the eating and the other the sleeping chamber. Each Shekiani wife has a separate apartment, with its own door, so that the number of wives may be known by the number of doors opening out of the sitting-room. Although their houses are made with some care, the Shekiani are continually deserting their villages on some absurd pretext, usually of a superstitious character, and, during their travels toward another site, they make temporary

encampments in the woods, their rude huts being composed of four sticks planted in the ground, tied together at the top, and then covered with leaves.

It has been mentioned that the Shekiani are careless about inflicting torture. One day M. du Chaillu was staying with one of the so-called Shekiani "kings," named Njam-bai; he heard terrible shrieks, and was coolly told that the king was only punishing one of his wives. He ran to the spot, and there found a woman tied by her waist to a stout stake, and her feet to smaller stakes. Cords were tied round her neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, and were being slowly twisted with sticks, cutting into the flesh, and inflicting the most horrible torture. The king was rather sulky at being interrupted in his amusement, but, when his guest threatened instant departure unless the woman were released, he made a present of the victim to her intercessor. The cords had been so tightly knotted and twisted that they could not be untied, and, when they were cut, were found to have been forced deeply into the flesh.

The same traveller gives an account of the cruel manner in which the Shekiani treated an unfortunate man who had been accused of witchcraft. He was an old man belonging to the Mbousha sub-tribe, and was supposed to have bewitched a man who had lately died.

"I heard one day, by accident, that a man had been apprehended on a charge of causing the death of one of the chief men of the village. I went to Dayoko, and asked him about it. He said yes, the man was to be killed; that he was a notorious wizard, and had done much harm. So I begged to see this terrible being. I was taken to a rough hut, within which sat an old, old man, with wool white as snow, wrinkled face, bowed form, and shrunken limbs. His hands were tied behind him, and his feet were placed in a rude kind of stocks. This was the great wizard. Several lazy negroes stood guard over him, and from time to time insulted him with opprobrious epithets and blows, to which the poor old wretch submitted in silence. He was evidently in his dotage.

"I asked him if he had no friends, no relations, no son, or daughter, or wife to take care of him. He said sadly, 'No one.'

"Now here was the secret of his persecution. They were tired of taking care of the helpless old man, who had lived too long, and a charge of witchcraft by the gree-gree man was a convenient pretext for putting him out of the way. I saw at once that it would be vain to strive to save him. I went, however, to Dayoko, and argued the case with him. I tried to explain the absurdity of charging a harmless old man with supernatural powers; told him that God did not permit witches to exist; and finally made

an offer to buy the old wretch, offering to give some pounds of tobacco, one or two coats, and some looking glasses for him—goods which would have bought me an able-bodied slave.

"Dayoko replied that for his part he would be glad to save him, but that the people must decide; that they were much excited against him; but that he would, to please me, try to save his life. During all the night following I heard singing all over the town, and a great uproar. Evidently they were preparing themselves for the murder. Even these savages cannot kill in cold blood, but work themselves into a frenzy of excitement first, and then rush off to do the bloody deed.

"Early in the morning the people gathered together, with the fetish man—the infernal rascal who was at the bottom of the murder—in their midst. His bloodshot eyes glared in savage excitement as he went around from man to man, getting the votes to decide whether the old man should die. In his hands he held a bundle of herbs, with which he sprinkled three times those to whom he spoke. Meantime a man was stationed on the top of a high tree, whence he shouted from time to time in a loud voice, '*Jocool! Jocool!*' at the same time shaking the tree violently. '*Jocoo*' is devil among the Mbousha, and the business of this man was to drive away the evil spirit, and to give notice to the fetish man of his approach.

"At last the sad vote was taken. It was declared that the old man was a most malignant wizard; that he had already killed a number of people; that he was minded to kill many more; and that he must die. No one would tell me how he was to be killed, and they proposed to defer the execution till my departure, which I was, to tell the truth, rather glad of. The whole scene had considerably agitated me, and I was willing to be spared the end. Tired, and sick at heart, I lay down on my bed about noon to rest, and compose my spirits a little. After a while, I saw a man pass my window almost like a flash, and after him a horde of silent but infuriated men. They ran toward the river. In a little while, I heard a couple of sharp, piercing cries, as of a man in great agony, and then all was still as death.

"I got up, guessing the rascals had killed the poor old man, and, turning my steps toward the river, was met by a crowd returning, every man armed with axe, knife, cutlass, or spear, and these weapons, and their own hands and arms and bodies, all sprinkled with the blood of their victim. In their frenzy they had tied the poor wizard to a log near the river bank, and then deliberately hacked him into many pieces. See the illustration on the 526th page. They finished by splitting open his skull, and scattering the brains in the water. Then they returned; and, to see their behavior, it

would have seemed 'as though the country had just been delivered from a great curse. By night the men—whose faces for two days had filled me with loathing and horror, so bloodthirsty and malignant were they—were again as mild as lambs, and as cheerful as though they had never heard of a witch tragedy."

Once, when shooting in the forest, Du Chaillu came upon a sight which filled him with horror. It was the body of a young woman, with good and pleasant features, tied to a tree and left there. The whole body and limbs were covered with gashes, into which the torturers had rubbed red pepper, thus killing the poor creature with sheer agony.

Among other degrading superstitions, the Shekiani believe that men and women can be changed into certain animals. One man, for example, was said to have been suddenly transformed into a large gorilla as he was walking in the village. The enchanted animal haunted the neighborhood ever afterward, and did great mischief, killing the men, and carrying off the women into the forest. The people often hunted it, but never could manage to catch it. This story is a very popular one, and is found in all parts of the country wherever the gorilla lives.

The Shekiani have another odd belief regarding the transformation of human beings into animals. Seven days after a child is born, the girls of the neighborhood assemble in the house, and keep up singing and dancing all night. They fancy that on the seventh day the woman who waited on the mother would be possessed of an evil spirit, which would change her into an owl, and cause her to suck the blood of the child. Bad spirits, however, cannot endure the sight or sound of human merriment, and so the girls obligingly get up a dance, and baffle the spirit at the same time that they gratify themselves. As in a large village a good many children are born, the girls contrive to insure plenty of dances in the course of the year.

Sometimes an evil spirit takes possession of a man, and is so strong that it cannot be driven away by the usual singing and dancing, the struggles between the exorcisers and the demon being so fierce as to cause the possessed man to fall on the ground, to foam at the mouth, and to writhe about in such powerful convulsions that no one can hold him. In fact, all the symptoms are those which the more prosaic white man attributes to epilepsy.

Such a case offers a good opportunity to the medicine man, who comes to the relief of the patient, attended by his assistant. A hut is built in the middle of the street, and inhabited by the doctor and patient. For a week or ten days high festival is held, and night and day the dance and song are kept

up within the hut, not unaccompanied with strong drink. Every one thinks it a point of honor to aid in the demolition of the witch, and, accordingly, every one who can eat gorges himself until he can eat no more; every one who has a drum brings it and beats it, and those who have no musical

instruments can at all events shout and sing until they are hoarse. Sometimes the natural result of such a proceeding occurs, the unfortunate patient being fairly driven out of his senses by the ceaseless and deafening uproar, and darting into the forest a confirmed maniac.

## THE MPONGWÉ.

UPON the Gaboon River is a well-known negro tribe called Mpongwé.

Perhaps on account of their continual admixture with traders, they approach nearer to civilization than those tribes which have been described, and are peculiarly refined in their manners, appearance, and language. They are very fond of dress, and the women in particular are remarkable for their attention to the toilet. They wear but little clothing, their dark, velvet-like skin requiring scarcely any covering, and being admirably suited for setting off the ornaments with which they plentifully bedeck themselves.

Their heads are elaborately dressed, the woolly hair being frizzed out over a kind of cushion, and saturated with palm oil to make it hold together. Artificial hair is also added when the original stock is deficient, and is neatly applied in the form of rosettes over the ears. A perfumed bark is scraped and applied to the hair, and the whole edifice is finished off with a large pin of ivory, bone, or ebony.

When their husbands die, the widows are obliged to sacrifice this cherished adornment and go about with shaven heads, a custom which applies also to the other sex in time of mourning. In this country mourning is implied by the addition of certain articles to the ordinary clothing, but, among the Mpongwé, the case is exactly reversed. When a woman is in mourning she shaves her head and wears as few and as bad clothes as possible; and when a man is in mourning, he not only shaves his head, but abandons all costume until the customary period is over.

The women wear upon their ankles huge brass rings made of stair rods, and many of them are so laden with these ornaments that their naturally graceful walk degenerates into a waddle; and if by chance they should fall into the water, they are drowned by the weight of their brass anklets.

The Mpongwés are a clever race, having a wonderful aptitude for languages and swinilling. Some of the men can speak several native dialects, and are well versed in English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, using their accomplishments for the purpose of cheating both of the parties for whom they interpret. They are very clever at an argument, especially of that kind

which is popularly known as "special pleading," and will prove that black is white, not to say blue or red, with astonishing coolness and ingenuity.

Clever, however, as they are, they are liable to be cheated in their town by their own people—if indeed those can be said to be cheated who deliberately walk into the trap that is set for them. They will come down to the coast, impose upon some unwary trader with their fluent and plausible tongues, talk him into advancing goods on credit, and then slink off to their villages, delighted with their own ingenuity. As soon, however, as they reach their homes, the plunderers become the plundered. Indeed, as Mr. W. Reade well remarks, "There are many excellent business men who in private life are weak, vain, extravagant, and who seem to leave their brains behind them. Such are the Mpongwés, a tribe of commercial travellers, men who prey upon ignorance in the bush, and are devoured by flattery in the town."

As soon as the successful trader returns to his village, he is beset by all his friends and relations, who see in him a mine of wealth, of which they all have a share. They sing his praises, they get up dances in his honor, they extol his generosity, eating and drinking all the while at his expense, and never leaving him until the last plantain has been eaten and the last drop of rum drunk. He has not strength of mind to resist the flattery which is heaped upon him, and considers himself bound to reward his eulogists by presents. Consequently, at the end of a week or two he is as poor as when he started on his expedition, and is obliged to go off and earn more money, of which he will be robbed in a similar manner when he returns.

These feasts are not very enticing to the European palate, for the Mpongwé have no idea of roasting, but boil all their food in earthen vessels. They have little scruple about the different articles of diet, but will eat the flesh of almost any animal, bird, or reptile that they can kill.

Among the Mpongwé, the government is much the same as that of the other tribes in Western Equatorial Africa. The different sub-tribes or clans of the Mpongwé are ruled by their headmen, the principal chief of a district being dignified with the title of king.





(1.) FATE OF THE WIZARD. (See page 523.)



(2.) CORONATION. (See page 527.)  
(526)

Dignity has, as we all know, its drawbacks as well as its privileges, and among the Mpongwe it has its pains as well as its pleasures. When once a man is fairly made king, he may do much as he likes, and is scarcely ever crossed in anything that he may desire. But the process of coronation was anything but agreeable, and utterly unlike the gorgeous ceremony with which civilized men are so familiar.

The new king is secretly chosen in solemn conclave, and no one, not even the king elect, knows on whom the lot has fallen. On the seventh day after the funeral of the deceased sovereign, the name of the new king is proclaimed, and all the people make a furious rush at him. They shout and yell at him; they load him with all the terms of abuse in which their language is so prolific; and they insult him in the grossest manner.

One man will run up to him and shout, "You are not my king yet!" accompanying the words with a sound box on the ear. Another flings a handful of mud in his face, accompanied by the same words, another gets behind him and administers a severe kick, and a third slaps his face. For some time the poor man is hustled and beaten by them until his life seems to be worthless, while all around is a crowd of disappointed subjects, who have not been able to get at their future monarch, and who are obliged to content themselves by pelting him with sticks and stones over the heads of their more fortunate comrades, and abusing him, and his parents, and his brothers, sisters, and all his relatives for several generations. This part of the ceremony of coronation is illustrated on the previous page.

Suddenly the tumult ceases, and the king elect, bruised, mud-bespattered, bleeding, and exhausted, is led into the house of his predecessor, where he seats himself. The whole demeanor of the people now changes, and silent respect takes the place of frantic violence. The headmen of the tribe rise and say, "Now we acknowledge you as our king; we listen to you, and obey you." The people repeat these words after them, and then the crown and royal robes are brought. The crown is always an old silk hat, which, by some grotesque chance, has become the sign of royalty in Western Africa. The state robes are composed of a red dressing-gown, unless a beadle's coat can be procured, and, arrayed in this splendid apparel, the new king is presented to his subjects, and receives their homage.

A full week of congratulations and festivities follows, by the end of which time the king is in sad need of repose, strangers from great distances continually arriving, and all insisting on being presented to the new king. Not until these rites are over is the king allowed to leave the house.

M. du Chaillu was a witness of the re-

markable ceremony which has just been described, and which took place on the coronation of a successor to the old King Glass, who, as is rather quaintly remarked, "stuck to life with a determined tenacity, which almost bid fair to cheat Death. He was a disagreeable old heathen, but in his last days became very devout—after his fashion. His idol was always freshly painted and highly decorated; his fetish was the best cared-for fetish in Africa, and every few days some great doctor was brought down from the interior, and paid a large fee for advising the old king. He was afraid of witchcraft; thought that everybody wanted to put him out of the way by bewitching him; and in this country your doctor does not try to cure your sickness; his business is to keep off the witches."

The oddest thing was, that all the people thought that he was a powerful wizard, and were equally afraid and tired of him. He had been king too long for their ideas, and they certainly did wish him fairly dead. But when he became ill, and was likely to die, the usual etiquette was observed, every one going about as if plunged in the deepest sorrow, although they hated him sincerely, and were so afraid of his supernatural powers that scarcely a native dared to pass his hut by night, and no bribe less than a jug of rum would induce any one to enter the house. At last he died, and then every one went into mourning, the women wailing and pouring out tears with the astonishing lachrymal capability which distinguishes the African women, who can shed tears copiously and laugh at the same time.

On the second day after his death old King Glass was buried, but the exact spot of his sepulture no one knew, except a few old councillors on whom the duty fell. By way of a monument, a piece of scarlet cloth was suspended from a pole. Every one knew that it only marked the spot where King Glass was *not* buried. For six days the mourning continued, at the end of which time occurred the coronation, and the chief Njogoni became the new King Glass.

The mode of burial varies according to the rank of the deceased. The body of a chief is carefully interred, and so is that of a king, the sepulchre of the latter being, as has just been mentioned, kept a profound secret. By the grave are placed certain implements belonging to the dead person, a stool or a jug marking the grave of a man, and a calabash that of a woman. The bodies of slaves are treated less ceremoniously, being merely taken to the burying-ground, thrown down, and left to perish, without the honors of a grave or accompanying symbol.

Like other dwellers upon river banks, the Mpongwe are admirable boatmen, and dis-

play great ingenuity in making canoes. The tree from which they are made only grows inland, and sometimes, when a large vessel is wanted, a suitable tree can only be found some eight or ten miles from the shore. If a canoe maker can find a tree within two or three miles from the water, he counts himself a lucky man; but, as the trees are being continually cut up for canoe making, it is evident that the Mpongwé are continually driven further inland.

When a Mpongwé has settled upon a tree which he thinks will make a good canoe, he transplants all his family to the spot, and builds a new homestead for himself, his wives, his children, and his slaves. Sometimes he will economize his labor, and pitch his encampment near three or four canoe trees, all of which he intends to fashion into

vessels before he returns to his village. When the trees are felled, and cut to the proper length — sixty feet being an ordinary measurement — they are ingeniously hollowed by means of fire, which is carefully watched and guided until the interior is burnt away. The outside of the tree is then trimmed into shape with the native adze, and the canoe is ready. A clever man, with such a family, will make several such canoes during a single dry season.

The next and most important business is to get the canoes to the water. This is done by cutting a pathway through the wood, and laboriously pushing the canoe on rollers. In some cases, when the canoe tree is nearer the sea than the river, the maker takes it direct to the beach, launches it, and then paddles it round to the river.

## CHAPTER LI.

### THE FANS.

LOCALITY OF THE TRIBE—THEIR COLOR AND GENERAL APPEARANCE—THE KING OF THE FANS—AN UGLY QUEEN—A MIXED CHARACTER—HOSPITALITY AND CURIOSITY—FIERCE AND WARLIKE NATURE—THEIR CONQUERING PROGRESS WESTWARD—WAR-KNIVES, AXES, AND SPEARS—SKILL IN IRON WORK—THE FAN CROSS-BOW AND ITS DIMINUTIVE ARROWS—WAR SHIELDS AND THEIR VALUE—ELEPHANT HUNTING—THE WIRE NET AND THE SPEAR TRAP—FAN COOKERY, AND DIET IN GENERAL—MORTARS AND COOKING POTS—EARTHEN PIPE-BOWLS—CRAVING FOR MEAT—FATE OF THE SHEEP.

THE remarkable tribe which now comes before our notice inhabits a tract of land just above the Equator, and on the easternmost known limits of the Gaboon River. Their name for themselves is Ba-Fanh, *i. e.* the Fan-people, and they are known along the coast as the Pasuen.

That they are truly a singular people may be inferred from the terse summary which has been given of them,—namely, a race of cannibal gentlemen. Their origin is unknown; but, as far as can be gathered from various sources, they have come from the north-east, their bold and warlike nature having overcome the weaker or more timid tribes who originally possessed the land, and who, as far as can be ascertained, seem to have been allied to the curious dwarfish race which has been described on page 482.

They cannot be called negroes, as they are not black, but coffee colored; neither do they possess the enormous lips, the elongated skull, nor the projecting jaws, which are so conspicuous in the true negro. In many individuals a remarkable shape of the skull is to be seen, the forehead running up into a conical shape. Their figures are usually slight, and their upper jaw mostly protrudes beyond the lower, thus giving a strange expression to the countenance.

The men are dressed simply enough, their chief costume being a piece of bark cloth, or, in case the wearer should be of very high rank, the skin of a tiger-cat, with the tail

downward. They have a way of adding to their natural heads of hair a sort of queue, exactly like that of the British sailor in Nelson's days, making the queue partly out of their own hair, and partly from tow and other fibres. It is plaited very firmly, and is usually decorated with beads, cowries, and other ornaments. The beard is gathered into two tufts, which are twisted like ropes, and kept in shape by abundant grease.

The king of the Fans, Ndiayai by name, was noted for his taste in dress. His queue divided at the end into two points, each of which was terminated by brass rings, while a number of white beads were worn at the top of his head. His entire body was painted red, and was also covered with boldly-drawn tattoo marks. Round his waist he had twisted a small piece of bark cloth, in front of which hung the tuft of leopard skin that designated his royal authority. The whole of the hair which was not gathered into the queue was teased out into little ropelets, which stood well out from the head, and were terminated by beads or small rings. His ankles were loaded with brass rings, which made a great jingling as he walked, and his head was decorated with the red feathers of the touraco. His teeth were filed to points, and painted black, and his body was hung with quantities of charms and amulets.

The women wear even less costume than the men. Unmarried girls wear none at all, and, even when married, a slight apron is



all that they use. On their heads they generally wear some ornament, and the wife of Ndiyai — who, as Du Chaillu remarks, was the ugliest woman he had ever seen — had a cap covered with white shells, and had made tattooing, with which her whole body was covered, take the place of clothing. She certainly wore a so called dress, but it was only a little strip of red Fan cloth, about four inches wide. Two enormous copper rings were passed through the lobes of her ears, which they dragged down in a very unsightly manner, and on her ankles were iron rings of great weight. These were her most precious ornaments, iron being to the Fans even more valuable than gold is among ourselves. Apparently from constant exposure, her skin was rough like the bark of a tree.

Most of the married women wear a bark belt about four inches wide, which passes over one shoulder and under the other. This is not meant as an article of dress, but only a sort of cradle. The child is seated on this belt, so that its weight is principally sustained by it, and it can be shifted about from side to side by merely changing the belt from one arm to the other. The women are, as a rule, smaller in stature than the men, and are not at all pretty, what pretence to beauty they may have being destroyed by their abominable practice of painting their bodies red, and filing their teeth to sharp points.

From the accounts of those who have mixed with them, the Fans present a strange jumble of characters. They practise open and avowed cannibalism — a custom which is as repulsive to civilized feelings as can well be imagined. They are fierce, warlike, and ruthless in battle, fighting for the mere love of it, with their hand against every man. Yet in private life they are hospitable, polite, and gentle, rather afraid of strangers, and as mildly inquisitive as cats. Both Du Chaillu and Mr. Reade agree in these points, and the latter has given a most amusing account of his introduction to a Fan village. He had been previously challenged on the Gaboon River by a Fan, who forbade the boat to pass, but, on being offered a brass rod per diem as a recompense for his services as guide, “grinned horribly a ghastly smile,” which showed his filed teeth, and agreed to conduct the party to the next village. He kept his word like a man, and brought the boat to a village, where our author made his first acquaintance with the tribe.

“I examined these people with the interest of a traveller; they hailed me with the enthusiasm of a mob. The chief’s house, to which I had been conducted, was surrounded by a crowd of cannibals, four deep; and the slight modicum of light which native architecture permits to come in by the door was intercepted by heads and parrots’ feathers.

At the same time, every man talked as if he had two voices. Oshupu obtained me a short respite by explaining to them that it was the habit of the animal to come out to air himself, and to walk to and fro in the one street of the village. Being already inured to this kind of thing, I went out at sunset and sat before the door. Oshupu, squatting beside me, and playing on a musical instrument, gave the proceeding the appearance of a theatrical entertainment.

“And this taught me how often an actor can return the open merriment of the house with sly laughter in his sleeve. One seldom has the fortune to see anything so ludicrous on the stage as the grotesque grimaces of a laughing audience. But oh, if Hogarth could have seen my cannibals! Here stood two men with their hands upon each other’s shoulders, staring at me in mute wonder, their eyes like saucers, their mouths like open sepulchres. There an old woman, in a stooping attitude, with her hands on her knees, like a cricketer ‘fielding out;’ a man was dragging up his frightened wife to look at me, and a child cried bitterly with averted eyes. After the Fans had taken the edge off their curiosity, and had dispersed a little, I rose to enjoy my evening promenade. All stared at me with increasing wonder. That a man should walk backward and forward with no fixed object is something which the slothful negro cannot understand, and which possibly appears to him rather the action of a beast than of a human being.

“It was not long before they contrived to conquer their timidity. I observed two or three girls whispering together and looking at me. Presently I felt an inquisitive finger laid on my coat, and heard the sound of bare feet running away. I remained in the same position. Then one bolder than the rest approached me, and spoke to me smiling. I assumed as amiable an expression as Nature would permit, and touched my ears to show that I did not understand. At this they had a great laugh, as if I had said something good, and the two others began to draw near like cats. One girl took my hand between hers, and stroked it timidly; the others, raising toward me their beautiful black eyes, and with smiles showing teeth which were not filed, and which were as white as snow, demanded permission to touch this hand, which seemed to them so strange. And then they all felt my cheeks and my straight hair, and looked upon me as a tame prodigy sent to them by the gods; and all the while they chattered, the pretty things, as if I could understand them.

“Now ensued a grand discussion; first my skin was touched, and then my coat, and the two were carefully compared. At length one of them happened to pull back my coat, and on seeing my wrist they gave a cry, and clapped their hands unanimously. They had been arguing whether my coat

was of the same material as my skin, and an accident had solved the mystery.

"I was soon encircled by women and children, who wished to touch my hands, and to peep under my cuffs—a proceeding which I endured with exemplary patience. Nor did I ever spend half an hour in a Fan village before these weaker vessels had forgotten that they had cried with terror when they first saw me; and before I also had forgotten that these amicable Yaricos would stew me in palm oil and serve me up before their aged sires, if so ordered, with as little reluctance as an English cook would crimp her cod, skin her eels alive, or boil her lobsters into red agony."

The Fans are a fierce and warlike people, and by dint of arms have forced their way into countries far distant from their own, wherever that may have been. No tribes have been able to stand against them, and even the large and powerful Bakalai and Shekiani have had to yield up village after village to the invaders, so that in some parts all these tribes are curiously intermingled; and all these are at war with each other. The Fans, however, are more than a match for the other two, even if they were to combine forces, which their short-sighted jealousy will not permit them to do; and by slow degrees the Bakalai and Shekiani are wasting away, and the Fans taking their places. They have even penetrated into the Mpongwe country, so that they proceed steadily from the east toward the seaboard.

The progress made by the Fans has been astonishingly rapid. Before 1847 they were only known traditionally to the sea-shore tribes as a race of warlike cannibals, a few villages being found in the mountainous region from which the head waters of the Gaboon River take their origin. Now they have passed westward until they are within a few miles of the sea-coast and are now and then seen among the settlements of the traders.

Every Fan becomes a warrior when he obtains the age of manhood, and goes systematically armed with a truly formidable array of weapons. Their principal offensive weapon is the huge war-knife, which is sometimes three feet in length, and seven inches or so in width.

Several forms of these knives are shown in the illustration on page 558. The general shape is much like that of the knives used in other parts of Western Africa. That on the left hand (fig. 1) may almost be called a sword, so large and heavy is it. In using it, the Fan warrior prefers the point to the edge, and keeps it sharpened for the express purpose. Another form of knife is seen in fig. 2. This has no point, and is used as a cutting instrument. Many of them have also a smaller knife, which they use for cutting meat, and other domestic

purposes, reserving the large knives entirely for battle.

All these knives are kept very sharp, and are preserved in sheaths, such as are seen in the illustration. The sheaths are mostly made of two flat pieces of wood, slightly hollowed out, so as to receive the blade, and covered with hide of some sort. Snake skin forms a favorite covering to the sheaths, and many of the sheaths are covered with human skin, torn from the body of a slain enemy. The two halves of the sheath are bound together by strips of raw hide, which hold them quite firmly in their places.

Axes of different kinds are also employed by the Fans. One of these bears a singular resemblance to the Neam-Nam war-knife, as seen on page 437, and is used in exactly the same manner, namely, as a missile. Its head is flat and pointed, and just above the handle is a sharp projection, much like that on the Neam-Nam knife. When the Fan warrior flings his axe, he aims it at the head of the enemy, and has a knack of hurling it so that its point strikes downward, and thus inflicts a blow strong enough to crush even the hard skull of a native African.

Spears are also used, their shafts being about six or seven feet in length, and of some thickness. They are used for thrusting, and not for throwing, and their heads are of various shapes. There is a very good group of them in the museum of the Anthropological Society, exhibiting the chief forms of the heads. These spears, as well as the shield which accompanies them, were brought to England by M. du Chailu, to whom we are indebted for most of our knowledge concerning this remarkable tribe. Some of the spear heads are quite plain and leaf-shaped, while others are formed in rather a fantastical manner. One, for example, has several large and flat barbs set just under the head, another has only a single pair of barbs, while a third looks much like the sword-knife set in the end of a shaft, and so converted into a spear.

All their weapons are kept in the best order, their owners being ever ready for a fray; and they are valued in proportion to the execution which they have done, the warriors having an almost superstitious regard for a knife which has killed a man. Their weapons are all made by themselves, and the quality of the steel is really surprising. They obtain their iron ore from the surface of the ground, where it lies about plentifully in some localities. In order to smelt it, they cut a vast supply of wood and build a large pile, laying on it a quantity of the ore broken into pieces. More wood is then thrown on the top, and the whole is lighted. Fresh supplies of wood are continually added, until the iron is fairly melted out of the ore. Of course by this rough mode of procedure, a considerable percentage of the metal is lost,

but that is thought of very little consequence.

The next business is to make the cast-iron malleable, which is done by a series of beatings and hammerings, the result being a wonderfully well-tempered s eel. For their purposes, such steel is far preferable to that which is made in England; and when a Fan wishes to make a particularly good knife or spear head, he would rather smelt and temper iron for himself than use the best steel that Sheffield can produce.

The bellows which they employ are made on exactly the same principle as those which have several times been mentioned. They are made of two short hollow cylinders, to the upper end of which is tied a loose piece of soft hide. A wooden handle is fixed to each skin. From the bottoms of the cylinders a wooden pipe is led, and the two pipes converge in an iron tube. The end of this tube is placed in the fire, and the bellowsman, by working the handles up and down alternately, drives a constant stream of air into the fire.

Their anvils and hammers are equally simple; and yet, with such rude materials, they contrive, by dint of patient working, to turn out admirable specimens of blacksmith's work. All their best weapons are decorated with intricate patterns engraven on the blades, and, as time is no object to them, they will spend many months on the figuring and finishing of a single axe blade. The patterns are made by means of a small chisel and a hammer. Some of their ruder knives are not intended as weapons of war, but merely as instruments by which they can cut down the trees and brushwood that are in the way when they want to clear a spot for agriculture. It will now be seen why iron is so valuable a commodity among the Fans, and why a couple of heavy anklets made of this precious metal should be so valued by the women.

There is one very singular weapon among the Fans. Perhaps there is no part of the world where we could less expect to find the crossbow than among a cannibal tribe at the head of the Gaboon. Yet there the crossbow is regularly used as an engine of war, and a most formidable weapon it is, giving its possessors a terrible advantage over their foes. The ingenuity exhibited in the manufacture of this weapon is very great, and yet one cannot but wonder at the odd mixture of cleverness and stupidity which its structure shows. The bow is very strong, and when the warrior wishes to bend it he seats himself on the ground, puts his foot against the bow, and so has both hands at liberty, by which he can haul the cord into the notch which holds it until it is released by the trigger. The shaft is about five feet long, and is split for a considerable portion of its length. The little stick which is thrust between the split por-

tions constitutes the trigger, and the method of using it is as follows:—

Just below the notch which holds the string is a round hole through which passes a short peg. The other end of the which is made of very hard wood, is into the lower half of the split shaft, and plays freely through the hole. When the two halves of the shaft are separated by the trigger, the peg is pulled through the hole, and allows the cord to rest in the notch. But as soon as the trigger is removed the two halves close together, and the peg is thus driven up through the hole, knocking the cord out of the notch. I have in my collection a Chinese crossbow, the string of which is released on exactly the same principle.

Of course, an accurate aim is out of the question, for the trigger-peg is held so tightly between the two halves of the shaft that it cannot be pulled out without so great an effort that any aim must be effectually deranged. But in the use of this weapon aim is of very little consequence, as the bow is only used at very short ranges, fifteen yards being about the longest distance at which a Fan cares to expend an arrow. The arrows themselves are not calculated for long ranges, as they are merely little strips of wood a foot or so in length, and about the sixth of an inch in diameter. They owe their terrors, not to their sharpness, nor to the velocity with which they are impelled, but to the poison with which their tips are imbued. Indeed, they are so extremely light that they cannot be merely laid on the groove of the shaft, lest they should be blown away by the wind. They are therefore fastened in their place with a little piece of gum, of which the archer always takes care to have a supply at hand. Owing to their diminutive size, they cannot be seen until their force is expended, and to this circumstance they owe much of their power. They have no feathers, neither does any particular care seem to be taken about their tips, which, although pointed, are not nearly as sharp as those of the tiny arrows used by the Dyaks of Borneo, or the Macoushies of the Esse-quiho.

The poison with which their points are imbued is procured from the juice of some plant at present unknown, and two or three coatings are given before the weapon is considered to be sufficiently envenomed. The Fans appear to be unacquainted with any antidote for the poison, or, if they do know of any, they keep it a profound secret. The reader may remember a parallel instance among the Bojesmans, with regard to the antidote for the poison-grub.

Besides these arrows, they use others about two feet in length, with iron heads, whenever they go in search of large but in warfare, the little arrow is quite strong enough to penetrate the skin of a

human being, and is therefore used in preference to the larger and more cumbersome dart.

The only defensive weapon is the shield, which is made from the hide of the elephant. It varies slightly in shape, but is generally oblong, and is about three feet long by two and a half wide, so that it covers all the vital parts of the body. The piece of hide used for the shield is cut from the shoulders of the elephant, where, as is the case with the pachyderms in general, the skin is thickest and strongest. No spear can penetrate this shield, the axe cannot hew its way through it, the missile knife barely indents it, and the crossbow arrows rebound harmlessly from its surface. Even a bullet will glance off if it should strike obliquely on the shield. Such a shield is exceedingly valuable, because the skin of an elephant will not afford material for more than one or two shields, and elephant-killing is a task that needs much time, patience, courage, and ingenuity. Moreover, the elephant must be an old one, and, as the old elephants are proverbially fierce and cunning, the danger of hunting them is very great.

Like other savages, the Fan has no idea of "sport." He is necessarily a "pothunter," and thinks it the most foolish thing in the world to give the game a fair chance of escape. When he goes to hunt, he intends to kill the animal, and cares not in the least as to the means which he uses. The manner of elephant hunting is exceedingly ingenious.

As soon as they find an elephant feeding, the Fans choose a spot at a little distance where the monkey vines and other creepers dangle most luxuriantly from the boughs. Quietly detaching them, they interweave them among the tree trunks, so as to make a strong, net-like barrier, which is elastic enough to yield to the rush of an elephant, and strong enough to detain and entangle him. Moreover, the Fans know well that the elephant dreads anything that looks like a fence, and, as has been well said, may be kept prisoner in an enclosure which would not detain a calf.

When the barrier is completed, the Fans, armed with their spears, surround the elephant, and by shouts and cries drive him in the direction of the barrier. As soon as he strikes against it, he is filled with terror, and instead of exerting his gigantic strength, and breaking through the obstacle, he struggles in vague terror, while his enemies crowd round him, inflicting wound after wound with their broad-bladed spears. In vain does he strike at the twisted vines, or endeavor to pull them down with his trunk, and equally in vain he endeavors to trample them under foot. The elastic ropes yield to his efforts, and in the meanwhile the fatal missiles are poured on him from every side. Some of the hunters crawl through the brush, and wound him from below; others

climb up trees, and hurl spears from among the boughs; while the bolder attack him openly, running away if he makes a charge, and returning as soon as he pauses, clustering round him like flies round a carcass.

This mode of chase is not without its dangers, men being frequently killed by the elephant, which charges unexpectedly, knocks them down with a blow of the trunk, and then tramples them under foot. Sometimes an unfortunate hunter, when charged by the animal, loses his presence of mind, runs toward the vine barrier, and is caught in the very meshes which he helped to weave. Tree climbing is the usual resource of a chased hunter; and, as the Fans can run up trees almost as easily as monkeys, they find themselves safer among the branches than they would be if they merely tried to dodge the animal round the tree trunks.

The Fans also use an elephant trap which is identical in principle with that which is used in killing the hippopotamus, — namely, a weighted spear hung to a branch under which the elephant must pass, and detached by a string tied to a trigger. The natives assisted in their elephant-hunting expeditions by the character of the animal. Suspicious and crafty as is the elephant, it has a strong disinclination to leave a spot where it finds the food which it likes best; and in consequence of this peculiarity, whenever an elephant is discovered, the Fans feel sure that it will remain in the same place for several days, and take their measures accordingly.

When they have killed an elephant, they utilize nearly the whole of the enormous carcass, taking out the tusks for sale, using the skin of the back for shields, and eating the whole of the flesh. To European palates the flesh of the elephant is distasteful, partly on account of its peculiar flavor, and partly because the cookery of the native African is not of the best character. M. du Chaillu speaks of it in very contemptuous terms. "The elephant meat, of which the Fans seem to be very fond, and which they have been cooking and smoking for three days, is the toughest and most disagreeable meat I ever tasted. I cannot explain its taste, because we have no flesh which tastes like it, but it seems full of muscular fibre or gristle; and when it has been boiled for two days, twelve hours each day, it is still tough. The flavor is not unpleasant; but, although I had tried at different times to accustom myself to it, I found only that my disgust grew greater."

Whether elephant meat is governed by the same culinary laws as ox meat remains to be seen; but, if such be the case, the cook who boiled the meat for twenty-four hours seems to have ingeniously hit upon a plan that would make the best beef tough, stringy, tasteless, and almost uneatable. Had it been gently simmered for six hours,

the result might have been different; but to boil meat for twenty-four hours by way of making it tender is as absurd as boiling an egg for the same period by way of making it soft.

As to their diet in general, the Fans do not deserve a very high culinary rank. They have plenty of material, and very slight notions of using it. The manioc affords them a large portion of their vegetable food, and is particularly valuable on account of the ease with which it is cultivated, a portion of the stem carelessly placed in the ground producing in a single season two or three large roots. The leaves are also boiled and eaten. Pumpkins of different kinds are largely cultivated, and even the seeds are rendered edible. M. du Chaillu says that during the pumpkin season the villages seem covered with the seeds, which are spread out to dry, and, when dried, they are packed in leaves and hung in the smoke over the fireplace, in order to keep off the attacks of an insect which injures them.

When they are to be eaten, they are first boiled, and then the skin is removed. The seeds are next placed in a mortar together with a little sweet oil, and are pounded into a soft, pulpy mass, which is finally cooked over the fire, either in an earthen pot or in a plantain leaf. This is a very palatable sort of food, and some persons prefer it to the pumpkin itself.

The mortars are not in the least like those of Europe, being long, narrow troughs, two feet in length, two or three inches deep, and seven or eight wide. Each family has one or two of these small implements, but there are always some enormous mortars for the common use of the village, which are employed in pounding manioc. When the seed is pounded into a paste, it is formed into cakes, and can be kept for some little time.

The cooking pots are made of clay, and formed with wonderful accuracy, seeing that the Fans have no idea of the potter's wheel, even in its simplest forms. Their cooking pots are round and flat, and are shaped something like milk pans. They also make clay water bottles of quite a classical shape, and vessels for palm wine are made from the same material. These wine jars are shaped much like the amphoræ of the ancients. The clay is moulded by hand, dried thoroughly in the sun, and then baked in a fire. The exterior is adorned with patterns much like those on the knives and axes.

The Fans also make the bowls of their pipes of the same clay, but always form the stems of wood. The richer among them make their pipes entirely of iron, and prefer them, in spite of their weight and apparent inconvenience, to any others. They also make very ingenious water bottles out of reeds, and, in order to render them water tight, plaster them within and without with a vegetable gum. This gum is first soft-

ened in the fire, and laid on the vessel like pitch. It has a very unpleasant flavor until it is quite seasoned, and is therefore kept under water for several weeks before it is used.

Like some other savage tribes, the Fans have a craving for meat, which sometimes becomes so powerful as to deserve the name of a disease. The elephant affords enough meat to quell this disease for a considerable time, and therefore they have a great liking for the flesh of this animal. But the great luxury of a Fan is the flesh of a sheep, an animal which they can scarcely ever procure. Mr. W. Reade, in his "Savage Africa," gives a most amusing description of the sensation produced among his Fan boatmen:—

"Before I left the village I engaged another man, which gave me a crew of eight. I also purchased a smooth-skinned sheep, and upon this poor animal, as it lay shackled in our prow, many a hungry eye was cast. When it bleated the whole crew burst into one loud carnivorous grin. Bushmen can sometimes enjoy a joint of stringy venison, a cut off a smoked elephant, a boiled monkey, or a grilled snake; but a sheep—a real domestic sheep!—an animal which had long been looked upon as the pride of their village, the eyesore of their poorer neighbors—which they had been in the habit of calling 'brother,' and upon whom they had lavished all the privileges of a fellow-citizen!

"That fate should have sent the white and wealthy offspring of the sea to place this delicacy within their reach was something too strong and sudden for their feeble minds. They were unsettled; they could not paddle properly; their souls (which are certainly in their stomachs, wherever ours may be) were restless and quivering toward that sheep, as (I have to invent metaphors) the needle ere it rests upon its star.

"When one travels in the company of cannibals, it is bad policy to let them become too hungry. At mid-day I gave orders that the sheep should be killed. There was a yell of triumph, a broad knife steeped in blood, a long struggle; then three fires blazed forth, three clay pots were placed thereon, and filled with the bleeding limbs of the deceased. On an occasion like this, the negro is endowed for a few moments with the energy and promptitude of the European. Nor would I complain of needless delay in its preparation for the table—which was red clay covered with grass. The mutton, having been slightly warmed, was rapidly devoured.

"After this they wished to recline among the fragments of the feast, and enjoy a sweet digestive repose. But then the white man arose, and exercised that power with which the lower animals are quelled. His look and his tone drew them to their work, though they did not understand his words."

## CHAPTER LII.

### THE FANS — *Concluded.*

CANNIBALISM AND ITS DEVELOPMENT AMONG THE FANS — NATIVE IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT — EXCHANGE OF BODIES BETWEEN VILLAGES — ATTACK ON A TOWN AND ROBBERY OF THE GRAVES — MATRIMONIAL CUSTOMS — BARGAINING FOR A WIFE — COPPER "NEPTUNES" — THE MARRIAGE FEAST — RELIGION OF THE FANS — THE IDOL HOUSES — LOVE OF AMULETS — DANCE IN HONOR OF THE NEW MOON — PLAYING THE HANDJA — ELEPHANTS CAUGHT BY THE FETISH — PROBABLE CHARACTER OF THE "FETISH" IN QUESTION — THE GORILLA AND ITS HABITS — A GORILLA HUNT BY THE FANS — USE OF THE SKULL.

THE preceding story naturally brings us to the chief characteristic of the Fans, — namely, their cannibalism.

Some tribes where this custom is practised are rather ashamed of it, and can only be induced to acknowledge it by cautious cross-questioning. The Fans, however, are not in the least ashamed of it, and will talk of it with perfect freedom—at least until they see that their interlocutor is shocked by their confession. Probably on this account missionaries have found some difficulty in extracting information on the subject. Their informants acknowledged that human flesh was eaten by their tribe, but not in their village. Then, as soon as they had arrived at the village in which cannibalism was said to exist, the inhabitants said that the travellers had been misinformed. Certainly their tribe did eat human flesh, but no one in their village did so. But, if they wanted to see cannibalism, they must go back to the village from which they had just come, and there they would find it in full force.

Knowing this peculiarity, Mr. W. Reade took care to ask no questions on the subject until he had passed through all the places previously visited by white men, and then questioned an old and very polite cannibal. His answers were plain enough. Of course they all ate men. He ate men himself. Man's flesh was very good, and was "like monkey, all fat." He mostly ate prisoners of war, but some of his friends ate the bodies of executed wizards, a food of which he was rather afraid, thinking that it might disagree with him.

He would not allow that he ate his own

relations when they died, although such a statement is made, and has not as yet been disproved. Some travellers say that the Fans do not eat people of their own village, but live on terms of barter with neighboring villages, amicably exchanging their dead for culinary purposes. The Oshebas, another cannibal tribe of the same country, keep up friendly relations with the Fans, and exchange the bodies of the dead with them. The bodies of slaves are also sold for the pot, and are tolerably cheap, a dead slave costing, on the average, one small elephant's tusk.

The friendly Fan above mentioned held, in common with many of his dark countrymen, the belief that all white men were cannibals. "These," said a Bakalai slave, on first beholding a white man, "are the men that eat us!" So he asked Mr. Reade why the white men take the trouble to send to Africa for negroes, when they could eat as many white men as they liked in their own land. His interlocutor having an eye to the possible future, discreetly answered that they were obliged to do so, *because the flesh of white men was deadly poison*, with which answer the worthy cannibal was perfectly satisfied.

Just before M. du Chaillu came among the Fans a strange and wild incident had occurred. It has already been mentioned that the Fans have been for some years pushing their way westward, forming part of the vast stream of human life that continually pours over the great mountain wall which divides Central Africa from the coast tribes. After passing through various districts, and conquering their inhabitants,

they came upon a village of the Mpongwé, and, according to their wont, attacked it. The Mpongwé were utterly incapable of resisting these warlike and ferocious invaders, and soon fled from their homes, leaving them in the hands of the enemy. The reader may find an illustration of this scene on the next page.

The Fans at once engaged in their favorite pastime of plunder, robbing every hut that they could find, and, when they had cleared all the houses, invading the burial-grounds, and digging up the bodies of the chiefs for the sake of the ornaments, weapons, and tools which are buried with them.

They had filled two canoes with their stolen treasures when they came upon a grave containing a newly-buried body. This they at once exhumed, and, taking it to a convenient spot under some mangrove trees, lighted a fire, and cooked the body in the very pots which they had found in the same grave with it. The reader will remember that the Mpongwé tribe bury with the bodies of their principal men the articles which they possessed in life, and that a chief's grave is therefore a perfect treasure house.

All bodies, however, are not devoured, those of the kings and great chiefs being buried together with their best apparel and most valuable ornaments.

The matrimonial customs of the Fans deserve a brief notice. The reader may remember that, as a general rule, the native African race is not a prolific one—at all events in its own land, though, when imported to other countries as slaves, the Africans have large families. Children are greatly desired by the native tribes because they add to the dignity of the parent, and the lack of children is one of the reasons why polygamy is so universally practised; and, as a rule, a man has more wives than children. Yet the Fans offered a remarkable exception to this rule, probably on account of the fact that they do not marry until their wives have fairly arrived at woman's estate. They certainly betroth their female children at a very early age, often as soon as they are born, but the actual marriage does not take place until the child has become a woman, and in the meantime the betrothed girl remains with her parents, and is not allowed that unrestricted license which prevails among so many of the African tribes.

This early betrothal is a necessity, as the price demanded for a wife is a very heavy one, and a man has to work for a long time before he can gather sufficient property for the purchase. Now that the Fans have forced themselves into the trading parts of the country, "trader's goods" are the only articles that the father will accept in return for his daughter; and, as those goods are only to be bought with ivory, the Fan bride-

groom has to kill a great number of elephants before he can claim his wife.

Bargaining for a wife is often a very amusing scene (see illustration on next page), especially if the father has been sufficiently sure of his daughter's beauty to refrain from betrothing her as a child, and to put her up, as it were, to auction when she is nearly old enough to be married. The dusky suitor dresses himself in his best apparel, and waits on the father, in order to open the negotiation.

His business is, of course, to depreciate the beauty of the girl, to represent that, although she may be very pretty as a child of eleven or twelve, she will have fallen off in her good looks when she is a mature woman of fourteen or fifteen. The father, on the contrary, extols the value of his daughter, speaks slightly of the suitor as a man quite beneath his notice, and forthwith sets a price on her that the richest warrior could not hope to pay. Copper and brass pans, technically called "neptunes," are the chief articles of barter among the Fans, who, however, do not use them for cooking, preferring for this purpose their own clay pots, but merely for a convenient mode of carrying a certain weight of precious metal. Anklets and armlets of copper are also much valued, and so are white beads, while of late years the abominable "trade-guns" have become indispensable. At last, after multitudinous arguments on both sides, the affair is settled, and the price of the girl agreed upon. Part is generally paid at the time by way of earnest, and the bridegroom promises to pay the remainder when he comes for his wife.

As soon as the day of the wedding is fixed, the bridegroom and his friends begin to make preparations for the grand feast with which they are expected to entertain a vast number of guests. Some of them go off and busy themselves in hunting elephants, smoking and drying the flesh, and preserving the tusks for sale. Others prepare large quantities of manioc bread and plantains, while others find a congenial occupation in brewing great quantities of palm wine. Hunters are also engaged for the purpose of keeping up the supply of meat.

When the day is fixed, all the inhabitants of the village assemble, and the bride is handed over to her husband, who has already paid her price. Both are, of course, dressed in their very best. The bride wears, as is the custom among unmarried females, nothing but red paint and as many ornaments as she can manage to procure. Her hair is decorated with great quantities of white beads, and her wrists and ankles are hidden under a profusion of brass and copper rings. The bridegroom oils his body until his skin shines like a mirror, blackens and polishes his well-filed teeth, adorns his



(1.) ATTACK ON A MPONGWÉ VILLAGE. (See page 536.)



(2.) BARGAINING FOR A WIFE. (See page 536.)





head with a tuft of brightly colored feathers, and ties round his waist the handsomest skin which he possesses.

A scene of unrestrained jollity then commences. The guests, sometimes several hundred in number, keep up the feast for three or four days in succession, eating elephants' flesh, drinking palm wine, and dancing, until the powers of nature are quite exhausted, and then sleeping for an hour or two with the happy facility that distinguishes the native African. Awakening from their brief slumber, they begin the feast afresh, and after the first few hours scarcely one of the guests is sober, or indeed is expected to be so. At last, however, all the wine is drunk, and then the guests return to an involuntary state of sobriety.

We now come to the religion and superstitions of the Fan tribe. As far as they have any real worship they are idolaters. Each village has a huge idol, specially dedicated to the service of the family or clan of which the inhabitants of the village are composed, and at certain times the whole family assemble together at the idol house or temple, and then go through their acts of worship, which consist chiefly of dancing and singing. Around each of the temples are placed a number of skulls of wild animals, among which the gorilla takes the most conspicuous place. Such spots are thought very sacred, and no one would venture to remove any of the skulls, such an act of desecration being thought a capital offence.

Like many other savage tribes, they are very careless of human life, and have many capital offences, of which witchcraft is the most common. It may seem strange that people who habitually eat the bodies of their fellow-men should have any superstitious feelings whatever, but among the Fans the dread of sorcery is nearly as great as among some of the tribes which have been already mentioned.

Witchcraft, however, is not always punished with death, the offender being sometimes sold into slavery, the "emigrant" ships having of late years received many Fans on board. It will be seen that the Fans always utilize their criminals. Those who are condemned for theft, or other ordinary crime, are executed, and their bodies eaten. But the wizards are supposed to possess some charms which would make their bodies as injurious after death as the culprits had been during life, and so they sell the criminal for "traders' goods."

No Fan ever dreams of going without a whole host of amulets, each of which is supposed to protect him from some special danger. The most valuable is one which is intended to guard the wearer in battle, and this is to be found on the person of every Fan warrior who can afford it. It is very simple, being nothing but an iron chain

with links an inch and a half long by an inch in width. This is hung over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and is thought to be very efficacious. Perhaps such a chain may at some time or other have turned the edge of a weapon, and, in consequence, the illogical natives have thought that the iron chains were effectual preservatives in war.

Next in value comes a small bag, which is hung round the neck, and which is a conspicuous ornament among the men. This is also a battle fetish, and is made of the skin of some rare animal. It contains bits of dried skin, feathers of scarce birds, the dried tips of monkeys' tails, the dried intestines of certain animals, shells, and bits of bone. Each article must have been taken from some rare animal, and have been specially consecrated by the medicine man. The warriors are often so covered with these and similar fetishes that they rattle at every step, much to the gratification of the wearer, and even the children are positively laden with fetish ornaments.

The reader will remember that throughout the whole of the tribes which have been described runs a custom of celebrating some kind of religious ceremony when the new moon is first seen. This custom is to be also found among the Fans. It has been graphically described by Mr. W. Reade, as follows:—

"The new moon began to rise. When she was high in the heavens, I had the fortune to witness a religious dance in her honor. There were two musicians, one of whom had an instrument called *handja*, constructed on the principle of an harmonicon; a piece of hard wood being beaten with sticks, and the notes issuing from calabashes of different sizes fastened below. This instrument is found everywhere in Western Africa. It is called *Balonda* in Senegambia; *Marimba* in Angola. It is also described by Froebel as being used by the Indians of Central America, where, which is still more curious, it is known by the same name—*Marimba*. The other was a drum which stood upon a pedestal, its skin made from an elephant's ear. The dull thud of this drum, beaten with the hands, and the harsh rattle of the *handja*, summoned the dancers.

"They came singing in procession from the forest. Their dance was uncouth; their song a solemn tuneless chant; they revolved in a circle, clasping their hands as we do in prayer, with their eyes fixed always on the moon, and sometimes their arms flung wildly toward her. The youth who played the drum assumed a glorious attitude. As I looked upon him—his head thrown back, his eyes upturned, his fantastic headdress, his naked, finely moulded form—I saw beauty in the savage for the first time.

"The measure changed, and two women, covered with green leaves and the skins of wild beasts, danced in the midst, where they

executed a *pas-de-deux* which would have made a *première danseuse* despair. They accompanied their intricate steps with miraculous contortions of the body, and obtained small presents of white beads from the spectators.

"It has always appeared to me a special ordinance of Nature that women, who are so easily fatigued by the ascent of a flight of stairs, or by a walk to church, should be able to dance for any length of time; but never did I see female endurance equal this. Never did I spend a worse night's rest. All night long those dreary deafening sounds drove sleep away, and the next morning these two infatuated women were still to be seen within a small but select circle of 'constant admirers,' writhing in their sinuous (and now somewhat odorous) forms with unabated ardor."

The form of *marimba* or *handja* which is used among the Fans has mostly seven notes, and the gourds have each a hole in them covered with a piece of spider's web, as has already been narrated of the Central African drums. The Fan *handja* is fastened to a slight frame; and when the performer intends to play the instrument, he sits down, places the frame on his knees, so that the *handja* is suspended between them, and then beats on the keys with two short sticks. One of these sticks is made of hard wood, but the end of the other is covered with some soft material so as to deaden the sound. The Fans have really some ear for music, and possess some pretty though rudely constructed airs.

Of course the Fans have drums. The favorite form seems rather awkward to Europeans. It consists of a wooden and slightly conical cylinder, some four feet in length and only ten inches in diameter at the wider end, the other measuring barely seven inches. A skin is stretched tightly over the large end, and when the performer plays on it, he stands with bent knees, holding the drum between them, and beats furiously on the head with two wooden sticks.

To return to the Fan belief in charms.

It has already been mentioned that the Fans mostly hunt the elephant by driving it against a barrier artificially formed of vines, and killing it as it struggles to escape from the tangled and twisted creepers. They have also another and most ingenious plan, which, however, scarcely seems to be their own invention, but to be partly borrowed from the tribes through which they have passed in their progress westward. This plan is called the *Nghal*, that being the name of the enclosure into which the animals are enticed. While Mr. Reade was in the country of the *Mpongwe* tribe, into which, it will be remembered, the Fans had forced their way, the hunters found out that three elephants frequented a certain portion of the forest. Honorably paying the

*Mpongwe* for permission to hunt in their grounds, they set out and built round an open patch of ground an enclosure, slightly made, composed of posts and railings. Round the *nghal* were the huts of the Fan hunters. When Mr. Reade arrived there, he was told that the three elephants were within the *nghal*, sleeping under a tree; and sure enough there they were, one of them being a fine old male with a large pair of tusks. If he had chosen he could have walked through the fence without taking the trouble to alter his pace, but here he was, together with his companions, without the slightest idea of escaping. So certain were the hunters that their mighty prey was safe, that they did not even take the trouble to close the openings through which the animals had entered the *nghal*. They were in no hurry to kill the elephants. They liked to look at them as they moved about in the *nghal*, apparently unconscious of the continual hubbub around them, and certainly undisturbed by it. The elephants were to remain there until the new moon, which would rise in a fortnight, and then they would be killed in its honor.

On inquiring, it was found that the enclosure was not built round the elephants, as might have been supposed. No. It was built at some distance from the spot where the elephants were feeding. "The medicine men made fetish for them to come in. They came in. The medicine men made fetish for them to remain. And they remained. When they were being killed, fetish would be made that they might not be angry. In a fortnight's time the new moon would appear, and the elephants would then be killed. Before that time all the shrubs and light grass would be cut down, the fence would be strengthened, and interlaced with boughs. The elephants would be killed with spears, crossbows, and guns."

The natives, however, would not allow their white visitor to enter the *nghal*, as he wished to do, and refused all his bribes of beads and other articles precious to the soul of the Fan. They feared lest the presence of a white man might break the fetish, and the sight of a white face might frighten the elephants so much as to make them disregard all the charms that had been laid upon them, and rush in their terror against the fragile barrier which held them prisoners.

As to the method by which the elephants were induced to enter the enclosure, no other answer was made than that which had already been given. In India the enclosure is a vast and complicated trap, with an opening a mile or so in width; into which the elephants are driven gradually, and which is closed behind them as they advance into smaller and smaller prisons. In Africa all that was done was to build an enclosure, to leave an opening just large

enough to admit an elephant, to make fetish for the elephants, and in they came.

The whole thing is a mystery. Mr. Reade, who frankly confesses that if he had not with his own eyes seen the n'ghal and its still open door he would have refused to believe the whole story, is of opinion that the "fetish" in question is threefold. He suggests that the first fetish was a preparation of some plant for which the elephants have the same mania that cats have for valerian and pigeons for salt, and thinks that they may have been enticed into the n'ghal by means of this herb. Then, after they had been induced to enter the enclosure, that they were kept from approaching the fence by means of drugs distasteful to them, and that the "fetish" which prevented them from being angry when killed was simply a sort of opiate thrown to them. The well-known fastidiousness of the elephant may induce some readers to think that this last suggestion is rather improbable. But it is also known that, in some parts of Africa, elephants are usually drugged by poisoned food, and that the Indian domesticated elephant will do almost anything for sweetmeats in which the intoxicating hemp forms an ingredient.

That the elephants are prevented from approaching the fence by means of a distasteful preparation seems likely from a piece of fetishism that Mr. Reade witnessed. At a certain time of the day the medicine man made his round of the fence, singing in a melancholy voice, and daubing the posts and rails with a dark brown liquid. This was acknowledged to be the fetish by which the elephants were induced to remain within the enclosure, and it is very probable that it possessed some odor which disgusted the keen-scented animals, and kept them away from its influence.

Mr. Reade also suggests that this method of catching elephants may be a relic of the days when African elephants were taken alive and trained to the service of man, as they are now in India and Ceylon. That the knowledge of elephant training has been lost is no wonder, considering the internecine feuds which prevail among the tribes of Africa, and ~~prevent~~ developing the arts of peace. But that they were so caught and trained, even in the old classical days, is well known; and from all accounts the elephants of Africa were not one whit inferior to their Indian relatives in sagacity or docility. Yet there is now no part of Africa in which the natives seem to have the least idea that such monstrous animals could be subjected to the sway of man, and even in Abyssinia the sight of elephants acting as beasts of burden and traction filled the natives with half incredulous awe.

When the Fans have succeeded in killing an elephant, they proceed to go through a

curious ceremony, which has somewhat of a religious character about it. No meat is touched until these rites have been completed. The whole hunting party assembles round the fallen elephant, and dances round its body. The medicine man then comes and cuts off a piece of meat from one of the hind legs and places it in a basket, there being as many baskets as slain elephants. The meat is then cooked under the superintendence of the medicine man and the party who killed the elephant, and it is then carried off into the woods and offered to the idol. Of course the idol is supposed to eat it, and the chances are that he does so through the medium of his representative, the medicine man. Before the baskets are taken into the woods, the hunters dance about them as they had danced round the elephant, and beseech the idol to be liberal toward them, and give them plenty of elephants so that they may be able to give him plenty of meat.

The spirits being thus propitiated, the flesh is stripped off the bones of the elephant, sliced, and hung upon branches, and smoked until it is dry, when it can be kept for a considerable time.

The reader may remember that one of the principal ornaments of the idol temple is the skull of the gorilla, and the same object is used by several of the tribes for a similar purpose. The fact is, all the natives of those districts in which the gorilla still survive are horribly afraid of the animal, and feel for it that profound respect which, in the savage mind, is the result of fear, and fear only. A savage never respects anything that he does not fear, and the very profound respect which so many tribes, even the fierce, warlike, and well-armed Fans, have for the gorilla, show that it is really an animal which is to be dreaded.

There has been so much controversy about the gorilla, and the history of this gigantic ape is so inextricably interwoven with this part of South Africa, that the present work would be imperfect without a brief notice of it. In the above-mentioned controversy, two opposite views were taken—one, that the gorilla was the acknowledged king of the forest, supplanting all other wild animals, and even attacking and driving away the elephant itself. Of man it had no dread, lying in wait for him and attacking him whenever it saw a chance, and being a terrible antagonist even in fair fight, the duel between man and beast being a combat à l'outrance, in which one or the other must perish.

Those who took the opposite view denounced all these stories as "old wives' fables, only fit to be relegated to your grandmother's bookshelves."—I quote the exact words—saying that the gorilla, being an ape, is necessarily a timid and retiring animal, afraid of man, and running away

when it sees him. It is hardly necessary to mention that M. du Chaillu is responsible for many of the statements contained in the former of these theories — several, however, being confessedly gathered from hearsay, and that several others were prevalent throughout Europe long before Du Chaillu published his well-known work.

The truth seems to lie between these statements, and it is tolerably evident that the gorilla is a fierce and savage beast when attacked, but that it will not go out of its way to attack a man, and indeed will always avoid him if it can. That it is capable of being a fierce and determined enemy is evident from the fact that one of Mr. W. Reade's guides, the hunter Etia, had his left hand crippled by the bite of a gorilla; and Mr. Wilson mentions that he has seen a man who had lost nearly the whole calf of one leg in a similar manner, and who said that he was in a fair way of being torn in pieces if he had not been rescued by his companions. Formidable as are the terrible jaws and teeth of the gorilla when it succeeds in seizing a man, its charge is not nearly so much to be feared as that of the leopard, as it is made rather leisurely, and permits the agile native to spring aside and avoid it.

On account of the structure common to all the monkey tribe, the gorilla habitually walks on all-fours, and is utterly incapable of standing upright like a man. It can assume a partially erect attitude, but with bent knees, stooping body, and incurved feet, and is not nearly so firmly set on its legs as is a dancing bear. Even while it stands on its feet, the heavy body is so ill supported on the feeble legs that the animal is obliged to balance itself by swaying its large arms in the air, just as a rope-dancer balances himself with his pole.

In consequence of the formation of the limbs, the tracks which it leaves are very curious, the long and powerful arms being used as crutches, and the short feeble hind legs swung between them. It seems that each party or family of gorillas is governed by an old male, who rules them just as the bull rules its mates and children.

The natives say that the gorilla not only walks, but charges upon all-fours, though it will raise itself on its hind legs in order to survey its foes. Etia once enacted for Mr. W. Reade the scene in which he had received the wound that crippled his hand. Directing Mr. Reade to hold a gun as if about to shoot, he rushed forward on all-fours, seized the left wrist with one of his hands, dragged it to his mouth, made believe to bite it, and then made off on all-fours as he had charged. And, from the remarkable intelligence which this hideous but polite hunter had shown in imitating other animals, it was evident that his story was a true one.

As to the houses which the gorilla is said to build, there is some truth in the story. Houses they can scarcely be called, inasmuch as they have no sides, and in their construction the gorilla displays an architectural power far inferior to that of many animals. The lodge of the beaver is a palace compared with the dwelling of the gorilla. Many of the deserted residences may be found in the forests which the gorilla inhabits, and look much like herons' nests on a rather large scale. They consist simply of sticks torn from the trees and laid on the spreading part of a horizontal branch, so as to make a rude platform. This nest, if we may so call it, is occupied by the female, and in process of time is shared by her offspring. The males sleep in a large tree.

Shy and retiring in its habits, the gorilla retreats from the habitations of man, and loves to lurk in the gloomiest recesses of the forest, where it finds its favorite food, and where it is free from the intrusion of man. As to the untamable character of the gorilla as contrasted with the chimpanzee, Mr. Reade mentions that he has seen young specimens of both animals kept in a tame state, and both equally gentle.

We now come to the statement that, while the gorilla is working himself up to an attack, he beats his breast until it resounds like a great drum, giving out a loud booming sound that can be heard through the forest at the distance of three miles. How such a sound can be produced in such a manner it is not easy to comprehend, and Mr. Reade, on careful inquiry from several gorilla hunters, could not find that one of them had ever heard the sound in question, or, indeed, had ever heard of it. They said that the gorilla had a drum, and, on being asked to show it, took their interlocutor to a large hollow tree, and said that the gorilla seized two neighboring trees with his hands, and swung himself against the hollow trunk, beating it so "strong-strong" with his feet that the booming sound could be heard at a great distance.

Etia illustrated the practice of the gorilla by swinging himself against the tree in a similar manner, but failed in producing the sound. However, he adhered to his statement, and, as a succession of heavy blows against a hollow trunk would produce a sort of booming noise, it is likely that his statement may have been in the main a correct one.

Now that the natives have procured firearms, they do not fear the gorilla as much as they used to do. Still, even with such potent assistance, gorilla hunting is not without its dangers, and, as we have seen, many instances are known where a man has been severely wounded by the gorilla, though Mr. Reade could not hear of a single case where the animal had killed any of its assailants.

When the native hunters chase the gorilla, and possess fire-arms, they are obliged to fire at very short range, partly because the dense nature of those parts of the forest which the gorilla haunts prevent them from seeing the animal at a distance of more than ten or twelve yards, and partly because it is necessary to kill at the first shot an animal which, if only wounded, attacks its foes, and uses fiercely the formidable weapons with which it has been gifted. Any one who has seen the skull of an adult gorilla, and noticed the vast jaw-bones, the enormous teeth, and the high bony ridges down the head which afford attachment to the muscles, can easily understand the terrible force of a gorilla's bite. The teeth, and not the paws, are the chief, if not the only weapons which the animal employs; and, although they are given to it in order to enable it to bite out the pith of the trees on which it principally feeds, they can be used with quite as great effect in combat.

So the negro hunter, who is never a good shot, and whose gun is so large and heavy that to take a correct aim is quite out of the question, allows the gorilla to come within three or four yards before he delivers his fire. Sometimes the animal is too quick for him, and in that case he permits it to seize the end of the barrel in its hands and drag it to its mouth, and then fires just as the great jaws enclose the muzzle between the teeth. Seizing the object of attack in the hands, and drawing it to the mouth, seems to be with the gorilla, as with others of the monkey tribe, the ordinary mode of fighting. The hunter has to be very careful that he fires at the right moment, as the gigantic strength of the gorilla enables it to make very short work of a trade gun, if it should happen to pull the weapon out of its owner's hands. A French officer told Mr. Reade that he had seen one of these guns which had been seized by a gorilla, who had twisted and bent the barrel "*comme une papillote*."

The same traveller, who is certainly not at all disposed to exaggerate the size or the power of the gorilla, was greatly struck by the aspect of one that had been recently killed. "One day Mongilambu came and told me that there was a freshly-killed gorilla for sale. I went down to the beach, and saw it lying in a small canoe, which it almost filled. It was a male, and a very

large one. The preserved specimen can give you no idea of what this animal really is, with its skin still unshrivelled, and the blood scarcely dry upon its wounds. The hideousness of its face, the grand breadth of its breast, its massive arms, and, above all, its hands, like those of a human being, impressed me with emotions which I had not expected to feel. But nothing is perfect. The huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent, shrivelled, and decrepid as those of an old woman.

Such being the impression made on a civilized being by the dead body of a gorilla lying in a canoe, the natives may well be excused for entertaining a superstitious awe of it as it roams the forest in freedom, and for thinking that its skull is a fit adornment for the temple of their chief idol.

To a party of native hunters unprovided with fire-arms, the chase of the animal is a service of real difficulty and danger. They are obliged to seek it in the recesses of its own haunts, and to come to close quarters with it. (See the illustration on page 457). The spear is necessarily the principal weapon employed, as the arrow, even though poisoned, does not kill at once, and the gorilla is only incited by the pain of a wound to attack the man who inflicted it. Their fear of the animal is also increased by the superstition which has already been mentioned, that a man is sometimes transformed into a gorilla, and becomes thereby a sort of sylvan demon, who cannot be killed—at all events, by a black man—and who is possessed with a thirst for killing every human being that he meets.

Any specially large gorilla is sure to be credited with the reputation of being a transformed man; and as the adult male sometimes measures five feet six inches or so in height, there is really some excuse for the native belief that some supernatural power lies hidden in this monstrous ape.

After a careful investigation, Mr. Reade has come to the conclusion that, except in point of size, there is no essential difference in the gorilla and the chimpanzee, both animals going usually on all-fours, and both building slight houses or platforms in the trees, both changing their dwelling in search of food and to avoid the neighborhood of man, and both, without being gregarious, sometimes assembling together in considerable numbers.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### THE KRUMEN AND FANTI.

LOCALITY OF THE KRUMEN—THEIR FINE DEVELOPMENT AND WONDERFUL ENDURANCE—THEIR SKILL IN BOATING—COLOR OF THE KRUMEN—THEIR VERY SIMPLE DRESS—DOUBLE NOMENCLATURE—THEIR USE TO TRAVELLERS—GOVERNMENT OF THE KRUMEN—THEIR LIVELY AND CHEERFUL CHARACTER—DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE KRUMEN—EARNING WIVES—RELIGION OF THE KRUMEN—THE DEITY "SUFFIN"—KRUMAN FUNERAL—THE GRAIN COAST—THE FANTI TRIBE—THEIR NATIVE INDOLENCE—FANTI BOATS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT—THE KRA-KRA DISEASE—A WILD LEGEND—DRESS OF THE FANTI—IDEAS OF A FUTURE STATE.

ALONG the Grain Coast of Western Africa there is a race of men who come too prominently before European eyes to be omitted from this work. They have, in a degree, lost the habits of their original savage life, but they illustrate so well the peculiar negro character that a small space must be devoted to them.

The name *Kru*, or *Croo*, and sometimes *Carew*, or *Crew*—so diversified is the orthography of native names—is a corruption of the Grebo word "*Kráo*." The tribe inhabits a district about twenty-five or thirty miles along the coast, and extending for a considerable, but uncertain, distance inland. A good many smaller tribes have been gradually absorbed into them, and, as they have adopted the language, manners, and customs, as well as the name of *Kráo*, we will treat of them all under the same title.

In the "*Wanderings of a F. R. G. S.*" there is a curious account of the derivation of the word *Grebo*, one of the absorbed tribes. According to their own tradition, they originally inhabited the interior, and, finding that their district was too thickly populated, a large number of them determined to emigrate westward, and secretly prepared for departure, the majority being averse to the scheme. As they embarked in a hurry, a number of the canoes were upset, but the remainder succeeded in bounding over the waves. The people who were capsized, and were left behind, were therefore called "*Waibo*," or the *Capsized*, while the others took the name of *Grebo*, from the

gray monkey, called *Gré*,  
race, and present  
a great contrast to the usual slim-limbed and

almost effeminate savages of the interior. They are extremely powerful, and are able to paddle for some forty miles at a stretch, without seeming to be the least fatigued at the end of their labors. They are the recognized seamen of the coast, and have made themselves necessary to the traders, and even to Government vessels, as they can stand a wonderful amount of work, and are not affected by the climate like the white sailors.

A *Kruman* lays himself out for a sailor as soon as he becomes his own master, and is content to begin life as a "boy," so that he may end it as a "man"—i. e. he hires himself out in order to obtain goods which will purchase a wife for him, and by dint of several voyages he adds to the number of his wives, and consequently to the respect in which he is held by his countrymen.

He is a marvellous canoe man, and manages his diminutive boat with a skill that must be seen to be appreciated. He drives it through the surf with fearless speed, and cares nothing for the boiling water around him. "*The Kruman*," writes Mr. Reade, "squats in it on his knees, and bales the water out with one of his feet. Sometimes he paddles with his hands; sometimes, thrusting a leg in the water, he spins the canoe round when at full speed, like a skater on the 'outside-edge.' If it should capsize, as the laws of equilibrium sometimes demand, he turns it over, bales it out with a calabash, swimming all the while, and glides in again, his skin shining like a seal's."

These singular little canoes are pointed at each end, and crescent-shaped, so that they project fore and aft out of the water. They

## CHAPTER LV.

### DAHOME.

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE WESTERN AFRICAN—LOCALITY OF DAHOME—THE FIVE DISTRICTS—DAHOMAN ARCHITECTURE—"SWISH" HOUSES—THE VULTURE AND HIS FOOD—THE LEGBA—SNAKE WORSHIP IN DAHOME—PUNISHMENT OF A SNAKE KILLER—ETIQUETTE AT COURT—JOURNEY OF A MAN OF RANK TO THE CAPITAL—AFRICAN HAMMOCK—SIGNIFICATION OF THE WORD DAHOME—CEREMONIES ON THE JOURNEY—KANA, OR CANANINA, THE "COUNTRY CAPITAL"—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY—THE OYOS AND GOZO'S CUSTOM—APPROACH TO KANA—A GHASTLY ORNAMENT—"THE BELL COMES"—THE AMAZONS—THEIR FEROCITY AND COURAGE—THEIR WAR TROPHIES AND WEAPONS—REVIEW OF THE AMAZONS—ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCES.

THERE is a very remarkable point about the true negro of Western Africa, namely, the use which he has made of his contact with civilization. It might be imagined that he would have raised himself in the social scale by his frequent intercourse with men wiser and more powerful than himself, and who, if perhaps they may not have been much better in a moral point of view, could not possibly have been worse. But he has done nothing of the kind, and, instead of giving up his old barbarous customs, has only increased their barbarity by the additional means which he has obtained from the white man.

Exchanging the bow and arrows for the gun, and the club for the sword, he has employed his better weapons in increasing his destructive powers, and has chiefly used them in fighting and selling into slavery those whom he had previously fought, and who respected him as long as the arms on both sides were equal. And the strangest thing is that, even considering his captives as so much property, the only excuse which could be found for the savage cruelty with which he makes raids on every town which he thinks he can conquer, he has not yet learned to abolish the dreadful "custom" of human sacrifices, although each prisoner or criminal killed is a dead loss to him.

WE now come to one of the strangest kingdoms on the face of the earth, that of Da-

home; a kingdom begun in blood and cruelty, and having maintained its existence of more than two centuries in spite of the terrible scenes continually enacted—scenes which would drive almost any other nation to revolt. But the fearful sacrifices for which the name of Dahome has been so long infamous are not merely the offspring of a despotic king's fancy; they are sanctioned, and even forced upon him, by his people—fit subjects of such a king.

It is situated in that part of Africa commonly known as the Slave Coast, as distinguished from the Gold, Ivory, and Grain Coasts, and its shores are washed by the waters of the Bight of Benin. Dahome alone, of the four great slave kingdoms, Ashanti, Yomba, Benin, and Dahome, has retained its power, and, to the eye of an experienced observer, even Dahome, which has outlived the three, will speedily follow them.

On its coast are the two celebrated ports, Lagos and Whydah, which have for so long been the outlets by which the slaves captured in the interior were sent on board the ships. Lagos, however, has been already ceded to England, and, under a better management, will probably become one of the great ports at which a legitimate trade can be carried on, and which will become one of the blessings instead of the curses of Western Africa.



Whydah, being one of the towns through which a traveller is sure to pass in going into the interior of Dahomé, is worth a passing notice. Captain Burton, from whom the greater part of our knowledge of this strange land is derived, states that the very name is a misnomer. In the first place, we have attributed it to the wrong spot, and in the next we have given it a most corrupted title. The place which we call Whydah is known to the people as Gre-hwe (Plantation House), while the real Hwe-dah—as the word ought to be spelt—belongs rightly to a little kingdom whose capital was Savi.

Originally a port belonging to the king of Savi, and given up entirely to piracy, it passed into the hands of Agaja, king of Dahomé, who easily found an excuse for attacking a place which was so valuable as giving him a direct communication from the interior to the sea, without the intervention of middle-men, who each take a heavy percentage from all goods that pass through their district. From 1725, when it thus passed into Dahoméan hands, it rapidly increased in size and importance. Now it presents an extraordinary mixture of native and imported masters, and we will endeavor to cast a rapid glance at the former.

The place is divided into five districts, each governed by its own Caboccer; and it is a notable fact, that nowadays a Caboccer need not be a native. The post of Caboccer of the Sogaji, or English quarter, was offered to Captain Burton, who, however could not be tempted to accept it even by the umbrella of rank—equal to the blue ribbon of our own system.

At the entrance of every town there is the De-sum, or Custom-house, and close by it are a number of little fetish houses, wherein the trader is supposed to return his thanks to the propitiating demons. The streets are formed by the walls of enclosures and the backs of houses; and, as Dahoméan architecture is regulated by law, a very uniform effect is obtained. The walls are mud, popularly called "swish," sometimes mixed with oyster-shells to strengthen it, and built up in regular courses, each about two feet and a half in thickness. By law, no walls are allowed to be more than four courses high.

The hot sun soon bakes the mud into the consistence of soft brick; and, were it not for the fierce rains of the tropics, it would be very lasting. As it is, the rainy season is very destructive to walls, and the early part of the dry season is always a busy time with native architects, who are engaged in repairing the damages caused by the rains. There is a small amount of salt in the mud, which increases the liability to damage. On the Gold Coast the natives ingeniously strengthen the swish walls by growing cactus plants; but the negroes of Dahomé neglect this precaution, and conse-

quently give themselves—as lazy people proverbially do—a vast amount of needless trouble. There are no windows to the houses; but the roofs, made of grass and leaves fastened on a light framework, are made so that they can be partially raised from the walls, like the "fly" of a tent.

In spite of the presence of localized Christian missions, and the continual contact of Islamism, the system of fetishism is rampant in Whydah. No human sacrifices take place there, all the victims being forwarded to the capital for execution. But, according to Captain Burton, "even in the bazaar many a hut will be girt round with the Zo Vodun, a country rope with dead leaves dangling from it at spaces of twenty feet. (Zo Vodun signifies fire-fetish.)

"After a conflagration, this fetish fire-phylactic becomes almost universal. Opposite the house gates, again, we find the Vo-siva defending the inmates from harm. It is of many shapes, especially a stick or a pole, with an empty old calabash for a head, and a body composed of grass, thatch, palm leaves, fowls' feathers, achatina shells. These people must deem lightly of an influence that can mistake, even in the dark, such a scarecrow for a human being.

"Near almost every door stands the Legba-gbau, or Legba-pot, by Europeans commonly called the 'Devil's dish.' It is a common clay shard article, either whole or broken, and every morning and evening it is filled, generally by women, with cooked maize and palm oil, for the benefit of the turkey buzzard. 'Akrasu,' the vulture, is, next to the snake, the happiest animal in Dahomé. He has always abundance of food, like storks, robins, swallows, crows, adjutant-cranes, and other holy birds in different parts of the world. Travellers abuse this 'obscene fowl,' forgetting that without it the towns of Yoruba would be uninhabitable. . . . The turkey-buzzard perched on the topmost stick of a blasted calabash tree is to the unromantic natives of Africa what the pea fowl is to more engaging Asians. It always struck me as the most appropriate emblem and heraldic bearing for decayed Dahomé."

The Legba, or idol to whom the fowl is sacred, is an abominable image, rudely moulded out of clay, and represented in a squatting attitude. Sometimes Legba's head is of wood, with eyes and teeth made of cowries, or else painted white. Legba is mostly a male deity, rarely a female, and the chief object of the idol maker seems to be that the worshipper shall have no doubt on the subject. Legba sits in a little hut open at the sides; and, as no one takes care of him, and no one dares to meddle with him, the country is full of these queer little temples, inside which the god is sometimes seen in tolerable preservation, but in most cases has sunk into a mere heap of mud and





(1.) CABOCHER AND SOLDIERS. (See page 556.)



(2.) PUNISHMENT OF A SNAKE KILLER. (See page 565.)

dust. Some of these wooden Legbas may be seen on the 552nd page, but they are purposely selected on account of the exceptional delicacy displayed by the carver.

Snakes are fetish throughout Dahome, and are protected by the severest laws. All serpents are highly venerated, but there is one in particular, a harmless snake called the "Danhgbe," which is held in the most absurd reverence. It is of moderate size, reaching some five or six feet in length, and is rather delicately colored with brown, yellow, and white. The Danhgbe is kept tame in fetish houses, and, if one of them should stray, it is carefully restored by the man who finds it, and who grovels on the ground and covers himself with dust before he touches it, as he would in the presence of a king. Formerly the penalty for killing one of these snakes was death, but it is now commuted for a punishment which, although very severe, is not necessarily fatal to the sufferer. It partakes of the mixture of the horrible and the grotesque which is so characteristic of this land. Mr. Duncan saw three men undergo this punishment. Three small houses were built of dry sticks, and thatched with dry grass. The culprits were then placed in front of the houses by the fetish man, who made a long speech to the spectators, and explained the enormity of the offence of which they had been guilty.

They then proceeded to tie on the shoulders of each culprit a dog, a kid, and two fowls. A quantity of palm oil was poured over them, and on their heads were balanced baskets, containing little open calabashes filled with the same material, so that at the least movement the calabashes were upset, and the oil ran all over the head and body. They were next marched round the little houses, and, lastly, forced to crawl into them, the dog, kid, and fowls being taken off their shoulders and thrust into the house with them. The doors being shut, a large mob assembles with sticks and clods, and surrounds the house. The houses are then fired, the dry material blazing up like gunpowder, and the wretched inmates burst their way through the flaming walls and roof, and rush to the nearest running stream, followed by the crowd, who beat and pelt them unmercifully. If they can reach the water, they are safe, and should they be men of any consequence they have little to fear, as their friends surround them, and keep off the crowd until the water is reached.

The whole of the proceedings are shown in the illustration on the previous page.

In the distance is seen one of the culprits being taken to his fetish house, the basket of calabashes on his head, and the animals slung round his neck. Another is seen creeping into the house, near which the fetish man is standing, holding dead snakes in his hands, and horrible to look at by

reason of the paint with which he has covered his face. In the foreground is another criminal rushing toward the water, just about to plunge into it and extinguish the flames that are still playing about his oil-saturated hair and have nearly burned off all his scanty clothing. The blazing hut is seen behind him, and around are the spectators, pelting and striking him, while his personal friends are checking them, and keeping the way clear toward the water.

We will now leave Whydah, and proceed toward the capital.

When a person of rank wishes to pay his respects to the king, the latter sends some of his officers, bearing, as an emblem of their rank, the shark-stick, *i. e.* a kind of tomahawk about two feet long, carved at the end into a rude semblance of the shark, another image of the same fish being made out of a silver dollar beaten flat and nailed to the end of the handle. One of the officers will probably have the lion stick as his emblem of the trust reposed in him; but to unpractised eyes the lions carved on the stick would answer equally well for the shark, and both would do well as "crocodile" sticks, the shapes of the animals being purely conventional.

The mode of travelling is generally in hammocks, made of cotton cloth, but sometimes formed of silk: these latter are very gaudy affairs. The average size of a hammock is nine feet by five, and the ends are lashed to a pole some nine or ten feet in length. Upon the pole is fixed a slight framework, which supports an awning as a defence against the sun. The pole is carried not on the shoulders but the heads of the bearers, and, owing to their awkwardness and rough movements, an inexperienced traveller gets his head knocked against the pole with considerable violence. Two men carry it, but each hammock requires a set of seven men, some to act as relays, and others to help in getting the vehicle over a rough part of the road. Each man expects a glass of rum morning and evening, and, as he is able to make an unpopular master very uncomfortable, it is better to yield to the general custom, especially as rum is only threepence per pint.

Being now fairly in the midst of Dahome, let us see what is the meaning of the name. Somewhere about A. D. 1620, an old king died and left three sons. The oldest took his father's kingdom, and the youngest, Dako by name (some writers call him Tacudona), went abroad to seek his fortune, and settled at a place not far from Agbome. By degrees Dako became more and more powerful, and was continually encroaching upon the country belonging to a neighboring king called Danh, *i. e.* the Snake, or Rainbow. As the number of his followers increased, Dako pestered Danh for more and more land for them, until at last the king lost

patience, and said to the pertinacious mendicant, "Soon thou wilt build in my belly." Dako thought that this idea was not a bad one, and when he had collected sufficient warriors, he attacked Danh, killed him, took possession of his kingdom, and built a new palace over his corpse, thus literally and deliberately fulfilling the prediction made in haste and anger by his conquered foe. In honor of his victory, the conqueror called the place Danh-ome, or Danh's-belly. The "n" in this word is a nasal sound unknown to English ears, and the word is best pronounced *Dah-ome*, as a dissyllable.

The great neighboring kingdom of Allada was friendly with Dahome for nearly a hundred years, when they fell out, fought, and Dahome again proved victorious, so that Allada allowed itself to be incorporated with Dahome.

It was a little beyond Allada where Captain Burton first saw some of the celebrated Amazons, or female soldiers, who will be presently described, and here began the strange series of ceremonies, far too numerous to be separately described, which accompanied the progress of so important a visitor to the capital. A mere slight outline will be given of them.

At every village that was passed a dance was performed, which the travellers were expected to witness. All the dances being exactly alike, and consisting of writhings of the body and stamping with the feet, they soon became very monotonous, but had to be endured. At a place called Aquine a body of warriors rushed tumultuously into the cleared space of the village under its centre tree. They were about eighty in number, and were formed four deep. Headed by a sort of flag, and accompanied by the inevitable drum, they came on at full speed, singing at the top of their voices, and performing various agile antics. After circling round the tree, they all fell flat on the ground, beat up the dust with their hands, and flung it over their bodies. This is the royal salute of Western Africa, and was performed in honor of the king's canes of office, which he had sent by their bearers, accompanied by the great ornament of his court, an old liquor case, covered with a white cloth, and borne on a boy's head. From this case were produced bottles of water, wine, gin, and rum, of each of which the visitors were expected to drink three times, according to etiquette.

After this ceremony had been completed, the escort, as these men proved to be, preceded the party to the capital, dancing and capering the whole way. After several halts, the party arrived within sight of Kana, the country capital. "It is distinctly Dahome, and here the traveller expects to look upon the scenes of barbaric splendor of which all the world has read. And it has its own beauty; a French traveller has compared it

with the loveliest villages of fair Provence, while to Mr. Duncan it suggested 'a vast pleasure ground, not unlike some parts of the Great Park at Windsor.'

"After impervious but sombre forest, grass-barrons, and the dismal swamps of the path, the eye revels in these open plateaux; their seducing aspect is enhanced by scattered plantations of a leek-green studing the slopes, by a background of gigantic forest dwarfing the nearer palm files, by homesteads buried in cultivation, and by calabashes and cotton trees vast as the view, tempering the fiery summer to their subject growths, and in winter collecting the rains, which would otherwise bare the newly-buried seed. Nor is animal life wanting. The turkey buzzard, the kite, and the kestrel soar in the upper heights; the brightest fly-catchers flit through the lower strata; the little gray squirrel nimbly climbs his lofty home; and a fine large spur-fowl rises from the plantations of maize and cassava."

As is usual with African names, the word Kana has been spelled in a different way by almost every traveller and every writer on the subject. Some call it Canna, or Cannah, or Carnah, while others write the word as Calmina, evidently a corruption of Kanamina, the "mina" being an addition. All the people between the Little Popo and Acua are called Mina. We shall, however, be quite safe, if throughout our account of Western Africa we accept the orthography of Captain Burton. Kana was seized about 1818 by King Gozo, who liked the place, and so made it his country capital—much as Brighton was to England in the days of the Regency. He drove out the fierce and warlike Oyos (pronounced Aw-yaws), and in celebration of so important a victory instituted an annual "Custom," i. e. a human sacrifice, in which the victims are dressed like the conquered Oyos.

This is called Gozo's Custom, and, although the details are not precisely known, its general tenor may be ascertained from the following facts. One traveller, who visited Kana in 1863, saw eleven platforms on poles about forty feet high. On each platform was the dead body of a man in an erect position, well dressed in the peasant style, and having in his hand a calabash containing oil, grain, or other product of the land. One of them was set up as if leading a sheep.

When Mr. Duncan visited Kana, or Cananina, as he calls it, he saw relics of this "Custom." The walls of the place, which were of very great extent, were covered with human skulls placed about thirty feet apart, and upon a pole was the body of a man in an upright position, holding a basket on his head with both his arms. A little further on were the bodies of two other men, hung by their feet from a sort of gallows, about twenty feet high. They had

been in that position about two months, and were hardly recognizable as human beings, and in fact must have presented as repulsive an appearance as the bodies hung in chains, or the heads on Temple Bar. Two more bodies were hung in a similar manner in the market-place, and Mr. Duncan was informed that they were criminals executed for intrigues with the king's wives.

At Kana is seen the first intimation of the presence of royalty. A small stream runs by it, and supplies Kana with water. At daybreak the women slaves of the palace are released from the durance in which they are kept during the night, and sent off to fetch water for the palace. They are not fighting women or Amazons, as they are generally called; but the slaves of the Amazons, each of these women having at least one female slave, and some as many as fifty.

The very fact, however, that they are servants of the Amazons, who are the servants of the king, confers on them a sort of dignity which they are not slow to assert. No man is allowed to look at them, much less to address them, and in consequence, when the women go to fetch water, they are headed by one of their number carrying a rude bell suspended to the neck. When the leader sees a man in the distance, she shakes the bell vigorously, and calls out, "Gan-ja," i. e. "the bell comes." As soon as the tinkle of the bell or the cry reaches the ears of any men who happen to be on the road, they immediately run to the nearest footpath, of which a number are considerably made, leading into the woods, turn their backs, and wait patiently until the long file of women has passed. This hurrying of men to the right and left, hiding their faces in the bushes and brakes, is admirably represented on the 569th page.

They had need to escape as fast as they can, for if even one of the water-pots should happen to be broken, the nearest man would inevitably be accused of having frightened the woman who carried it, and would almost certainly be sold into slavery, together with his wife and family.

As might be expected, the attendants at the palace are very proud of this privilege, and the uglier, the older, and the lower they are, the more perseveringly do they ring the bell and utter the dreaded shout, "Gan-ja." The oddest thing is that even the lowest of the male slaves employed in the palace assume the same privilege, and insist on occupying the road and driving all other travellers into the by-paths. "This," says Captain Burton, "is one of the greatest nuisances in Dahome. It continues through the day. In some parts, as around the palace, half a mile an hour would be full speed, and to make way for these animals of burthen, bought perhaps for a few pence, is, to say the least of it, by no means decorous."

The town of Kana has in itself few elements of beauty, however picturesque may be the surrounding scenery. It occupies about three miles of ground, and is composed primarily of the palace, and secondly of a number of houses scattered round it, set closely near the king's residence, and becoming more and more scattered in proportion to their distance from it. Captain Burton estimates the population at 4,000. The houses are built of a red sandy clay.

The palace walls, which are of great extent, are surrounded by a cheerful adornment in the shape of human skulls, which are placed on the top at intervals of thirty feet or so, and striking, as it were, the key note to the Dahoman character. In no place in the world is human life sacrificed with such prodigality and with such ostentation.

In most countries, after a criminal is executed, the body is allowed to be buried, or, at the most, is thrown to the beasts and the birds. In Dahome the skull of the victim is cleansed, and used as an ornament of some building, or as an appendage to the court and its precincts. Consequently, the one object which strikes the eye of a traveller is the human skull. The walls are edged with skulls, skulls are heaped in dishes before the king, skulls are stuck on the tops of poles, skulls are used as the heads of banner staves, skulls are tied to dancers, and all the temples, or Ju-ju houses, are almost entirely built of human skulls. How they come to be in such profusion we shall see presently.

Horrible and repulsive as this system is, we ought to remember that even in England, in an age when art and literature were held in the highest estimation, the quartered bodies of persons executed for high treason were exposed on the gates of the principal cities, and that in the very heart of the capital their heads were exhibited up to a comparatively recent date. This practice, though not of so wholesale a character as the "Custom" of Dahome, was yet identical with it in spirit.

As the Amazons, or female soldiers, have been mentioned, they will be here briefly described. This celebrated force consists wholly of women, officers as well as privates. They hold a high position at court, and, as has already been mentioned, are of such importance that each Amazon possesses at least one slave. In their own country they are called by two names, Akho-si, i. e. the King's wives, and Mi-no, i. e. our mothers; the first name being given to them on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because they are not allowed to be the wives of any man, and the second being used as the conventional title of respect. The real wives of the king do not bear arms, and though he sometimes does take a fancy to one of his women soldiers, she may not assume the position of a regular wife.

About one-third of the Amazons have been married, but the rest are unmarried maidens. Of course it is needful that such a body should observe strict celibacy, if their efficiency is to be maintained, and especial pains are taken to insure this object. In the first place, the strictest possible watch is kept over them, and, in the second, the power of superstition is invoked. At one of the palace gates, called significantly Agbodewe, i. e. the Discovery Gate, is placed a potent fetish, who watches over the conduct of the Amazons, and invariably discovers the soldier who breaks the most important of the military laws. The Amazons are so afraid of this fetish, that when one of them has transgressed she has been known to confess her fault, and to give up the name of her partner in crime, even with the knowledge that he will die a cruel death, and that she will be severely punished, and probably be executed by her fellow-soldiers. Besides, there is a powerful *esprit de corps* reigning among the Amazons, who are fond of boasting that they are not women, but men.

They certainly look as if they were, being, as a rule, more masculine in appearance than the male soldiers, tall, muscular, and possessed of unflinching courage and ruthless cruelty. To help the reader to a clearer idea of this stalwart and formidable soldiery, two full-length portraits are given on the next page. Bloodthirsty and savage as are the Dahomans naturally, the Amazons take the lead in both qualities, seeming to avenge themselves, as it were, for the privations to which they are doomed. The spinster soldiers are women who have been selected by the king from the families of his subjects, he having the choice of them when they arrive at marriageable age; and the once married soldiers are women who have been detected in infidelity, and are enlisted instead of executed, or wives who are too vixenish toward their husbands, and so are appropriately drafted into the army, where their combative dispositions may find a more legitimate object.

In order to increase their bloodthirsty spirit, and inspire a feeling of emulation, those who have killed an enemy are allowed to exhibit a symbol of their prowess. They remove the scalp, and preserve it for exhibition on all reviews and grand occasions. They have also another decoration, equivalent to the Victoria Cross of England, namely, a cowrie shell fastened to the butt of the musket. After the battle is over, the victorious Amazon smears part of the rifle butt with the blood of the fallen enemy, and just before it dries spreads another layer. This is done until a thick, soft paste is formed, into which the cowrie is pressed. The musket is then laid in the sun, and when properly dry the shell is firmly glued to the weapon.

The possession of this trophy is eagerly

coveted by the Amazons, and, after a battle, those who have not slain an enemy with their own hand are half-maddened with envious jealousy when they see their more successful sisters assuming the coveted decoration. One cowrie is allowed for each dead man, and some of the boldest and fiercest of the Amazons have their musket butts completely covered with cowries arranged in circles, stars, and similar patterns.

The dress of the Amazons varies slightly according to the position which they occupy. The ordinary uniform is a blue and white tunic of native cloth, but made without sleeves, so as to allow full freedom to the arms. Under this is a sort of shirt or kilt, reaching below the knees, and below the shirt the soldier wears a pair of short linen trousers. Round the waist is girded the ammunition-belt, which is made exactly on the same principle as the bandolier of the Middle Ages. It consists of some thirty hollow wooden cylinders sticking into a leathern belt, each cylinder containing one charge of powder. When they load their guns, the Amazons merely pour the powder down the barrel, and ram the bullet after it, without taking the trouble to introduce wadding of any description, so that the force of the powder is much wasted, and the direction of the bullet very uncertain. Partly owing to the great windage caused by the careless loading and badly fitting balls, and partly on account of the inferiority of the powder, the charges are twice as large as would be required by a European soldier.

Captain Burton rightly stigmatizes the existence of such an army as an unmixed evil, and states that it is one of the causes which will one day cause the kingdom of Dahome to be obliterated from the earth. "The object of Dahoman wars and invasions has always been to lay waste and to destroy, not to aggrandize.

"As the history puts it, the rulers have ever followed the example of Agaja, the second founder of the kingdom; aiming at conquest and at striking terror, rather than at accretion and consolidation. Hence there has been a decrease of population with an increase of territory, which is to nations the surest road to ruin. In the present day the wars have dwindled to mere slave hunts—a fact it is well to remember.

"The warrior troops, assumed to number 2,500, should represent 7,500 children; the waste of reproduction and the necessary casualties of 'service' in a region so depopulated are as detrimental to the body politic as a proportionate loss of blood would be to the body personal. Thus the land is desert, and the raw material of all industry, man, is everywhere wanting."

Fierce, cruel, relentless, deprived by severe laws of all social ties, the women



(1.) "THE BELL COMES." (See page 567.)



(2.) DAHOMAN AMAZONS. (See page 568.)





soldiers of Dahome are the only real fighters, the men soldiers being comparatively feeble and useless. They are badly and miscellaneously armed, some having trade guns, but the greater number being only furnished with bow and arrow, swords, or clubs. All, however, whether male or female, are provided with ropes wherewith to bind their prisoners, slave hunts being in truth the real object of Dahoman warfare. From his profound knowledge of negro character, Captain Burton long ago prophesied that the kingdom of Dahome was on the wane, and that "weakened by traditional policy, by a continual scene of blood, and by the arbitrary measures of her king, and demoralized by an export slave-trade, by close connection with Europeans, and by frequent failure, this band of black Spartans is rapidly falling into decay."

He also foretold that the king's constant state of warfare with Abeokuta was a political mistake, and that the Egbas would eventually prove to be the conquerors. How true these remarks were has been proved by the events of the last few years. The king Gelele made his threatened attack on Abeokuta, and was hopelessly beaten. In spite of the reckless courage of the Amazons, who fought like so many mad dogs, and were assisted by three brass six-pounder field guns, his attack failed, and his troops were driven off with the loss of a vast number of prisoners, while the killed were calculated at a thousand.

How recklessly these Amazons can fight is evident from their performances at a review. In this part of the country the simple fortifications are made of the acacia bushes, which are furnished with thorns of great length and sharpness, and are indeed formidable obstacles. At a review witnessed by Mr. Duncan, and finely illustrated for the reader on the 577th page, model forts were constructed of these thorns, which were heaped up into walls of some sixty or seventy feet in thickness and eight in height. It may well be imagined that to cross such ramparts as these would be no easy task, even to European soldiers, whose feet are defended by thick-soled boots, and that to a barefooted soldiery they must be simply impregnable. Within the forts were built strong pens seven feet in height, inside of which were cooped up a vast number of male and female slaves belonging to the king.

The review began by the Amazons forming with shouldered arms about two hundred feet in front of the strong fort, and waiting for the word of command. As soon as it was given, they rushed forward, charged the solid fence as though thorns were powerless against their bare feet, dashed over it, tore down the fence, and returned to the king in triumph, leading with them the captured slaves, and exhibiting

also the scalps of warriors who had fallen in previous battles, but who were conventionally supposed to have perished on the present occasion. So rapid and fierce was the attack, that scarcely a minute had elapsed after the word of command was given and when the women were seen returning with their captives.

The organization of the Amazonian army is as peculiar as its existence. The regiment is divided into three battalions, namely, the centre and two wings. The centre, or Fanti battalion, is somewhat analogous to our Guards, and its members distinguished by wearing on the head a narrow white fillet, on which are sewed blue crocodiles. This ornament was granted to them by the king, because one of their number once killed a crocodile. As a mark of courtesy, the king generally confers on his distinguished visitors the honorary rank of commander of the Fanti battalion, but this rank does not entitle him even to order the corps out for a review.

The Grenadiers are represented by the Blunderbuss Company, who are selected for their size and strength, and are each followed by a slave carrying ammunition. Equal in rank to them are the sharpshooters, or "Sure-to-kill" Company, the Carbineers, and the Bayonet Company.

The women of most acknowledged courage are gathered into the Elephant Company, their special business being to hunt the elephant for the sake of its tusks, a task which they perform with great courage and success, often bringing down an elephant with a single volley from their imperfect weapons.

The youngest, best-looking, most active and neatly dressed, are the archers. They are furnished with very poor weapons, usually bow and small arrows, and a small knife. Indeed, they are more for show than for use, and wear by way of uniform a dress more scanty than that of the regular army, and are distinguished also by an ivory bracelet on the left arm, and a tattoo extending to the knee. They are specially trained in dancing, and, when in the field, they are employed as messengers and in carrying off the dead and wounded. Their official title is *Go-hen-to*, i. e. the bearers of quivers.

The greater number of the Amazons are of course line-soldiers, and if they only had a little knowledge of military manœuvres, and could be taught to load properly, as well as to aim correctly, would treble their actual power. Their manœuvres, however, are compared by Captain Burton to those of a flock of sheep, and they have such little knowledge of concerted action that they would be scattered before a charge of the very worst troops in Europe.

Lastly come the razor women. This curious body is intended for striking terror into the enemy, the soldiers being armed with a

large razor, that looks exactly as if it had quite as likely to wound the person who been made for the clown in a pantomime. holds it as it is him against whom it is The blade is about two feet in length, and directed. The razor was invented by a the handle of course somewhat larger, and, brother of the late King Gexó. On the 558th when opened, the blade is kept from shutting by a spring at the back. It is employed page is an illustration of one of the war-drums of the Amazons. It was taken from for decapitating criminals, but by way of a the slain warriors in the attack upon Abeokuta. weapon it is almost worse than useless, and kuta.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### DAHOMÉ—*Continued.*

THE DUPLICATE KING—THE "CUSTOMS" OF DAHOMÉ—APPEARANCE OF KING GELELE—ETIQUETTE AT COURT—THE KING DRINKS—THE CALABASHES OF STATE—THE KING'S PROGRESS—THE ROYAL PROCESSION—THE FIRST DAY OF THE CUSTOMS—THE VICTIM-SHED AND ITS INMATES—THE ROYAL PAVILION—PRELIMINARY CEREMONIALS—THE SECOND DAY OF THE CUSTOMS—THE "ABLE-TO-DO-ANYTHING" CLOTH—THE THIRD DAY—SCRAMBLING FOR COWRIES, AND PROCESSION OF HUNCHBACKS—FETISHES—CONVERSATION WITH THE VICTIMS—THE FOURTH DAY AND ITS EVIL NIGHT—ESTIMATED NUMBER OF THE VICTIMS, AND MODE OF THEIR EXECUTION—OBJECT AND MEANING OF THE CUSTOMS—LETTER TO THE DEAD, AND THE POSTSCRIPT—EXECUTION AT AGBOMÉ—THE BLOOD DRINKER.

BEFORE proceeding to the dread "customs" of Dahomé, we must give a brief notice of a remarkable point in the Dahoman statecraft. Like Japan, Dahomé has two kings, but, instead of being temporal and spiritual as in Japan, they are City king and Bush king, each having his throne, his state, his court, his army, his officers, and his customs. When Captain Burton visited Dahomé, the City king was Gelele, son of Gezo, and the Bush king was Addo-kpore.

The Bush king is set over all the farmers, and regulates tillage and commerce; while the City king rules the cities, makes war, and manages the slave trade. Consequently, the latter is so much brought into contact with the traders that the former is scarcely ever seen except by those who visit the country for the express purpose. He has a palace at a place about six miles from the capital, but the building was only made of poles and matting when Captain Burton visited it, and is not likely to be made of stronger materials, as it was not to be built of "swish" until Abeokuta was taken.

We will now proceed to describe, as briefly as is consistent with truth, the customs of both kings, our authorities being restricted to two, Mr. Duncan and Captain Burton, the latter having made many important corrections in the statements of the former and of other travellers. The present tense will therefore be used throughout the description.

Gelele is a fine-looking man, with a right royal aspect. He is more than six feet in height, thin, broad-shouldered, active, and powerful. His hair is nearly all shaven except two cockade-like tufts, which are used as attachments for beads and other trinkets of brass and silver. Contrary to the usual form, he has a firm and well-pronounced chin, and a tolerably good forehead, and, in spite of his cruel and blood-thirsty nature, has a very agreeable smile. He wears his nails very long, and is said, though the statement is very doubtful, that he keeps under his talon-like nails a powerful poison, which he slyly infuses in the drink of any of his Caboceers who happen to offend him. His face is much pitted with the small-pox, and he wears the mark of his race, namely, three perpendicular scars on the forehead just above the nose. This is the last remnant of a very painful mode of tattooing, whereby the cheeks were literally carved, and the flaps of flesh turned up and forced to heal in that position.

He is not nearly so black as his father, his skin approaching the copper color, and it is likely that his mother was either a slave girl from the northern Makhî, or a mulatto girl from Whydah.

On ordinary occasions he dresses very simply, his body cloth being of white stuff edged with green, and his short drawers of purple silk. He wears but few ornaments, the five or six iron bracelets which encircle

his arms being used more as defensive armor than as jewelry.

Still, though dressed in a far simpler style than any of his Caboceers, he is very punctilious with regard to etiquette, and preserves the smallest traditions with a minute rigidity worthy of the court of Louis XIV. Although he may be sitting on a mere earthen bench, and smoking a clumsy and very plain pipe, all his court wait upon him with a reverence that seems to regard him as a demi-god rather than a man. Should the heat, from which he is sheltered as much as possible by the royal umbrella, produce a few drops on his brow, they are delicately wiped off by one of his wives with a fine cloth; if the tobacco prove rather too potent, a brass or even a gold spittoon is placed before the royal lips. If he sneezes, the whole assembled company burst into a shout of benedictions. The chief ceremony takes place when he drinks. As soon as he raises a cup to his lips, two of his wives spread a white cloth in front of him, while others hold a number of gaudy umbrellas so as to shield him from view. Every one who has a gun fires it, those who have bells beat them, rattles are shaken, and all the courtiers bend to the ground, clapping their hands. As to the commoners, they turn their backs if sitting, if standing they dance like bears, paddling with their hands as if they were paws, bawling "Poo-oo-oo" at the top of their voices.

If a message is sent from him, it is done in a most circuitous manner. He first delivers the message to the Dakro, a woman attached to the court. She takes it to the Meu, and the Meu passes it on to the Mingan, and the Mingan delivers it to the intended recipient. When the message is sent to the king, the order is reversed, and, as each officer has to speak to a superior, a salutation is used neatly graduated according to rank. When the message at last reaches the Dakro, she goes down on all-fours, and whispers the message into the royal ears. So tenacious of trifles is the native memory, that the message will travel through this circuitous route without the loss or transposition of a word.

When any one, no matter what may be his rank, presents himself before the king, he goes through a ceremony called "Itte d'ai," or lying on the ground. He prostrates himself flat on his face, and with his hands shovels the dust all over his person. He also kisses the ground, and takes care when he rises to have as much dust as possible on his huge lips. Face, hands, limbs, and clothes are equally covered with dust, the amount of reverence being measured by the amount of dust. No one approaches the king erect; he must crawl on all-fours, shuffle on his knees, or wriggle along like a snake.

Wherever Gelele holds his court, there

are placed before him three large calabashes, each containing the skull of a powerful chief whom he had slain. The exhibition of these skulls is considered as a mark of honor to their late owners, and not, as has been supposed, a sign of mockery or disgrace. One is bleached and polished like ivory, and is mounted on a small ship made of brass. The reason for this curious arrangement is, that when Gezo died, the chief sent a mocking message to Gelele, saying that the sea had dried up, and men had seen the end of Dahomé. Gelele retaliated by invading his territory, killing him, and mounting his skull on a ship, as a token that there was plenty of water left to float the vessel.

The second skull is mounted with brass so as to form a drinking cup. This was done because the owner had behaved treacherously to Gelele instead of assisting him. In token, therefore, that he ought to have "given water to a friend in affliction" — the metaphorical mode of expressing sympathy — Gelele and his courtiers now drink water out of his skull. The third was the skull of a chief who had partaken of this treachery, and his skull was accordingly mounted with brass fittings which represented the common country trap, in order to show that he had set a trap, and fallen into it himself. All these skulls were without the lower jaw, that being the most coveted ornament for umbrellas and sword-handles. Sad to say, with the usual negro disregard of inflicting pain, the captor tears the jaw away while the victim is still alive, cutting through both cheeks with one hand and tearing away the jaw with the other.

The same minute and grotesque etiquette accompanies the king as he proceeds to Agbome, the real capital, to celebrate the So-Sin Custom, and it is impossible to read the accounts of the whole proceeding without being struck with the ingenuity by which the negro has pressed into the service of barbarism everything European that he can lay his hands upon, while he has invariably managed thereby to make the rites ludicrous instead of imposing.

First came a long line of chiefs, distinguished by their flags and umbrellas, and, after marching once round the large space or square, they crossed over and formed a line of umbrellas opposite the gateway. Then came the royal procession itself, headed by skirmishers and led by a man carrying one of the skull-topped banners. After these came some five hundred musketeers, and behind them marched two men carrying large leathern shields painted white, and decorated with a pattern in black. These are highly valued, as remnants of the old times when shields were used in warfare, and were accompanied by a guard of tall negroes, wearing brass helmets and black horse-tails.





(1.) AMAZON REVIEW. (See page 571.)



(2.) THE KING'S DANCE. (See page 577.)

Next came the *Kafo*, or emblem of royalty, namely, an iron fetish-stick enclosed in a white linen case, topped with a white plume; and after the *Kafo* came the king, riding under the shade of four white umbrellas, and further sheltered from the sun by three parasols, yellow, purple, and bluish red. These were waved over him so as to act as fans.

After the king was borne the great fetish axe, followed by the "band," a noisy assemblage of performers on drums, rattles, trumpets, cymbals, and similar instruments. Two specimens of ivory trumpets, with various strange devices elaborately carved, are represented in an engraving on the 558th page. The right-hand trumpet has a crucified figure on it. Lastly came a crowd of slaves laden with chairs, baskets of cowries, bottles, and similar articles, the rear being brought up by a pair of white and blue umbrellas and a tattered flag.

Six times the king was carried round the space, during two of the circuits being drawn in a nondescript wheeled vehicle, and on the third circuit being carried, carriage and all, on the shoulders of his attendants. The fourth and fifth circuits were made in a *Bath chair*, and the sixth in the same vehicle carried as before. The king then withdrew to the opposite side of the space, and the Amazons made their appearance, dashing into the space in three companies, followed by the Fanti companies already described. These young women showed their agility in dancing, and were followed by a calabash adorned with skulls and a number of flags, escorted by twelve *Razor women*.

By this time the king had transferred himself to a hammock of yellow silk, suspended from a black pole ornamented with silver sharks—this fish being a royal emblem—and tipped with brass at each end. Twelve women carried the hammock, and others shaded and fanned him as before. These preliminaries being completed, all retired to rest until the following day, which was to be the first of the *So-Sin* or *Horse-tie Customs*.

The first object that strikes the eye of the observer is a large shed about one hundred feet long, forty wide, and sixty high, having at one end a double-storied turret, and the whole being covered with a red cloth. At the time of which we are treating there sat in the shed twenty of the victims to be sacrificed. They were all seated on stools, and bound tightly to the posts by numerous cords. No unnecessary pain was inflicted: they were flogged four times in the day, were loosened at night for sleeping, and were furnished with attendants who kept off the flies. They were dressed in a sort of *San Benito* costume, namely, a white calico shirt, bound with red ribbon, and having a crimson patch on the left breast. On the head was a tall pointed white cap, with blue

ribbon wound spirally round it. In spite of their impending fate, the victims did not seem to be unhappy, and looked upon the scene with manifest curiosity.

Next came the rite from which the ceremony takes its name. The chief of the horse came up with a number of followers, and took away all horses from their owners, and tied them to the shed, whence they could only be released by the payment of cowries.

Another shed was built especially for the king, and contained about the same number of victims. Presently *Gelele* came, and proceeded to his own shed, where he took his seat, close to the spot on which was pitched a little tent containing the relics of the old king, and supposed to be temporarily inhabited by his ghost. After some unimportant ceremonies, *Gelele* made an address, stating that his ancestors had only built rough and rude *So-Sin* sheds, but that *Gezo* had improved upon them when "making customs" for his predecessor. But he, *Gelele*, meant to follow his father's example, and to do for his father what he hoped his son would do for him. This discourse was accompanied by himself on the drum, and after it was over, he displayed his activity in dancing, assisted by his favorite wives and a professional jester. (See engraving on the previous page.) Leaning on a staff decorated with a human skull, he then turned toward the little tent, and adored in impressive silence his father's ghost.

The next business was to distribute decorations and confer rank, the most prominent example being a man who was raised from a simple captain to be a *Caboccer*, the newly-created noble floundering on the ground, and covering himself and all his new clothes with dust as a mark of gratitude. More dancing and drumming then went on until the night closed in, and the first day was ended.

The second day exhibited nothing very worthy of notice except the rite which gives it the name of *Cloth-changing Day*. The king has a piece of patchwork, about six hundred yards long by ten wide, which is called the "*Nun-ce-pace-to*," i. e. the *Able-to-do-anything cloth*. This is to be worn by the king as a robe as soon as he has taken *Abeokuta*, and, to all appearances, he will have to wait a very long time before he wears it. It is unrolled, and held up before the king, who walked along its whole length on both sides, amid the acclamations of his people, and then passed to his shed, where he was to go through the cloth-changing. This rite consisted in changing his dress several times before the people, and dancing in each new dress, finishing with a fetish war-dress, i. e. a short under robe, and a dark blue cloth studded with charms and amulets, stained with blood, and edged with cowries.

The third day of the Customs exhibited



but little of interest, being merely the usual processions and speeches, repeated over and over again to a wearisome length. The most notable feature is the cowrie-scrambling. The king throws strings of cowries among the people, who fight for them on perfectly equal terms, the lowest peasant and the highest noble thinking themselves equally bound to join in the scramble. Weapons are not used, but it is considered quite legitimate to gouge out eyes or bite out pieces of limbs, and there is scarcely a scramble that does not end in maiming for life, while on some occasions one or two luckless individuals are left dead on the ground. No notice is taken of them, as they are, by a pleasant fiction of law, supposed to have died an honorable death in defence of their king.

Lastly there came a procession of hunchbacks, who, as Captain Burton tells us, are common in Western Africa, and are assembled in troops of both sexes at the palace. The chief of them wielded a formidable whip, and, having arms of great length and muscular power, easily cut a way for his followers through the dense crowd. Seven potent fetishes were carried on the heads of the principal hunchbacks. They were very strong fetishes indeed, being in the habit of walking about after nightfall.

They are described as follows:—"The first was a blue dwarf, in a gray paque, with hat on head. The second, a blue woman with protuberant breast. The third, a red dwarf with white eyes, clad *cap-à-pie* in red and brown. The fourth was a small black mother and child in a blue loin-cloth, with a basket or calabash on the former's head. The fifth, ditto, but lesser. The sixth was a pigmy baboon-like thing, with a red face under a black skull-cap, a war-club in the right hand and a gun in the left; and the seventh much resembled the latter, but was lamp-black, with a white apron behind. They were carved much as the face cut on the top of a stick by the country bumpkins in England."

The king next paid a visit to the victims, and entered into conversation with some of them, and presented twenty "heads" of cowries to them. At Captain Burton's request that he would show mercy, he had nearly half of them untied, placed on their hands and knees in front of him, and then dismissed them.

The fourth day of the Customs is traditionally called the Horse-losing Day, from a ceremony which has now been abolished, although the name is retained. More dances, more processions, and more boastings that Abeokuta should be destroyed, and that the grave of Gelele's father should be well furnished with Egba skulls. The same little fetishes already mentioned were again produced, and were followed by a curious *pas-de-seul* performed by a "So."

The So is an imitation demon, "a bull-faced mask of natural size, painted black, with glaring eyes and peep-holes. The horns were hung with red and white rag-strips, and beneath was a dress of bamboo fibre covering the feet, and fringed at the ends. It danced with head on one side, and swayed itself about to the great amusement of the people."

The whole of the proceedings were terminated by a long procession of slaves, bearing in their hands baskets of cowries. "It was the usual African inconsequence—100,000 to carry 20!"

The evening of the fourth day is the dreaded Evil Night, on which the king walks in solemn procession to the marketplace, where the chief executioner with his own hand puts to death those victims who have been reserved. The precise nature of the proceedings is not known, as none are allowed to leave their houses except the king and his retinue; and any one who is foolish enough to break this law is carried off at once to swell the list of victims. It is said that the king speaks to the men, charging them with messages to his dead father, telling him that his memory is revered, and that a number of new attendants have been sent to him, and with his own hand striking the first blow, the others being slain by the regular executioner.

The bodies of the executed were now set upon a pole, or hung up by their heels, and exhibited to the populace, much as used to be done in England, when a thief was first executed, and then hung in chains.

The number of these victims has been much exaggerated. In the annual Customs, the number appears to be between sixty and eighty. Some thirty of these victims are men, and suffer by the hand of the chief executioner or his assistants; but it is well known that many women are also put to death within the palace walls, the blood-thirsty Amazons being the executioners. The mode of execution is rather remarkable. After the king has spoken to the victims, and dictated his messages, the executioners fall upon them and beat them to death with their official maces. These instruments are merely wooden clubs, armed on one side of the head with iron knobs. Some, however, say that the victims are beheaded; and it is very likely that both modes are employed.

As to the stories that have been so frequently told of the many thousand human victims that are annually slain, and of the canoe which is paddled by the king in a trench filled with human blood, they are nothing more than exaggerations invented by traders for the purpose of frightening Englishmen out of the country. Even in the Grand Customs which follow the decease of a king the number of victims is barely five hundred.

We may naturally ask ourselves what is the meaning of the Customs, or So-Sin. This ceremony is the accepted mode of doing honor to the late king, by sending to him a number of attendants befitting his rank. Immediately after his burial, at the Grand Customs, some five hundred attendants, both male and female, are despatched to the dead king, and ever afterward his train is swelled by those who are slain at the regular annual Customs.

Besides the Customs there is scarcely a day when executions of a similar character do not take place. Whatever the king does must be reported to his father by a man, who is first charged with the message and then killed. No matter how trivial the occasion may be—if a white man visits him, if he has a new drum made, or even if he moves from one house to another—a messenger is sent to tell his father. And if after the execution the king should find that he has forgotten something, away goes another messenger, like the postscript of a letter.

All this terrible destruction of human life, which is estimated by Burton as averaging five hundred per annum in ordinary years, and a thousand in the Grand Customs year, is bad enough, but not so bad as it has been painted. The victims are not simple subjects of the king selected for the sacrifice of bloodthirsty caprice, as has been generally supposed. They are either criminals or prisoners of war, and, instead of being executed on the spot, are reserved for the customs, and are treated as well as is consistent with their safe custody.

Indeed, considering the object for which they are reserved, it would be bad policy for the Dahoman king to behave cruelly toward his victims. They are intended as messengers to his father, about whom they are ever afterward supposed to wait, and it would be extremely impolitic in the present king to send to his father a messenger who was ill-disposed toward himself, and who might, therefore, garble his message, or deliver an evil report to the dead sovereign.

As a rule, the victims in question are quite cheerful and contented, and about as unlike our ideas of doomed men as can well be imagined. In the first place, they are constitutionally indifferent to human life, their own lives with those of others being equally undervalued; and, as they know that their lives are forfeit, they accept the position without useless murmurs. Nor is the mode of death so painful as seems at first sight to be the case, for the king, actuated by that feeling of pity which caused the Romans to stupefy with a soporific draught the senses of those who were condemned to the cross, mostly administers to the victims a bottle or so of rum about an hour before the execution, so that they are for the most part insensible when killed.

This humane alleviation of their sufferings is, however, restricted to those who die at the customs, and is not extended to those who perish by the hands of the executioner as messengers to the deceased king. How these executions are conducted may be seen by the following account of a scene at Dahome by Mr. Duncan:—

"The ceremonies of this day were nearly a repetition of those of yesterday, till the time arrived (an hour before sunset) when the four traitors were brought into the square for execution. They marched through the mob assembled round apparently as little concerned as the spectators, who seemed more cheerful than before the prisoners made their appearance, as if they were pleased with the prospect of a change of performance. The prisoners were marched close past me in slow time; consequently I had a good opportunity of minutely observing them, particularly as every person remained on his knees, with the exception of myself and the guard who accompanied the prisoners.

"They were all young men, of the middle size, and appeared to be of one family, or at least of the same tribe of Makees, who are much better-looking than the people of the coast. Each man was gagged with a short piece of wood, with a small strip of white cotton tied round each end of the stick, and passed round the pole. This was to prevent them from speaking. They were arranged in line, kneeling before the king.

"The head gang-gang man then gave four beats on the gong, as one—two, and one—two; the upper part of the gang-gang being smaller than the lower, and thus rendering the sounds different, similar to the public clocks in England when striking the quarters. After the four beats the gang-gang man addressed the culprits upon the enormity of their crime and the justice of their sentence. During this lengthened harangue the gang-gang was struck at short intervals, which gave a sort of awful solemnity to the scene. After this, the men were suddenly marched some distance back from his majesty, who on this occasion refused to witness the execution. The men were then ordered to kneel in line about nine feet apart, their hands being tied in front of the body, and the elbows held behind by two men, the body of the culprit bending forward.

"Poor old Mayho, who is an excellent man, was the proper executioner. He held the knife or bill-hook to me, but I again declined the honor; when the old man, at one blow on the back of the neck, divided the head from the body of the first culprit, with the exception of a small portion of the skin, which was separated by passing the knife underneath. Unfortunately the second man was dreadfully mangled, for the poor fellow at the moment the blow was struck having raised his head, the knife struck in a

slanting direction, and only made a large wound; the next blow caught him on the back of the head, when the brain protruded. The poor fellow struggled violently. The third stroke caught him across the shoulders, inflicting a dreadful gash. The next caught him on the neck, which was twice repeated. The officer steady the criminal now lost his hold on account of the blood which rushed from the blood-vessels on all who were near. Poor old Mayho, now quite palsied, took hold of the head, and after twisting it several times round, separated it from the still convulsed and struggling trunk. During the latter part of this disgusting execution the head presented an awful spectacle, the distortion of the features, and the eyeballs completely upturned, giving it a horrid appearance.

"The next man, poor fellow, with his eyes partially shut and head drooping forward near to the ground, remained all this time in suspense; casting a partial glance on the head which was now close to him, and the trunk dragged close past him, the blood still rushing from it like a fountain. Mayho refused to make another attempt, and another man acted in his stead, and with one blow separated the spinal bones, but did not entirely separate the head from the body. This was finished in the same manner as the first. However, the fourth

culprit was not so fortunate, his head not being separated till after three strokes. The body afterward rolled over several times, when the blood spurted over my face and clothes.

"The most disgusting part of this abominable and disgusting execution was that of an ill-looking wretch, who, like the numerous vultures, stood with a small calabash in his hand, ready to catch the blood from each individual which he greedily devoured before it had escaped one minute from the veins. The old wretch had the impudence to put some rum in the blood and ask me to drink: at that moment I could with good heart have sent a bullet through his head.

"Before execution the victim is furnished with a clean white cloth to tie round the loins. After decapitation the body is immediately dragged off by the heels to a large pit at a considerable distance from the town, and thrown therein, and is immediately devoured by wolves and vultures, which are here so ravenous that they will almost take your victuals from you."

Captain Burton says that he never saw this repulsive part of the sacrificial ceremony, and states that there is only one approach to cannibalism in Dahome. This is in connection with the worship of the thunder god, and is described on page 586.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### DAHOMÉ — *Concluded.*

THE GRAND CUSTOMS OF DAHOME — CELEBRATED ONCE IN A LIFETIME — "WE ARE HUNGRY" — THE BASKET SACRIFICE — GELELE'S TOWER — THE FIRE TELEGRAPH AND ITS DETAILS — LAST DAY OF THE CUSTOMS — THE TIRED ORATORS — A GENERAL SMASH — CONCLUSION OF THE CEREMONY — DAHOMAN MARRIAGES — THE RELIGION OF DAHOME — POLYTHEISM, AND DIFFERENT RANKS OF THE DEITIES — WORSHIP OF THE THUNDER GOD — CEREMONY OF HEAD WORSHIP — THE PRIESTS OR FETISHERS — THE FEMALE FETISHERS — IDEAS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD — INQUEST AFTER DEATH — BURIAL — THE DEATH OF A KING — THE WATER SPRINKLING CUSTOM — CAPTAIN BURTON'S SUMMARY OF THE DAHOMAN CHARACTER.

WE now pass to the Grand Customs of Dahome, which only take place once in a monarch's lifetime. This fearful ceremony, or rather series of ceremonies, is performed in honor of a deceased king, and the duty of carrying it out devolves upon his successor. Each king tries to outvie his predecessor by sacrificing a greater number of victims, or by inventing some new mode of performing the sacrifice. In consequence of this habit the mode of conducting the Grand Custom is so exceedingly variable that a full description would entail a narration of the Custom as performed by each successive king.

It has already been stated that the victims are carefully saved for the purpose, Custom Day being the only general execution time in the year; and in consequence, if a new king finds that he has not a sufficient number of victims to do honor to his father's memory, and at least to equal those whom his father sacrificed when he came to the throne, he must wait until the required number can be made up.

The usual method of doing so is to go to war with some tribe with whom there is a feud; and for this reason, among others, both Gezo and Gelele made a series of attacks, Abeokuta winning at first, but being afterward beaten back, as has been narrated. It is chiefly for this reason that the Amazons are taught to rush so fiercely over the formidable thorn walls by which the towns are

fortified, and the prisoners whom they take are mostly handed over to the king to be kept in readiness for the next custom.

On the great day of the Grand Custom the king appears on a platform, decorated, according to Dahoman ideas, in a most gorgeous manner, with cloths on which are rudely painted the figures of various animals. Around him are his favorite wives and his principal officers, each of the latter being distinguished by his great umbrella. Below is a vast and surging crowd of negroes of both sexes, wild with excitement and rum, and rending the air with their yells of welcome to their sovereign. In recognition of their loyalty, he flings among them "heads" of covies, strings of beads, rolls of cloth, and similar valuables, for which they fight and scramble and tear each other like so many wild beasts — and indeed, for the time, they are as fierce and as ruthless as the most savage beasts that the earth holds.

After these specimens of the royal favor are distributed, the cries and yells begin to take shape, and gradually resolve themselves into praises of the king and appeals to his bounty. "We are hungry, O King," they cry. "Feed us, O King, for we are hungry!" and this ominous demand is repeated with increasing fury, until the vast crowd have lashed themselves to a pitch of savage fury, which nothing but blood can appease. And blood they have in plenty. The victims are

now brought forward, each being gagged in order to prevent him from crying out to the king for mercy, in which case he must be immediately released, and they are firmly secured by being lashed inside baskets, so that they can move neither head, hand, nor foot. At the sight of the victims the yells of the crowd below redouble, and the air is rent with the cry, "We are hungry! Feed us, O King."

Presently the deafening yells are hushed into a death-like silence, as the king rises, and with his own hand or foot pushes one of the victims off the platform into the midst of the crowd below. The helpless wretch falls into the outstretched arms of the eager crowd, the basket is rent to atoms by a hundred hands; and in a shorter time than it has taken to write this sentence the man has been torn limb from limb, while around each portion of the still quivering body a mass of infuriated negroes are fighting like so many starved dogs over a bone.

Gelele, following the habits of his ancestors, introduced an improvement on this practice, and, instead of merely pushing the victims off the platform, built a circular tower some thirty feet in height, decorated after the same grotesque manner as the platform, and ordered that the victims should be flung from the top of this tower. Should the kingdom of Dahome last long enough for Gelele to have a successor, some new variation will probably be introduced into the Grand Customs.

After Gelele had finished his gift throwing, a strange procession wound its way to the tower—the procession of blood. First came a number of men, each carrying a pole, to the end of which was tied a living cock; and after them marched another string of men, each bearing on his head a living goat tied up in a flexible basket, so that the poor animals could not move a limb. Next came a bull, borne by a number of negroes; and lastly came the human victims, each tied in a basket, and carried, like the goats, horizontally on a man's head.

Three men now mounted to the top of the tower, and received the victims in succession, as they were handed up to them. Just below the tower an open space was left, in which was a block of wood, on the edge of a hole, attended by the executioners. The fowls were first flung from the top of the tower, still attached to the poles; and it seemed to be requisite that every creature which was then sacrificed should be tied in some extraordinary manner. As soon as they touched the ground, they were seized, dragged to the block, and their heads chopped off, so that the blood might be poured into the hole. The goats were thrown down after the fowls, the bull after the goats, and, lastly, the unfortunate men shared the same fate. The mingled blood of these victims was allowed to remain in the

hole, which was left uncovered all night, the blood-stained block standing beside it.

The illustration on the following page depicts the last feature of this terrible scene. On the right hand is the king, seated under his royal umbrella, surmounted with a leopard, the emblem of royalty, and around him are his wives and great men. In the centre rises the cloth-covered tower, from which a human victim has just been hurled, while another is being carried to his fate. Below is one of the executioners standing by the block, and clustering in front of the tower is the mob of infuriated savages.

Just below the king is seen the band, the most prominent instrument of which is the great drum carried on a man's head, and beaten by the drummer who stands behind him, and one of the king's banners is displayed behind the band, and guarded by a body of armed Amazons. In front are several of the fetishmen, their heads adorned with the conical cap, their bodies fantastically painted, and the inevitable skull in their hands. The house which is supposed to contain the spirit of the deceased king is seen on the left.

The last day of the Customs is celebrated after a rather peculiar manner.

A line of soldiers armed with guns is stationed all the way from Agbome to Whydah. These soldiers are placed at some little distance from each other, and their duty is to transmit a rolling fire all the way from the capital to the port and back again. This is a later invention, the former plan being to transmit a small present from hand to hand, starting from Whydah and having its destination in the palace. Another line of musketeers extended from the Komasi house to a suburb about a mile distant.

The method of arranging them is very curious. At intervals of three hundred yards or so are built little huts of grass, each being the lodging-place of two soldiers. Though slightly built, there is some attempt at ornament about them, as each hut has a pent roof, a veranda supported by light poles, and the side walls decorated with a diamond pattern of bamboo and a fetish shrub, which is supposed to repel lightning. A tuft of grass ornaments each end of the gables, and those huts that are situated nearest the palace are always the most decorated.

In front of each hut the muskets belonging to the soldiers are fixed horizontally on forked sticks. They are ready loaded, and the two are employed lest one of them should miss fire. There are nearly nine hundred of these huts upon the line to Whydah, and it is calculated that the time occupied in the fire ought to be about half an hour.

When Captain Burton attended this ceremony in 1863, Gelele had not been confirmed at Allada, and in consequence was



THE BASKET SACRIFICE.

(See page 582.)



not, by royal etiquette, allowed to live in a house built of anything better than stakes and matting. Consequently, his officers were obliged to follow his example, as it would have been equivalent to treason had a subject presumed to live in a "swish" house when his monarch only dwelt in matting.

However, on this occasion at all events the king tried to atone by barbarous finery for the wretched material of his "palace." The Agwajai gate led into an oblong court of matting, sprinkled with thick-leaved little fig trees of vivid green, and divided into two by the usual line of bamboos. At the bottom of the southern half was the royal pavilion, somewhat like a Shakmiyana in Bengal, with an open wing on each side.

"The sloping roof of the central part, intended for the king, was of gold and lake damask, under two broad strips of red and green satin; the wings, all silk and velvet, were horizontally banded with red, white-edged green, purple and yellow, red and green in succession, from the top, and, where the tongue-shaped lappets started, with chrome yellow. The hangings, playing loosely in the wind, were remarkable chiefly for grotesque figures of men and beasts cut out of colored cloth and sewed to the lining."

Several little tables were placed near the inner entrances, each being sheltered by a huge umbrella, three decorated with figures and four white. These were for the women, who were dressed in their gayest apparel magnificent in mantles of red, pink, and flowered silks and satins. Opposite to the king were five ragged white umbrellas; sheltering eleven small tables, and behind the tables was a small crowd of officials and captains, dressed in costumes somewhat similar to those of the women.

On the right of the throne was the court fool, a very important man indeed, his eyes surrounded with rings of white chalk, and his shoulders covered with an old red velvet mantle. Although not of sufficient rank to be permitted the use of an umbrella, he was sheltered from the sun by a piece of matting raised on poles. A model of a canoe was placed near him.

Just at the entrances eight muskets were tied horizontally, each supported on two forked sticks; as has already been described, and behind each musket stood the Amazon to whom it belonged.

After making his guests wait for at least two hours,—such a delay being agreeable to royal etiquette,—the king condescended to appear. This time he had arrayed himself after a very gorgeous and rather heterogeneous fashion. He wore a yellow silk tunic, covered with little scarlet flowers, a great black felt Spanish hat, or sombrero, richly embroidered with gold braid, and a broad belt of gold and pearls (probably

imitation) passed over his left shoulder to his right side. Suspended to his neck was a large crucifix, and in his left hand he carried an hour-glass. An old rickety table with metal legs, and covered with red velvet, was placed before him, and upon it were laid a silver mug, a rosary, sundry pieces of plate, and some silver armlets. On taking his seat, he put the silver mug to its proper use, by drinking with all his guests, his own face being, according to custom, hidden by a linen cloth while he drank.

After the usual complimentary addresses—had been made, a woman rose at 1 P.M. and gave the word of command—"A-de-o." This is a corruption of Adios, or farewell. At this word two of the muskets in front of the king were discharged, and the firing was taken up by the Jegbe line. In three minutes the firing ran round Jegbe and returned to the palace. At 2 P.M. another "A-de-o" started the line of firing to Whydah, the time of its return having been calculated and marked by a rude device of laying cowries on the ground, and weaving a cloth in a loom, the number of threads that are laid being supposed to indicate a certain duration of time.

As soon as the firing began, two officials marched up to the king and began an oration, which they were bound to maintain until the firing had returned. Amid the horrible noise of five heralds proclaiming the royal titles and a jester springing his rattle, they began their speech, but were sadly discomfited by a wrong calculation or a mismanagement of the firing. Instead of occupying only half an hour, it was not finished for an hour and a half, and the poor orators were so overcome with heat and the fine dust which hovered about, that toward the end of the time they were nearly choked, and could hardly get out short sentences, at long intervals, from their parched throats. "There will be stick for this," remarks Captain Burton.

Stick, indeed, is administered very freely, and the highest with the lowest are equally liable to it. On one occasion some of the chief officers of the court did not make their appearance exactly at the proper time. The king considered that this conduct was an usurpation of the royal prerogative of making every one else wait, whereas they had absolutely made him wait for them. So, as soon as they appeared, he ordered the Amazons to take their bamboos and beat them out of the court, a command which they executed with despatch and vigor. The beaten ministers did not, however, seem to resent their treatment, but sat cowering at the gate in abject submission.

After occupying several days in this feasting and speech-making and boasting, the king proceeded to the last act of the Customs. Having resumed his place at the velvet-covered table, he filled his glass with



rum, and drank with his visitors to the health of his father's ghost, who, by the way, had been seen bathing in the sea, and had received two slaves, sacrificed in order to tell him that his son was pleased at his visit. After a few unimportant ceremonies, he poured a little rum on the ground, and, dashing his glass to pieces on the table, rose and left the tent. His attendants followed his example, and smashed everything to pieces, even including the tables; this act probably accounting for the very mean and rickety condition of the royal furniture. With this general smash the Customs terminated, much to the relief of the visitors.

**Marriages** among the Dahomans are an odd compound of simplicity and complexity. The bridegroom commences his suit by sending a couple of friends to the father of the intended bride, and furnishes them with a doubly potent argument in the shape of two bottles of rum. Should the father approve of the proposition, he graciously drinks the rum, and sends back the empty bottles—a token that he accepts the proposal, and as a delicate hint that he would like some more rum. The happy man takes the hint, fills the bottles, sends them to the father, together with a present for the young lady; and then nothing more is required except to name the amount of payment which is demanded for the girl. Cloth is the chief article of barter, and a man is sometimes occupied for two or three years in procuring a sufficient quantity.

At last the day—always a Sunday—is settled, and more bottles of rum are sent by the bridegroom's messengers, who bring the bride in triumph to her future home, followed by all her family and friends. Then comes a general feast, at which it is a point of honor to consume as much as possible, and it is not until after midnight that the bride is definitely handed over to her husband. The feast being over, the bridegroom retires into his house and seats himself. Several fetish women lead in the bride by her wrists, and present her in solemn form, telling them both to behave well to each other, but recommending him to flog her well if she displeases him. Another two or three hours of drinking then follows, and about 3 or 4 A.M. the fetish women retire, and the actual marriage is supposed to be completed.

Next morning the husband sends more rum and some heads of cowries to the girl's parents as a token that he is satisfied, and after a week the bride returns to her father's house, where she remains for a day or two, cooking, however, her husband's food and sending it to him. On the day when she returns home another feast is held, and then she subsides into the semi-servile state which is the normal condition of a wife throughout the greater part of savage Africa.

We now come to the religion of Dahomé, which, as may be imagined from the previous narrative, is of a very low character, and has been curtly summarized by Captain Burton in the following sentence:—"Africans, as a rule, worship everything except the Creator." As the contact of the Dahomans with the white men and with the Moslems has probably engrafted foreign ideas in the native mind, it is not very easy to find out the exact nature of their religion, but the following account is a short abstract of the result of Captain Burton's investigation.

He states that the reason why the natives do not worship the Creator is that, although they acknowledge the fact of a supreme Deity, they think that He is too great and high to trouble Himself about the affairs of mankind, and in consequence they do not trouble themselves by paying a worship which they think would be fruitless. Their devotion, such as it is, expends itself therefore upon a host of minor deities, all connected with some material object.

First we have the principal deities, who are ranked in distinct classes. The most important is the Snake god, who has a thousand snake wives, and is represented by the Danhgbe, which has already been mentioned. Next in order come the Tree gods, of which the silk-cotton (*Bombax*) is the most powerful, and has the same number of wives as the Danhgbe. It has, however, a rival in the Ordeal, or poison tree.

The last of these groups is the sea. This deity is represented at Whydah by a very great priest, who ranks as a king, and has five hundred wives in virtue of his representative office. At stated times he visits the shore to pay his respects, and to throw into the waves his offerings of beads, cowries, cloth, and other valuables. Now and then the king sends a human sacrifice from the capital. He creates the victim a Caboceer, gives him the state uniform and umbrella of his short-lived rank, puts him in a gorgeous hammock, and sends him in great pomp and state to Whydah. As soon as he arrives there, the priest takes him out of his hammock and transfers him to a canoe, takes him out to sea, and flings him into the water, where he is instantly devoured by the expectant sharks.

Lately a fourth group of superior deities has been added, under the name of the Thunder gods. In connection with the worship of this deity is found the only approach to cannibalism which is known to exist in Dahomé. When a man has been killed by lightning, burial is not lawful, and the body is therefore laid on a platform and cut up by the women, who hold the pieces of flesh in their mouths, and pretend to eat them, calling out to the passengers, "We sell you meat, fine meat; come and buy!"

After these groups of superior deities come a host of inferior gods, too numerous to mention. One, however, is too curious to be omitted. It is a man's own head, which is considered a very powerful fetish in Dahome. An engraving on the 595th page illustrates this strange worship, which is as follows:—

"The head worshipper, after providing a fowl, kola nuts, rum, and water, bathes, dresses in pure white baft, and seats himself on a clean mat. An old woman, with her *medius* finger dipped in water, touches successively his forehead, poll, nape, and mid-breast, sometimes all his joints. She then breaks a kola into its natural divisions, throws them down like dice, chooses a lucky piece, which she causes a bystander to chew, and with his saliva retouches the parts before alluded to.

"The fowl is then killed by pulling its body, the neck being held between the big and first toe; the same *attouchements* are performed with its head, and finally with the boiled and shredded flesh before it is eaten. Meanwhile rum and water are drunk by those present."

The fetishers, or priests, are chosen by reason of a sort of ecstatic fit which comes upon them, and which causes them at last to fall to the ground insensible. One of the older priests awaits the return of the senses, and then tells the neophyte what particular fetish has come to him. He is then taken away to the college, or fetish part of the town, where he learns the mysteries of his calling and is instructed for several years in the esoteric language of the priests, a language which none but themselves can understand. If at the end of the novitiate he should return to his former home, he speaks nothing but this sacred language, and makes it a point of honor never to utter a sentence that any member of the household can understand.

When a man is once admitted into the ranks of the fetishes, his subsistence is provided for, whether he be one of the "regulars," who have no other calling, and who live entirely upon the presents which they obtain from those who consult them, or whether he retains some secular trade, and only acts the fetisher when the fit happens to come on him. They distinguish themselves by various modes of dress, such as shaving half the beard, carrying a cow-tail flapper, or wearing the favorite mark of a fetisher, namely, a belt of cowries strung back to back, each pair being separated by a single black seed.

The fetish women greatly outnumber the men, nearly one-fourth belonging to this order. They are often destined to this career before their birth, and are married to the fetish before they see the light of day. They also take human spouses, but, from all accounts, the life of the husband is not the

most agreeable in the world. The women spend their mornings in going about begging for cowries. In the afternoon she goes with her sisters into the fetish house, and puts on her official dress. The whole party then sally out to the squares, where they drum and sing and dance and lash themselves into fits of raving ecstasy. This lasts for a few hours, when the women assume their ordinary costumes and go home.

It is illegal for any fetisher to be assaulted while the fetish is on them, and so the women always manage to shield themselves from their husband's wrath by a fetish fit whenever he becomes angry, and threatens the stick.

As to the position of the human soul in the next world, they believe that a man takes among the spirits the same rank which he held among men; so that a man who dies as a king is a king to all eternity, while he who is a slave when he dies can never be a free man, but must be the property of some wealthy ghost or other.

Visiting the world of spirits is one of the chief employments of the fetish men, who are always ready to make the journey when paid for their trouble. They are often called upon to do so, for a Dahoman who feels unwell or out of spirits always fancies that his deceased relatives are calling for him to join them, a request which he feels most unwilling to grant. So he goes to his favorite fetisher, and gives him a dollar to descend into the spirit world and present his excuses to his friends. The fetisher covers himself with his cloth, lies down, and falls into a trance, and, when he recovers, he gives a detailed account of the conversation which has taken place between himself and the friends of his client. Sometimes he brings back a rare bead or some other object, as proof that he has really delivered the message and received the answer. The whole proceeding is strangely like the ceremonies performed by the medicine men or *Angekoks* among the Esquimaux.

It is a strange thing that, in a country where human life is sacrificed so freely, a sort of inquest takes place after every death. The reason for this custom is rather curious. The king reserves to himself the right of life and death over his subjects, and any one who kills another is supposed to have usurped the royal privilege.

As soon as death takes place, notice is sent to the proper officers, called *Gevi*, who come and inspect the body, receiving as a fee a head and a half of cowries. When they have certified that the death was natural, the relatives begin their mourning, during which they may not eat nor wash, but may sing as much as they please, and drink as much rum as they can get. A coffin is prepared, its size varying according to the rank of the deceased person; the corpse is clothed in its best attire, decorated with

ornaments, and a change of raiment is laid in the coffin, to be worn when the deceased fairly reaches the land of spirits. The very poor are unable to obtain a coffin, and a wrapper of matting is deemed sufficient in such cases.

The grave is dug in rather a peculiar manner, a cavern being excavated on one side, the coffin being first lowered and then pushed sideways into the cave, so that the earth immediately above is undisturbed. After the grave is filled in, the earth is smoothed with water. Over the grave of a man in good circumstances is placed a vessel-shaped iron, into which is poured water or blood by way of drink for the deceased. Formerly a rich man used to have slaves buried with him, but of late years only the two chiefs of the king are allowed to sacrifice one slave at death, they being supposed not to need as many attendants in the next world as if they had been kings of Dahomé in this.

As soon as the king dies, his wives and all the women of the palace begin to smash everything that comes in their way, exactly as has been related of the concluding scene of the Customs; and, when they have broken all the furniture of the palace, they begin to turn their destructive fury upon each other, so that at the death of Aggoro it was calculated that several hundred women lost their lives within the palace walls merely in this fight, those sacrificed at the succeeding Customs being additional victims. This blood-thirsty rage soon extends beyond the precincts of the palace, and Captain Burton, who has done so much in contradicting the exaggerated tales of Dahoman bloodshed that have been so widely circulated, acknowledges that, however well a white stranger may be received at Agbomé, his life would be in very great danger were he to remain in the capital when the king died.

Even with the termination of the Customs the scenes of blood do not end. Next comes the "water-sprinkling," i. e. the graves of the kings must be sprinkled with "water," the Dahoman euphemism for blood. Of late years the number of human victims sacrificed at each grave has been reduced to two, the requisite amount of "water" being supplied by various animals.

Before each tomb the king kneels on all fours, accompanied by his chiefs and captains, while a female priest, who must be of royal descent, makes a long oration to the spirit of the deceased ruler, asking him to aid his descendant and to give success and prosperity to his kingdom. Libations of rum and pure water are then poured upon each grave, followed by the sacrificial "water," which flows from the throats of the men, oxen, goats, pigeons, and other victims. Kola nuts and other kinds of food are also brought as offerings.

The flesh of the animals is then cooked,

together with the vegetables, and a feast is held, the stool of the deceased ruler being placed on the table as an emblem of his presence. All the Dahoman kings are buried within the walls of the palace, a house being erected over each grave. During the water sprinkling, or "Sin-quain," custom, the king goes to each house separately, and sleeps in it for five or six nights, so as to put himself in communion with the spirits of his predecessors.

The reader will remember that the kings who formerly ruled Dahomé are still supposed to hold royal rank in the spirit world, and the prevalence of the custom shows that this belief in the dead is strong enough to exercise a powerful influence over the living.

We have now very briefly glanced at the Dahoman in peace, in war, in religion, in death, and in burial. He is not a pleasant subject, and, though the space which has been given to him is much too small to afford more than outline of his history, it would have been more restricted but for the fact that the Dahoman is an excellent type of the true negro of Western Africa, and that a somewhat detailed description of him will enable us to dismiss many other negro tribes with but a passing notice.

Moreover, as the kingdom of Dahomé is fast falling, and all the strange manners and customs which have been mentioned will soon be only matters of history, it was necessary to allot rather more space to them than would otherwise have been the case. The general character of the Dahoman has been so tersely summed up by Captain Burton, that our history of Dahomé cannot have a better termination than the words of so competent an authority.

"The modern Dahomans are a mongrel breed and a bad. They are Cretan liars, *crétins* at learning, cowardly, and therefore cruel and bloodthirsty; gamblers, and consequently cheaters; brutal, noisy, boisterous, unvenerative, and disobedient; 'dipsas-bitten' things, who deem it duty to the gods to be drunk; a flatulent, self-conceited herd of barbarians, who endeavor to humiliate all those with whom they deal; in fact, a slave-race, — vermin with a soul apiece.

"They pride themselves in not being, like the Popos, addicted to the 'dark and dirty crime of poison,' the fact being that they have been enabled hitherto to carry everything with a high and violent hand. They are dark in skin, the browns being of xanthous temperament, middle-sized, slight, and very lightly made. My Krumen looked like Englishmen among them. In all wrestling bouts my Krumen threw the hammock bearers on their heads, and on one occasion, during a kind of party fight, six of them, with fists and sticks, held their own against twenty Dahomans.

"They are agile, good walkers, and hard dancers, but carry little weight. Their dress is a *godo*, or T bandage, a *nun-pwe* (under-cloth) or a *Tfon chokoto* (pair of short drawers), and an *owu-chyon*, or body-cloth, twelve feet long by four to six broad, worn like the Roman toga, from which it may possibly be derived.

"The women are of the *Hastini*, or elephant order, dark, plain, masculine, and comparatively speaking of large, strong, and square build. They are the reapers as well as the sowers of the field, and can claim

the merit of laboriousness, if of no other quality.

"They tattoo the skin, especially the stomach, with alto-relievo patterns; their dress is a zone of beads, supporting a bandage beneath the *do-oo*, or scanty loin cloth, which suffices for the poor and young girls. The upper classes add an *aga-oo*, or over-cloth, two fathoms long, passed under the arms, and covering all from the bosom to the ancles. Neither sex wear either shirt, shoes, or stockings."

## CHAPTER LVIII

### THE EGBAS.

THE EGBA TRIBE—A BLACK BISHOP—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE EGBAS—THEIR TRIBAL MARK—TATTOO OF THE BREECHES OR GENTLEMEN—SIGNIFICATION OF ORNAMENTS—MODE OF SALUTATION—EGBA ARCHITECTURE—SUBDIVISION OF LABOR—ABEOKUTA AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS—FEUD BETWEEN THE EGBAS AND DAHOMANS—VARIOUS SKIRMISHES AND BATTLES, AND THEIR RESULTS—THE GRAND ATTACK ON ABEOKUTA—REPULSE OF THE DAHOMAN ARMY—RELIGION OF THE EGBAS—THE SYSTEM OF OGBONI—MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS AND SUPPLEMENTARY DEITIES—EGUGUN AND HIS SOCIAL DUTIES—THE ALAKÉ, OR KING OF THE EGBAS—A RECEPTION AT COURT—APPEARANCE OF THE ATTENDANTS.

WE are naturally led from Dahome to its powerful and now victorious enemy, the EGBA tribe, which has perhaps earned the right to be considered as a nation, and which certainly has as much right to that title as Dahome.

The Egbas have a peculiar claim on our notice. Some years ago an Egba boy named Ajai (*i. e.* "struggling for life") embraced Christianity, and, after many years of trial, was ordained deacon and priest in the Church of England. Owing to his constitution he was enabled to work where a white man would have been prostrated by disease; and, owing to his origin, he was enabled to understand the peculiar temperament of his fellow negroes better than any white man could hope to do. His influence gradually extended, and he was held in the highest esteem throughout the whole of Western Africa. His widely felt influence was at last so thoroughly recognized, that he was consecrated to the episcopal office, and now the negro boy Ajai is known as the Right Rev. Samuel Crowther, D. D., Lord Bishop of the Niger.

As far as their persons go, the Egbas are a fine race of men, varying much in color according to the particular locality which they inhabit. The skin, for example, of the Egba-do, or lower Egba, is of a coppery black, and that of the chiefs is, as a rule, fairer than that of the common people. Even the hair of the chiefs is lighter than that of the common folk, and sometimes assumes a decidedly sandy hue.

The men, while in the prime of life, are remarkable for the extreme beauty of their forms and the extreme ugliness of their features; and, as is mostly the case in uncivilized Africa, the woman is in symmetry of form far inferior to the man, and where one well-developed female is seen, twenty can be found of the opposite sex.

Whatever may be the exact color of the Egba's skin, it exhales that peculiar and indescribable odor which is so characteristic of the negro races; and, although the slight clothing, the open-air life, and the use of a rude palm-oil soap prevent that odor from attaining its full power, it is still perceptible. The lips are of course large and sausage-shaped, the lower part of the face protrudes, and the chin recedes to an almost incredible extent, so as nearly to deprive the countenance of its human character. The hair is short, crisp, and often grows in the little peppercorn tufts that have been already mentioned in connection with the Bosjesman race of Southern Africa. The men dress this scanty crop of hair in a thousand different ways, shaving it into patterns, and thus producing an effect which, to the eye of an European, is irresistibly ludicrous. The women contrive to tease it out to its full length, and to divide it into ridges running over the crown from the forehead to the nape of the neck, preserving a clean parting between each ridge, and so making the head look as if it were covered with the half of a black melon. The skin of the common people is hard and coarse,—so

coarse indeed that Captain Burton compares it to shagreen, and says that the hand of a slave looks very like the foot of a fowl.

As to the dress of the Egbas, when uncontaminated by pseudo-civilization, it is as easily described as procured. A poor man has nothing but a piece of cloth round his waist, while a man in rather better circumstances adds a pair of short linen drawers or trousers, called "shogo," and a wealthy man wears both the loin cloth and the drawers, and adds to them a large cloth wrapped gracefully round the waist, and another draped over the shoulders like a Scotch plaid. The cloths are dyed by the makers, blue being the usual color, and the patterns being mostly stripes of lesser or greater width.

Women have generally a short and scanty petticoat, above which is a large cloth that extends from the waist downward, and a third which is wrapped shawl-wise over the shoulders. The men and women who care much about dress dye their hands and feet with red wood. Formerly, this warlike race used to arm themselves with bows and arrows, which have now been almost wholly superseded by the "trade gun." Even now every man carries in his hand the universal club or knob-kerrie, which, among the Egbas, has been modified into a simple hooked stick bound with iron wire in order to increase the strength and weight, and studded with heavy nails along the convex side. Weapons of a similar nature are used at Dahome for clubbing criminals to death.

According to savage ideas of beauty, these people tattoo themselves profusely, covering their bodies with marks which must at some time have been produced by very painful operations, and which, from their diversity, serve to perplex observers who have not had time to examine them minutely, and to classify their wearer.

According to Captain Burton, "the skin-patterns were of every variety, from the diminutive prick to the great gash and the large boil-like lumps. They affected various figures — tortoises, alligators, and the favorite lizard; stars, concentric circles, lozenges, right lines, welts, gouts of gore, marble or button-like knobs of flesh, and elevated scars, resembling scalds, which are opened for the introduction of fetish medicines, and to expel evil influences.

"In this country every tribe, sub-tribe, and even family, has its blazon, whose infinite diversifications may be compared with the lines and ordinaries of European heraldry. A volume would not suffice to explain all the marks in detail. Ogubonna's family, for instance, have three small squares of blue tattoo on each cheek, combined with the three Egba cuts.

"The chief are as follows: — The distin-

guishing mark of the Egbas is a gridiron of three cuts, or a multiplication of three, on each cheek. Free-born women have one, two, or three raised lines, thread-like scars, from the wrist up the back of the arm, and down the dorsal region, like long necklaces. They call these 'Entice my husband.'

"The Yorubas draw perpendicular marks from the temples to the level of the chin, with slight lateral incisions, hardly perceptible, because allowed soon to heal. The Efons of Kakanda wear a blue patch, sometimes highly developed, from the cheek-bones to the ear. The Takpas of Nupe make one long cut from the upper part of the nostril, sweeping toward the ear. At Ijasha, a country lying east of Yoruba proper, the tattoo is a long parallelogram of seven perpendicular and five transverse lines."

The most curious tattoo is that of the Breechee (*i. e.* gentleman), or eldest son and heir. He is not allowed to perform any menial office, and inherits at his father's death all the slaves, wives, and children. Before the Breechee attains full age, a slit is made across his forehead, and the skin is drawn down and laid across the brow, so as to form a ridge of hard, knotty flesh from one temple to the other. The severity of the operation is so great that even the negro often dies from its effects; but when he survives he is greatly admired, the unsightly ridge being looked upon as a proof of his future wealth and his actual strength of constitution.

So minutely does the African mind descend to detail, that even the ornaments which are worn have some signification well understood by those who use them. Rings of metal are worn on the legs, ankles, arms, wrists, fingers, and toes; and round the neck and on the body are hung strings of beads and other ornaments. Each of these ornaments signifies the particular deity whom the wearer thinks fit to worship; and although the number of these deities is very great, the invention of the negro has been found equal to representing them by the various ornaments which he wears.

The same minuteness is found in the ordinary affairs of life; and, even in the regular mode of uttering a salutation, the natives have invented a vast number of minutiae. For example, it would be the depth of bad manners to salute a man when sitting as if he were standing, or the latter as if he were walking, or a third as if he were returning from walking. Should he be at work, another form of address is needed, and another if he should be tired. No less than fifteen forms of personal salutation are mentioned by Captain Burton, so that the reader may easily imagine how troublesome the language is to a stranger.

Then the forms of salutation differ as much as the words. If an inferior meet a superior, a son meet his mother, a younger brother meet his elder, and so on, an elaborate ceremony is performed. Any burden that may be carried is placed on the ground, and the bearer proceeds first to kneel on all fours, then to prostrate himself flat in the dust, rubbing the earth with the forehead and each cheek alternately. The next process is to kiss the ground, and this ceremony is followed by passing each hand down the opposite arm. The dust is again kissed, and not until then does the saluter resume his feet.

This salutation is only performed once daily to the same person; but as almost every one knows every one whom he meets, and as one of them must of necessity be inferior to the other, a vast amount of salutation has to be got through in the course of a day. Putting together the time occupied in the various salutations, it is calculated that at least an hour is consumed by every Egba in rendering or receiving homage. Sometimes two men meet who are nearly equal, and in such a case both squat on the ground, and snap their fingers according to the etiquette of Western Africa.

The architecture of the Egba tribe is mostly confined to "swish" walls and thatched roofs. A vast number of workers, or rather idlers—are engaged on a single house, and the subdivision of labor is carried out to an extreme extent. Indeed, as Captain Burton quaintly remarks, the Egbas divide the labor so much that the remainder is imperceptible.

Some of them dig the clay, forming thereby deep pits, which they never trouble themselves to fill up again, and which become the receptacles of all sorts of filth and offal. Water, in this wet country, soon pours into them, and sometimes the corpse of a slave or child is flung into the nearest pit, to save the trouble of burial. It may easily be imagined that such pits contribute their part to the fever-breeding atmosphere of the country.

Another gang is employed in kneading clay and rolling it into balls; and a third carries it, one ball at a time, to the builders. Another gang puts the clay balls into the squared shape needful for architectural purposes; and a fifth hands the shaped clay to the sixth, who are the actual architects. Yet a seventh gang occupies itself in preparing palm leaves and thatch; and those who fasten them on the roof form an eighth gang. Besides these, there is the chief architect, who by his plumb-line and level rectifies and smooths the walls with a broad wooden shovel, and sees that they are perfectly upright.

Three successive layers of clay or "swish" are needed, each layer being allowed to dry for a few days before the next is added. The

builders always manage, if possible, to complete their walls by November, so that the dry harmattan of December may consolidate the soft clay, and render it as hard as concrete. This, indeed, is the only reason why the Egbas approve of the harmattan, its cold, dusty breath being exceedingly injurious to native constitutions.

One might have thought that this elaborate subdivision of labor would have the effect of multiplying the working power, as is the case in Europe. So it would, if the negro worked like the European, but that he never did, and never will do, unless absolutely compelled by a master of European extraction. He only subdivides labor in order to spare himself, and not with the least idea of increasing the amount of work that he can do in a given time.

The capital of the Egbas and their kindred sub-tribes is called Abeokuta, a name that has already become somewhat familiar to English ears on account of the attempts which have been made to introduce Christianity, civilization, and manufactures among a pagan, savage, and idle race of negroes. The name of Abeokuta may be literally translated as Understone, and the title has been given to the place in allusion to the rock or stone around which it is built. The best description that has yet been given of Abeokuta is by Captain Burton, from whose writings the following particulars are gathered.

The city itself is surrounded with concentric lines of fortification, the outermost being some twenty miles in circumference. These walls are made of hardened mud, are about five or six feet in height, and have no embrasures for guns, an omission of very little importance, seeing that there are scarcely any guns to place in them, and that, if they were fired, the defenders would be in much greater danger than the attacking force.

Utterly ignorant of the first principles of fortification, the Egbas have not troubled themselves to throw out bastions, or to take any means of securing a flanking fire, and they have made so liberal a use of matting, poles, and dry leaves within the fortification, that a carcass or a rocket would set the whole place in a blaze; and, if the attacking force were to take advantage of the direction of the wind, they might easily drive out the defenders merely by the smoke and flames of their own burning houses. Moreover the wall is of such frail material, and so thinly built, that a single bag of powder hung against it, and fired, would make a breach that would admit a column of soldiers together with their field-guns. Around the inner and principal wall runs a moat some five feet in breadth, partly wet and partly dry, and of so insignificant a depth that it could be filled up with a few fascines, or even with a dozen or so of dead bodies.

These defences, ludicrously inefficient as they would be if attacked by European soldiers, are very formidable obstacles to the Dahomun and Ibadan, against whose inroads they are chiefly built. As a rule, the negro has a great horror of attacking a wall, and, as has been proved by actual conflict, the Dahomans could make no impression whatever upon these rude fortifications.

The real strength of the city, however, lies in the interior, and belongs to the rock or "stone" which gives the name to Abeokuta. Within the walls, the place is broken up into granite eminences, caverns, and forest clumps, which form natural fortifications, infinitely superior to those formed by the unskilful hands of the native engineer. Indeed, the selection of the spot seems to have been the only point in which the Egbas have exhibited the least appreciation of the art of warfare. The mode of fighting will presently be described.

The city itself measures some four miles in length by two in breadth, and is entered by five large gates, at each of which is placed a warder, who watches those who pass his gate, and exacts a toll from each passenger. The streets of Abeokuta are narrow, winding, and intricate, a mode of building which would aid materially in checking the advance of an enemy who had managed to pass the outer walls. There are several small market-places here and there, and one of them is larger than the rest, and called "Shek-pon," i. e. "Do the bachelors good," because on every fifth day, when the markets are held, there is a great concourse of people, and the single men can find plenty of persons who will fill their pipes, bring them drink, and cook their food.

"These, then, are my first impressions of Abeokuta. The streets are as narrow and irregular as those of Lagos, intersecting each other at every parallel angle, and, when broad and shady, we may be sure that they have been, or that they will be markets, which are found even under the eaves of the 'palace.' The sun, the vulture, and the pig are the only scavengers.

"The houses are of tempered mud—the sun-dried brick of Tuta and Nupé, is here unknown—covered with little flying roofs of thatch, which burn with exemplary speed. At each angle there is a 'Kobbi'—a high, sharp gable of an elevation—to throw off the heavy rain. The form of the building is the gloomy hollow square, totally unlike the circular huts of the Krumen and the Kaffirs. It resembles the Utum of the Arabs, which extending to Usaraga, and Unyavyembe in Central Intertropical Africa, produces the 'Tembe,' and which, through the 'Patio' of Spain, found its way into remote Galway.

"There are courts within courts for the various subdivisions of the polygamous fam-

ily, and here also sheep and goats are staked down. The sexes eat alone; every wife is a 'free-dealer,' consequently there is little more unity than in a nunnery. In each patio there is usually some central erection intended as a storehouse. Into these central courts the various doors, about four feet wide, open through a veranda or piazza, where, chimneys being unknown, the fire is built, and where the inmates sleep on mats spread under the piazza, or in the rooms, as the fancy takes them. Cooking also is performed in the open air, as the coarse earthen pots scattered over the surface prove.

"The rooms, which number from ten to twenty in a house, are windowless, and purposely kept dark, to keep out the sun's glare; they vary from ten to fifteen feet in length, and from seven to eight in breadth. The furniture is simple—rude cots and settles, earthen pots and coarse plates, grass bags for cloth and cowries, and almost invariably weapons, especially an old musket and its leather case for ammunition. The number of inhabitants may vary from ten to five hundred, and often more in the largest. There is generally but one single large outer door, with charms suspended over it."

The military strength of Abeokuta has been tested by actual warfare, and has been found to be quite adequate to repel native troops. Generally, an African fight consists of a vast amount of noise attended by a very small amount of slaughter, but in the various attacks of Dahome on Abeokuta the feelings of both parties appear to have been so completely excited that the slaughter on both sides was really considerable.

The fact was, that each party had a long-standing grudge against the other, and meant to gratify it. Gezo, the father of King Gelele, had been defeated ignominiously near Abeokuta, and had even lost his stool, the emblem of sovereignty. Burning to avenge themselves, the Dahomans made friends with the inhabitants of Ishogga, a small town some fifteen miles to the south-west of Abeokuta, who advised their guests as to the particular gate which it was best to attack, the time of day when an assault would be most likely to succeed, and a ford by which they could pass the river.

Trusting to these counsellors, they crossed the river at the ford, which proved to be so bad that they wetted all their ammunition. They made the attack at mid-day, when they were told that every one would be asleep or at work in the gardens, which are situated at a considerable distance from the city. And when they came to the walls of the city they found the defenders all on the alert, and ready to give them a warm reception. Lastly, they attacked a gate which had been lately fortified, whereas another, on the opposite side of the town, was very weak, and might have been taken easily.



Consequently, they had to return to their own country, vowing vengeance against their treacherous allies.

After Gezo's death, Gelele took up the feud, and, after allaying suspicion by continually proclaiming war against the Egbas, and as invariably staying at home, in the tenth year he followed up his threat with a rapid attack upon Ishogga, carried off a great number of prisoners, and killed those whom he could not conveniently take away.

Flushed by success, he determined to assemble a large force and attack the capital itself. In March, 1851, some fifteen or sixteen thousand Dahoman soldiers marched against Abeokuta, and a fierce fight ensued, the result being that the Dahomans had to retreat, leaving behind them some two thousand killed, and wounded, and prisoners. As might be supposed, the Amazons, being the fiercest fighters, suffered most, while the loss on the Egban side was comparatively trifling. Ten years afterward, another expedition marched against Abeokuta, but never reached it, small-pox having broken out in the ranks, and frightened the soldiers home again.

The last attack was fatal to Dahoman ambition. The Egbas, expecting their foe, had arranged for their reception, and had driven tunnels through their walls, so that they could make unexpected sallies on the enemy. When the Dahoman army appeared, all the Egban soldiers were at their posts, the women being told off to carry food and drink to the soldiers, while some of them seized swords, and insisted on doing duty at the walls. A sketch of this last fight is given on the next page.

As soon as the invaders approached, a strong sally was made, but, as the Dahomans marched on without returning the fire, the Egbas dashed back again and joined their comrades on the walls. Presently, a Dahoman cannon was fired, dismounting itself by the force of its recoil, so as to be of no further use, and its report was followed by an impetuous rush at the walls. Had the Dahomans only thought of making a breach, or even of filling up the tiny moat, they might have had a chance of success, but as it was they had none. The soldiers, especially the Amazons, struggled gallantly for some time; and, if individual valor could have taken the town, they would have done so. But they were badly commanded, the officers lost heart, and even though the soldiers were scaling the walls, creeping through the tunnels, and fighting bravely at the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, they gave the order for retreat.

Just at that time, a large body of Egbas, which had made unseen a wide circuit, fell upon them in the rear, and completed the rout. All fled without order, except the division which Gelele himself was commanding, and which retired with some

show of discipline, turning and firing on their adversaries, when pressed too closely, and indeed showing what they could have done if their officers had known their business.

The Dahomans lost everything that they had taken with them, their brass guns, a great number of new muskets, and other weapons falling into the hands of the enemy. Besides these, the king himself was obliged to abandon a number of his wives and daughters, his horse, his precious sandals with their golden crosses, his wardrobe, his carriages of which he was so proud, his provisions, and his treasures of coral and velvet. It was calculated that some four or five thousand Dahomans were killed in this disastrous battle, while some fifteen hundred prisoners were captured; the Egbas only losing forty killed, and about one hundred wounded. True to their savage nature, the Egbas cut the corpses of the dead to pieces, and even the women who passed by the body of a Dahoman soldier slashed it with a knife, or pelted it with stones.

It has been thought that the Abeokutas are comparatively guiltless in blood-shedding, but it is now known that in this respect there is really very little difference between the three great nations of Western Africa, except that the destruction of human life is less at Abeokuta than at Agbome, and perhaps that the Egbas are more reticent on the subject than the Ashantis or Dahomans. Even in Abeokuta itself, which has been supposed to be under the influence of Christianity, an annual human sacrifice takes place, and the same ceremony is performed in other parts of the kingdom. As in Agbome, when a human sacrifice is offered, it is with the intention of offering to the dead that which is most valuable to the living. The victim is enriched with cowries, and plied with rum until he is quite intoxicated, and then, after being charged with all sorts of messages to the spirits of the dead, he is solemnly decapitated. Victims are sacrificed when great men die, and are supposed to be sent to the dead man as his attendants in the spirit world.

As to the religion and superstitions of the Egbas, they are so exactly like those of other Western Africans that there is little need to mention them. It only remains to describe the remarkable system called "Ogboni." The Ogboni are a society of enormous power, which has been compared, but erroneously, to freemasonry. Any one who is acquainted with the leading principles of freemasonry, and has studied the mental condition of the Egbas, or indeed any other West African tribe, must see that such a parallel is ludicrously wrong. In freemasonry there are two leading principles, the one being the unity of the Creator, and the second the fellowship of man. Now, as the



(1.) HEAD WORSHIP.  
(See page 587.)



(2.) THE ATTACK ON ABEOKUTA.  
(See page 604.)



Egbas believe in numberless gods, and have the strongest interest in slavery, it is evident that they cannot have invented a system which is diametrically opposed to both these tenets.

The system of Ogboni is partly political and partly religious. It may be entered by a naked boy of ten years old, provided that he be a free-born Egba and of good repute. The fraternity extends itself throughout the whole of the country occupied by the Egbas, and in every village there is a hut or lodge devoted expressly to the use of the society. The form of this lodge varies slightly, but the general features are the same in all. "It is a long low building, only to be distinguished by the absence of loungers, fronted by a deep and shady veranda, with stumpy polygonal clay pillars, and a single door, carefully closed. The panels are adorned with iron alto-relievos of ultra-Egyptian form; snakes, hawk-headed figures, and armed horsemen in full front, riding what are intended to be horses in profile; the whole colored red, black, and yellow. The temples of Obatala are similarly decorated.

"The doors have distinct panels, upon which are seen a leopard, a fish, a serpent, and a land tortoise. Mr. Beaven remarks that one of the carvings was a female figure, with one hand and one foot, probably a half Obatala, or the female principle of Nature, and the monster was remarkable for having a queue of very long hair, with a ball or globe at the end.

"A gentleman who had an opportunity of overlooking the Ogboni lodge from the Åke church steeple described it as a hollow building with three courts, of which the innermost, provided with a single door, was that reserved for the elders, the holy of holies, like the Kadasta Kalastan of the Abyssinians. He considers that the courts are intended for the different degrees.

"The stranger must, however, be careful what he believes concerning these mysteries. The Rev. W. Beaven asserts that the initiated are compelled to kneel down and drink a mixture of blood and water from a hole in the earth. The Egbas deny this. Moreover they charge Mr. Beaven with endeavoring to worm out their secrets for the purpose of publication. As all are pledged to the deepest reticence, and as it would be fatal to reveal any mystery, if any there be, we are hardly likely to be troubled with over-information."

The miscellaneous superstitions of the Egbas are very miscellaneous indeed. Like the Dahomans, they divide their deities into different classes, like the major and minor gods of the ancients, and, like them, they occasionally deify a dead ruler, and class him with the minor gods. The native word for the greater god is Ovisha, a title which is prefixed to the special names of those deities.

Thus, Ovisha Klá, or the Great Ovisha, is the chief of them. His sacred emblem or symbol is a ship, and it was he who created the first man.

The next in order is Shango, who is evidently an example of an apotheosis, as he has the attributes of Vulcan, Hercules, Tubal Cain, and Jupiter Tonans, and is said to have a palace of brass, and ten thousand horses. He presides over lightning and fire, and, if thunder strikes a house, his priest rushes into the hut to find the weapon that Shango has cast, and is followed by a tumultuous mob, who plunder the dwelling effectually. Captain Burton saw one of the so called Shango stones, which was nothing but a lump of white quartz, of course placed in the hut by the priest.

His symbol is a small wooden bat, and his worshippers carry a leathern bag, because Shango was fond of predatory wars. If war impends, his priest takes sixteen cowries, and flings them in the air, and those which fall with the opening downward are thought to portend war, while those which have the opening upward signify peace. The last of the great three is Ipa, apparently an abstractive rather than an objective deity. He is worshipped by a select society called the "Fathers of Secrets," into which none but males can be initiated. His chief priest lives on a mountain at several days' distance from Abeokuta, and close by his dwelling is the sacred palm tree with sixteen boughs produced by the nuts planted by the sixteen founders of the empire. A second priest at Abeokuta is called the King of the Groove.

The emblem of Ipa is a palm nut with four holes, and these nuts are used in divination, the principle being something like the mode of casting lots with cowries. Captain Burton's account of the proceeding is interesting. "He counted sixteen nuts, freed them from dust, and placed them in a bowl on the ground, full of yams half-boiled, rushed, and covered with some acid vegetable infusion.

"His acolyte, a small boy, was then called, and made to squat near the bowl, resting his body on the outer edge of the feet, which were turned inward, and to take from the fetish man two or three bones, seeds, and shells, some of which are of good, others of bad omen. Elevating them, he rested his hands on his knees. The adept cast the nuts from one hand to the other, retaining some in the left, and, while manipulating, dropped others into the bowl. He then stooped down, drew with the index and medius fingers on the yams, inspected the nuts, and occasionally referred to the articles in the boy's hand."

The priests of Ipa are known by necklaces made of strings of beads twisted together, and having ten large white and green beads at some distance apart.

Then there is the Ovisha of children, one of which is carried about by women who have borne twins when one of them dies or is killed. It is a wooden little image, about seven or eight inches in height, carved into the rude semblance of humanity. The images are nearly all made by some men at Lagos, who charge about three shillings for each. Beside all these deities, which may be ranked among the beneficent class, there are evil deities, who are worshipped by way of propitiation.

Next come some semi-human deities, who serve as the correctors of public morals. The two chief of these deities are Egugun and Oro. The former is supposed to be a sort of a vampire, being a dead body risen temporarily from the grave, and acts the same rôle as Mumbo Jumbo in another part of Western Africa. Egugun makes his appearance in the villages, and very much frightens the women, who either actually believe him to be a veritable resuscitated corpse, or who assert that they believe it, in fear of public opinion. The adult males, and even the free-born boys, know all about Egugun, as is likely, when the deity in question is personated by any one who can borrow the requisite dress from the fetish man. Captain Burton once met Egugun in the street. The demon's face was hidden by a plaited network, worn like a mask, and on his head was a hood, covered with streamers of crimson and dirty white, which hung down to his waist and mingled with similar streamers attached to his dress. He wore on his breast a very powerful fetish, *i. e.* a penny mirror; and his feet were covered with great shoes, because Egugun is supposed to be a footless deity.

The other deity, Oro, has a wider range of duties, his business being to attend to public morality. He mostly remains in the woods, and but seldom makes his appearance in public. Oro has a very strong voice, arising, in point of fact, from a thin slip of wood, about a foot in length, which is tied firmly to a stick, and which produces a kind of roaring sound when properly handled.

He is supposed to be unknown to the women, who are not allowed to be out of their houses whenever the voice of Oro is heard. Consequently, about seven or eight in the evening, when the well-known booming cry of Oro is heard, the women scuffle off to their houses, and the adult males go out into the streets, and there is at once a scene of much excitement. Dances and tumbling, processions and speech-making, go on with vast vigor, while the Ogboni lodges are filled with devotees, all anxious to be talking at once, and every one giving his own opinion, no matter how absurd it may be.

Those who have been guilty of moral offences are then proclaimed and punished; and on some occasions there is so much

business to be done that the town is given up to Oro for an entire day. On these occasions the women pass a very unpleasant time, their hours of imprisonment being usually spent in quarrelling with each other. In order to make the voice of Oro more awful, the part of the demon is played by several of the initiated, who go into the woods in various directions, and by sounding their wooden calls at the same time carry the idea that Oro is omnipresent.

Oro does really act as a censor of public morals, and it is very clear that he is attended by armed followers, who carry out a sort of rude and extemporized justice, like that which was exercised by the "Regulators" of America, some fifty or sixty years ago. The bodies of delinquents have been found in the bush, their throats cut and their legs broken by the spirit in question.

The chief, or king, of the Egbas, is known by the name of Alaké, which is a transmissible title, like Pharaoh or Caesar, and the whole system of government is a kind of feudal monarchy, not unlike that of England in the days of John. The Alaké does not reign supreme, like the King of Dahome or Ashanti, before whom the highest in the realm prostrate themselves and roll humbly in the dust. He is trammelled with a number of councillors and officers, and with a sort of parliament called the Bale, which is composed of the headmen or chiefs of the various towns. The reader may remember that the King of Ashanti found that he was in danger of suffering from a similar combination, and he took the prudent measure of limiting their number while he had the power. The Alaké has never done so, and in consequence those who are nominally and individually his servants are practically and collectively his masters.

The Ogboni lodges have also to be consulted in any important point, so that the private life of the Alaké of the Egbas is far from being so agreeable as that of the King of Dahome.

Okekunu, the Alaké at the time when Captain Burton lived in Abeokuta, was an ill-favored, petulant, and cunning old ruler. In his way, he was fond of state, and delighted to exhibit his so called power in a manner truly African, displaying an equal amount of pageantry and trashiness.

If he goes to pay a visit, he must needs do so under a huge pink silk umbrella, at the end of a motley procession. At the head is carried the sacred emblem of royalty, a wooden stool covered with coarse red serge, which is surrounded by a number of chiefs, who pay the greatest attention to it. A long train of ragged swordsmen followed; and last came the Alaké, clothed in a

Guinea fowl" shirt—a spotted article of some value—and a great red velvet robe under which he tottered along with much difficulty. He wears trousers of good pur-

ple velvet with a stripe of gold tinsel, and on his feet are huge slippers, edged with monkey skin. On his head he wears a sort of fez cap of crimson velvet, the effect of which is ruined by a number of blue beads hung fringe-wise round the top. The string of red coral beads hangs round the neck, and a double bracelet of the same material is wound upon each wrist. A view of him and his court may be found on the 605th page.

When he receives a visitor, he displays his grandeur by making his visitors wait for a time proportionate to their rank, but, in case they should be of great consequence, he alleviates the tediousness of the time by sending them rum and gin, both of the very worst quality; and, if they be of exceptionally high rank, he will send a bottle of liquors, *i. e.* spirits of wine and water, well sweetened, and flavored with a few drops of essential oil.

To a stranger, the place presents a mean and ugly appearance, and as, Captain Burton remarks, is as unworthy of Abeokuta as St. James's is of London. It is a tumble-down "swish" house, long and rambling, and has several courts. Along one side of the inner court runs a veranda, the edge of which comes within some four feet of the ground, and is supported by huge clay pillars. Five hexagonal columns divide the veranda into compartments, the centre of which is the Alaké's private room, and is kept veiled by a curtain. The veranda, or ante-chamber, is filled with the great men of Abeokuta, and, according to Burton's account, they are the most villanous-looking set of men that can well be conceived; and although he has seen as great a variety of faces as any one, he says that he never saw such hideous heads and faces elsewhere.

"Their skulls were depressed in front,

and projecting cocoa-nut-like behind; the absence of beards, the hideous lines and wrinkles that seared and furrowed the external parchment, and the cold, unrelenting cruelty of their physiognomy in repose, suggested the idea of the eunuch torturers erst so common in Asia. One was sure that for pity or mercy it would be as well to address a wounded mandril. The atrocities which these ancients have witnessed, and the passion which they have acquired for horrors, must have set the mark of the beast upon their brows."

Though the assemblage consisted of the richest men of the Egbas, not a vestige of splendor or wealth appeared about any of them, the entire clothing of the most powerful among them being under sixpence in value. In fact, they dare not exhibit wealth, knowing that, if they should do so, it would be confiscated.

As for the Alaké himself, his appearance was not much more prepossessing than that of his subjects. Okekunu was a large, brawny, and clumsy-looking man, nearly seventy years of age, and his partially-shaven head did not add to his beauty. Besides, he had lost all his upper teeth except the canines, so that his upper lip sank into an unpleasant depression. His lower teeth were rapidly decaying from his habit of taking snuff negro fashion, by placing it between the lower lip and the teeth, and, in consequence of the gap, the tip of his tongue protruded in a very disagreeable manner. He had lost one eye by a blow from a stone, and, as he assumed a semi-comatose expression, was not a pleasant person to look at, and certainly not very regal in aspect."

The king must be selected from one of four tribes, and both the present king and his predecessor belonged to the Ake tribe.

## CHAPTER LIX.

### BONNY.

THE PRINCIPAL TRADE OF BONNY—KING PEPPEL AND HIS HISTORY—THE DEFRAUDED EMIGRANTS—MR. READE'S INTERVIEW WITH PEPPEL—ARCHITECTURE OF BONNY—THE JU-JU HOUSES, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC—CANNIBALISM AT BONNY—THE JU-JU EXECUTION—WHY THE EXECUTIONER DID NOT EAT THE HEAD—DAILY LIFE OF A BONNY GENTLEMAN—DRESS OF MEN AND WOMEN—SUPERSTITIONS—MUMBO-JUMBO AND HIS OFFICE—LAST RESOURCE OF A HEN-PECKED HUSBAND—A TERRIBLE GREGREE AND ITS RESULT—THE GREGREE MEN OR MAGICIANS—INGENIOUS MODE OF WEAVING THEIR SPELLS—ESCAPE OF AN IMPOSTOR.

PASSING a little southward along the west coast, we come to the well-known Bonny River, formerly the great slave depôt of Western Africa, and now the centre of the palm-oil trade. Unfortunately there is as much cheating in the palm-oil trade as in gold and ivory; the two latter being plugged, and the former mixed with sand, so that it has to be boiled down before it can be sent from the coast.

Bonny is familiar to English ears on account of the yellow-black chief who was pleased to call himself king, and who was well known in England as Pepper, King of Bonny. His name is varied as Pepper, Pimento, or Peppel. He is descended from Obullo, an Ibo (or Eboe) chief, who settled with his slaves on the Bonny River, and who was succeeded by his son and grandson, each of whom took the name of Pepper.

Being of a quarrelsome disposition, the present king shot a wife because she displeased him, murdered a chief called Manilla Peppel because he was jealous, and was ruining the trade of the river by his perpetual wars with the Calabars. So, at the request of all the native chiefs and traders, he was deposed, and his nephew Daphe placed in his stead. Daphe, however, died soon afterward,—poisoned, it is believed, at Peppel's instigation; and then the government was handed over to four regents, while Pimento was transported to Ascension, a place which he was afterward fond of calling his St. Helena. However, he proved himself to be a clever savage, and, by dint of importunity, contrived to be taken to England, where he arrived in 1857.

Possessing to the full the imitative capacity of the negro, he adopted English customs with wonderful facility, abandoning, according to Captain Burton, his favorite dish of a boy's palms, and drinking champagne and sherry instead of trade rum. Soon he became religious, was baptized, and turned tectotaler, gaining thereby the good-will of a large class of people. He asked for twenty thousand pounds to establish a missionary station, and actually induced a number of English who knew nothing of Africa, or the natural mendacity of the African savage, to accompany him as his suite, promising them splendid salaries and high rank at court.

No one who knows the negro character will be surprised to hear that when the king and his suite arrived at Bonny the latter found themselves cheated and ruined. They discovered that the "palace" was a collection of hovels inside a mud wall; that Bonny itself was nothing more than a quantity of huts in a mud flat; and that the best street was infinitely more filthy than the worst street in the worst part of London. As to the private life of the king, the less said about it the better.

Their health rapidly failed under the privations which they suffered, and the horrible odors of the Bonny River, which are so sickening that even the hardened traveller Captain Burton had to stop his experienced nostrils with camphorated cotton, as he was rowed up the river at low water. As to the royal salaries and apartments in the palace, they were found to be as imaginary as the palace itself and the rank at court, the king presenting each of the officials with a couple

of yams as an equivalent for pay and lodg-

low genuine was the civilization and Christianity and tætotalism of Peppel may be imagined from an interview which Mr. W. Reade had with him after his return:—"I went ashore with the doctor on a visit to Peppel, the famous king of Bonny. . . . In one of the hovels was seated the monarch, and the scene was well adapted to the muse of his poet laureate. The Africans have a taste for crockery ware, much resembling that of the last generation for old china, and a predilection for dog flesh, which is bred expressly for the table, and exposed for sale in the public market.

"And there sat Peppel, who had lived so long in England; behind him a pile of willow-pattern crockery, before him a calabash of dog stew and palaver sauce. It is always thus with these savages. The instincts inherited from their forefathers will ever triumph over a sprinkling of foreign reason. Their intellects have a *rete mucosum* as well as their skins. As soon as they return to their own country, take they off all their civilization and their clothes, and let body and mind go naked. Like most negroes of rank, Peppel has a yellow complexion, as light as that of a mulatto. His features express intelligence, but of a low and cunning kind. In every word and look he exhibits that habit of suspicion which one finds in half-civilized natures."

Peppel, although restored to Bonny, has scarcely any real power, even in his own limited dominions, from which he dares not stir. Yet, with the cool impudence of a thorough savage, he actually proposed to establish a consul in London at a salary of 500*l.*, stating as his reason that he had always allowed the English consuls to visit his dominions in the Bight of Benin.

The architecture of the Bonny country is not very elaborate, being composed of swish and wattle, supported by posts. The floors and walls are of mud, which can be obtained in any amount, and the general look of the houses has been well compared to Africanized Swiss, the roofs being very high, and the gables very sharp. Ordinary houses have three rooms, a kitchen, a living room, and a Ju-ju room or chapel; but those of the wealthy men have abundance of chambers and passages. There are no chimneys, and as the door must therefore be kept open if a fire is lighted, the threshold is at least eighteen inches high, in order to prevent the intrusion of strange beasts. It is not thought to be etiquette to step over the threshold when the master of the house is sitting within, or he will be afflicted with sickness, thinking himself bewitched.

The Ju-ju room or chapel is a necessary adjunct to every Bonny house, and within it is the fetish, or Ju-ju, which is the guardian of the house, and corresponds with the

Lares and Penates of the ancients. The negro contrives to utilize the ju-ju room, making it a storehouse for his most valued property, such as cowries, or rum, knowing that no one will touch it in so sacred a place. As to the Ju-ju itself, anything answers the purpose, and an Englishman is sometimes troubled to preserve his gravity when he sees a page of *Punch*, a cribbage peg, a pill box, or a pair of braces, doing duty as the household god of the establishment.

The great Ju-ju house of the place is a most ghastly-looking edifice, and is well described by Captain Burton. It is built of swish, and is an oblong roofless house, of forty or fifty feet in length. A sort of altar is placed at the end, sheltered from the rain by a small roof of its own. Under the roof are nailed rows of human skulls mostly painted in different colors, and one of them is conspicuous by a large black beard, which is doubtless a rude copy of the beard worn by the man to whom it originally belonged. Between them are rows of goat skulls streaked with red and white, while other skulls are strewn about the floor, and others again are impaled on the tops of sticks. Under the altar is a round hole with a raised clay rim, in which is received the blood of the victims together with the sacred libations. Within this Ju-ju house are buried the bodies of the kings.

This house well illustrates the character of the people—a race which take a positive pleasure in the sight of blood, and in inflicting and witnessing pain. All over the country the traveller comes upon scenes of blood, pain, and suffering. There is hardly a village where he does not come upon animals tied in some agonizing position and left to die there. Goats and fowls are mostly fastened to posts with their heads downward, and blood is the favorite color for painting the faces of men. Even the children of prisoners taken in war—the war in question being mostly an unsuspected attack on an unprepared village—are hung by the middle from the masts of the canoes, while the parents are reserved to be sacrificed and eaten.

About this last statement there has been much incredulity, and of course, when questioned, the Bonny negroes flatly deny the accusation. There is, however, no doubt of the fact, inasmuch as Europeans have witnessed the act of cannibalism. For example, old King Peppel, the father of the Pimento whose life has been briefly sketched, gave a great banquet in honor of a victory which he had gained over Calabar, and in which Amakree, the king of that district, was taken prisoner. The European traders were invited to the banquet, and were most hospitably entertained. They were, however, horrified to see the principal dish which was placed before Peppel. It was



the bleeding heart of Amakree, warm and palpitating as it was torn from the body. Peppel devoured the heart with the greatest eagerness, exclaiming at the same time, "This is the way I serve my enemies."

More recently, Dr. Hutchinson witnessed a scene of cannibalism. He had heard that something of the kind was contemplated, although it was kept very quiet. On the appointed morning he had himself rowed to the shore at some distance from the Ju-ju house, near which he concealed himself, and waited for the result. The rest of the adventure must be told in his own words.

"I know not of what kind are the sensations felt by those around Newgate, waiting for an execution in the very heart of London's great city; but I know that on the banks of an African river, in the gray dawn of morning, when the stillness was of that oppressive nature which is calculated to produce the most gloomy impressions, with dense vapors and foul smells arising from decomposing mangroves and other causes of malaria floating about, with a heaviness of atmosphere that depressed the spirits, amidst a community of cannibals, I *do* know that, although under the protection of a man-of-war, I felt on this occasion a combined sensation of suspense, anxiety, horror, and indefinable dread of I cannot tell what, that I pray God it may never be my fate to endure again.

"Day broke, and, nearly simultaneous with its breaking, the sun shone out. As I looked through the slit in the wall on the space between my place of concealment and the Ju-ju house, I observed no change from its appearance the evening before. No gibbet, nor axe, nor gallows, nor rope — no kind of preparation, nothing significant of death, save the skulls on the pillars of the Ju-ju house, that seemed leering at me with an expression at once strange and vacant. It would have been a relief in the awful stillness of the place to have heard something of what I had read of the preparations for an execution in Liverpool or London — of the hammering suggestive of driving nails into scaffold, drop, or coffin, of a crowd gathering round the place before early dawn, and of the solemn tolling of the bell that chimed another soul into eternity. Everything seemed as if nothing beyond the routine of daily life were to take place.

"Could it be that I had been misinformed; that the ceremony was adjourned to another time, or was to be carried out elsewhere? No, a distant murmur of gabbling voices was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till, passing the corner house on my left, I saw a group of negroes — an indiscriminate crowd of all ages and both sexes — so huddled together that no person whom I could particularly distinguish as either an executioner or a culprit was visible among them.

But above their clattering talk came the sound of a clanking chain that made one shudder.

"They stopped in the middle of the square opposite the Ju-ju house, and ceased talking. One commanding voice uttered a single word, and down they sat upon the grass, forming a circle round two figures, standing upright in the centre — the executioner and the man about to be killed. The former was remarkable only by the black skull-cap which he had on him, and by a common cutlass which he held in his hand. The latter, had chains round his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. There was no sign of fear or cowardice about him — no seeming consciousness of the dreadful fate before him — no evidence even upon his face of that dogged stubbornness which is said to be exhibited by some persons about to undergo an ignominious death. Save that he stood upright one would scarcely have known that he was alive. Amongst the spectators, too, there was a silent impassiveness which was appalling. Not a word, nor gesture, nor glance of sympathy, that could make me believe I looked at beings who had a vestige of humanity among them. (See illustration on p. 619.)

"As the Ju-ju butcher stepped back and measured his distance to make an effectual swoop at his victim's neck, the man moved not a muscle, but stood as if he were unconscious — till —

"Chop! The first blow felled him to the ground. The noise of a chopper falling on meat is familiar to most people. No other sound was here — none from the man; not a whisper nor a murmur from those who were seated about! I was nearly crying out in mental agony, and the sound of that first stroke will haunt my ears to my dying day. How I wished some one to talk or scream, to destroy the impression of that fearful hough, and the still more awful silence that followed it!

"Again the weapon was raised to continue the decapitation — another blow as the man lay prostrate, and then a sound broke the silence! But, O Father of mercy! of what a kind was that noise — a gurgle and a gasp, accompanying the dying spasm of the stricken-down man!

"Once more the weapon was lifted — I saw the blood flow in gory horror down the blade to the butcher's hand, and there it was visible, in God's bright sunshine, to the whole host of heaven. Not a word had yet been uttered by the crowd. More chopping and cleaving, and the head, severed from the body, was put by the Ju-ju executioner into a calabash, which was carried off by one of his women to be cooked. He then repeated another cabalistic word, or perhaps the same as at first, and directly all who were seated rose up, whilst he walked away.

"A yell, such as reminded me of a com-

pany of tigers, arose from the multitude—cutlasses were flourished as they crowded round the body of the dead man—sounds of cutting and chopping arose amidst the clamor of the voices, and I began to question myself whether, if I were on the other side of the river Styx, I should see what I was looking at here through the little slit in the wall of my hiding-place: a crowd of human vultures gloating over the headless corpse of a murdered brother negro—boys and girls walking away from the crowd, holding pieces of bleeding flesh in their hands, while the dripping life-fluid marked their road as they went along; and one woman snapping from the hands of another—both of them raising their voices in clamor—a part of the body of that poor man, in whom the breath of life was vigorous not a quarter of an hour ago.

"The whole of the body was at length divided, and nothing left behind but the blood. The intestines were taken away to be given to an iguana—the Bonny-man's tutelary guardian. But the blood was still there, in glistening pools, though no more notice was taken of it by the gradually dispersing crowd than if it were a thing as common in that town as heaven's bright dew is elsewhere. A few dogs were on the spot, who devoured the fragments. Two men arrived to spread sand over the place, and there was no interruption to the familiar sound of coopers' hammering just beginning in the cask-houses, or to the daily work of hoisting palm-oil puncheons on board the ships."

On passing the Ju-ju house afterward, Dr. Hutchinson saw the relics of this sacrifice. They consisted of the larger bones of the body and limbs, which had evidently been cooked, and every particle of flesh eaten from them. The head is the perquisite of the executioner, as has already been mentioned. Some months afterward, Dr. Hutchinson met the same executioner, who was said to have exercised his office again a few days previously, and to have eaten the head of his victim. Being upbraided with having committed so horrible an act, he replied that he had not eaten the head—his cook having spoiled it by not having put enough pepper to it.

The whole life of the Bonny-man, and indeed of all the many tribes that inhabit the neighborhood of the Niger and live along it, is in accordance with the traits which have been mentioned. Of course, the women do all the real work, the man's working day being usually employed in coming on board some trading ship early in the morning, chaffering with the agent, and making bargains as well as he can. He asks for everything he sees, on the principle that, even if it be refused, he is no worse after than before; contrives to breakfast as many times as possible at the ship's expense, and about mid-day goes home to repose after the fatigues of the day.

As to his dress, it consists of a cloth, in the choice of which he is very fastidious. A handkerchief is folded diagonally and passed through the loop of his knife belt, so as to attach it to his right side, and this, with a few strings of beads and rings, completes his costume. His woolly hair is combed out with the coarsest imaginable comb, made of a few wooden skewers lashed side by side, and diverging from each other toward the points, and his skin is polished up with palm oil.

The women's working day is a real fact, being begun by washing clothes in the creek, and consisting of making nets, hats, lines, and mats, and going to market. These are the favorites, and their life is a comparatively easy one; while the others, on whom their despotic master does not deign to cast an eye of affection, are simply his slaves, and are subjected to water drawing, wood cutting, catching and curing fish.

The dress of the women is not unlike that of the opposite sex, the chief distinction being that their fashionable paint is blue instead of red. The coloring is put on by a friend, usually one who regularly practises the art of painting the human body in patterns. Checkers, like those that were once so common on the door posts of public houses, are very much in favor, and so are wavy stripes, beginning with lines scarcely thicker than hairs, and swelling out to half an inch or more in breadth. Arabesque patterns, curves, and scrolls are also largely used.

Throughout a considerable portion of that part of Western Africa which is inhabited by the negroes there is found a semi-human demon, who is universally respected, at least by the feminine half of the community. His name is MUMBO JUMBO, and his sway is upheld by the men, while the women have no alternative but to submit to it.

On the branch of a tree near the entrance of each town hangs a dress, made of slips of bark sewed rudely together. It is the simplest possible dress, being little more than a bark sack, with a hole at the top for the head and another at each side for the hands. Close by it hangs an equally simple mask, made of an empty gourd, with two round holes for the eyes of the wearer, and decorated with a tuft of feathers. In order to make it more fantastically hideous, the mask is painted with scarlet, so that it looks very much like the face of a clown in a pantomime.

At night the people assemble as usual to sing and dance, when suddenly faint distant howlings are heard in the woods. This is the cry of Mumbo Jumbo, and all the women feel horribly frightened, though they are obliged to pretend to be delighted. The cries are heard nearer and nearer, and at last Mumbo Jumbo himself, followed by a number of attendants armed with sticks, and clothed in the dress which is kept for his use, appears in the noisy circle, carrying

a rod in his hand. He is loudly welcomed, and the song and dance go on around him with delight. Suddenly, Mumbo Jumbo walks up to one of the women and touches her with his rod. His attendants instantly seize on the unfortunate woman, tear off all her clothes, drag her to a post which is always kept for such occasions, tie her to it, and inflict a terrific beating on her. No one dares to pity her. The men are not likely to do so, and the women all laugh and jeer at their suffering companion, pointing at her and mocking her cries: partly because they fear that should they not do so they might be selected for the next victims, and partly because — like the savages that they are at heart — they feel an exultation at seeing some one suffering a penalty which they have escaped. (See engraving.)

The offence for which the woman has suffered is perfectly well known by all the spectators, and by none better than by the sufferer herself. The fact is, she has been bad-tempered at home, quarrelling, in all probability, with her fellow wives, and has not yielded to the admonitions of her husband. Consequently, at the next favorable opportunity, either the husband himself, or a man whom he has instructed, induces the dress of Mumbo Jumbo, and inflicts a punishment which serves equally as a corrective to the disobedient wife and a warning to others that they had better not follow her example.

Mumbo Jumbo does not always make his appearance on these nocturnal festivities, as the men know that he inspires more awe if he is reserved for those instances in which the husband has tried all the means in his power to keep the peace at home, but finds that his unsupported authority is no more respected. The reader will remember that a demon of a similar character is to be found in Dahome.

It is to be wished that all the superstitions of the land were as harmless as that of Mumbo Jumbo, which nobody believes, though every one pretends to do so, and which, at all events, has some influence on the domestic peace. Some of them, however, are very terrible, and involve an amount of human suffering which would deter any but a savage from performing them. It is very difficult to learn the nature of these superstitions, as the negroes always try to conceal them from Europeans, especially when they involve the shedding of blood. One astounding instance has, however, been related. A town was in danger of attack from a powerful tribe that inhabited the neighborhood, and the king was so much alarmed that he sent for the magicians, and consulted with them as to the best method of repelling the enemy.

Accordingly, the people were summoned together in front of the principal gate, when two holes were dug in the ground close to each other. Songs and dances began as

usual, until suddenly the chief magician pointed to a girl who was standing among the spectators. She was instantly seized, and a leg thrust into each hole, which was then filled up with earth so that she could not move. By command of the magicians, a number of men brought lumps of wet clay, which they built around her body in a pillar-like form, kneading them closely as they proceeded, and gradually covering her with clay. At last even her head was covered with the clay, and the poor victim of superstition soon ceased to breathe. This clay pillar with the body of the girl within it stood for years in front of the gate, and so terrified were the hostile tribes at so powerful a fetish, or gregree, that they dared not carry out their plan of attack.

The natives erect these gregrees on every imaginable occasion, and so ward off every possible calamity; and, as they will pay freely for such safeguards, the fetish men are naturally unwilling to refuse a request, and so to break up a profitable trade. They are, of course, aware that their clients will in many cases suffer from the very calamity which they sought to avoid, and that they will come to make bitter complaints. They therefore take care to impose on the recipient some condition by way of a loop-hole, through which they may escape. On one such instance the man bought a fetish against fever, which, however, seized him and nearly killed him. The condition which had been imposed on him was abstinence from goat's flesh, and this condition he knew that he had fulfilled. But the fetish man was not to be baffled by such a complaint, and utterly discomfited his angry client by asserting that, when his patient was dining at another town, a personal enemy, who knew the conditions on which the gregree was given, dropped a little goat's-flesh broth into his bowl, and so broke the spell.

Absolute faith in the gregree is another invariable condition. On one stormy day a party of natives had to cross the river, and applied for a gregree against accidents. They crossed safely enough, but on recrossing the boat was upset, and some of the party were drowned. The survivors went in a body to the gregree maker, and upbraided him with the accident. He heard them very patiently, and then informed the complainants that the misfortune was entirely caused by the incredulity of the steersman, who tried to sound the river with his paddle in order to discover whether they were in shallow water. This action indicated mistrust, and so the power of the spell was broken. The cunning fellow had seen the accident, and, having ascertained that the steersman had been drowned, made the assertion boldly, knowing that the men had been too frightened to observe closely, and that the accused could not contradict the statement.



(1.) THE ALAKK'S COURT. (See page 599.)



(2.) MUMBO JUMBO. (See page 604.)



## CHAPTER LX.

### THE MANDINGOES.

LANGUAGE AND APPEARANCE OF THE MANDINGOES—THEIR RELIGION—BELIEF IN AMULETS—A MANDINGO SONG—MARRIAGE AND CONDITION OF THE WOMEN—NATIVE COOKERY—A MANDINGO KING—INFLUENCE OF MAHOMETANISM.

BEFORE proceeding across the continent toward Abyssinia, we must briefly notice the Mandingo nation, who inhabit a very large tract of the country through which the Senegal and Gambia flow. They are deserving of notice, if it were only on the ground that their language is more widely spread than any that is spoken in that part of Africa, and that any traveller who desires to dispense as far as possible with the native interpreters, who cannot translate literally if they would, and would not if they could, is forced to acquire the language before proceeding through the country. Fortunately it is a peculiarly melodious language, almost as soft as the Italian, nearly all the words ending in a vowel.

In appearance the Mandingoes are tall and well made, and have the woolly hair, though not the jetty skin and enormous lips, of the true negro. "The structure of the language," says Mr. M'Brair, who has made it his special study, "is thoroughly Eastern. In some of its grammatical forms it resembles the Hebrew and Syriac; its most peculiar sound is of the Malay family; its method of interrogation is similar to that of the Chinese, and in the composition of some verbs it is like the Persian. A few religious terms have been borrowed from the Arabic, and some articles of foreign manufacture are called after their European names."

As a rule, the religion of the Mandingoes is Mahometanism, modified to suit the people, but they still retain enough of the original negro character to have an intense faith in gregees, which are made for them by the marabouts, or holy men, and almost invariably consist of sentences of the Koran,

sewed up in little leathern cases beautifully tanned and stamped in patterns. Mahometanism has put an end to the noisy songs and dances which make night hideous; but the Mandingoes contrive, nevertheless, to indulge their taste for religious noise at night. Instead of singing profane songs they sing or intone the Koran, bawling the sacred sentences at the full stretch of their voices, and murdering sleep as effectually as if they had been still benighted idolaters singing praises in honor of the moon. Some ceremonies in honor of the moon still remain, but are quite harmless. When it appears, they salute it by spitting in their hands and waving them round their heads. For eclipses they account by saying that there is a large cat living somewhere in the sky, who puts her paw between the moon and the earth.

They are very strict Mahometans indeed, the marabouts always calling them to prayers one hour before sunrise; that, according to theological astronomy, being the time at which the sun rises at Mecca. Mahometanism has done much for the Mandingoes. It has substituted monotheism for idolatry, and totally abolished human sacrifices. It has not extirpated the innate negro character of the Mandingoes; but it has raised them greatly in the scale of humanity. It has not cured them of lying and stealing—neither of which vices, by the way, are confined to idolaters; but it has brought them to abhor the system of child-selling, which is so ingrained in the ordinary negro, and a Mandingo Mahometan will not even sell a slave unless there is just cause of complaint against him.

The Rhamadan, or Mahometan fast, is rigidly observed by the Mandingoes, and it is no small proof of the power of their religious system that it has made a negro abstain from anything which he likes.

The principal rite of Mahometanism is of course practised by the Mandingoes, who have contrived to engraft upon it one of their own superstitions, namely, that if a lad remains uncircumcised, he is swallowed by a peripatetic demon, who carries him for nine days in his belly. This legend is religiously believed, and no one has yet been daring enough to put it to the test.

Fourteen years is the usual age for performing this ceremony, whole companies of lads partaking of it at the same time, and proceeding to the appointed spot, accompanied by their friends and relatives, who dance and sing songs by the way, neither of them being peculiarly delicate. Here the old negro nature shows itself again, proving the truth of the axiom that nature expelled with a pitchfork always comes back again. After the ceremony they pass a month in an intermediate state of existence. They have taken leave of their boyhood, and are not yet men. So until the expiration of the month they are allowed unlimited license, but after that time they become men, and are ranked with their fathers. Even the girls undergo a ceremony of a somewhat similar character, the officiants being the wives of the marabouts.

As a natural consequence of this religion, which is a mixture of Mahometanism engrafted upon fetishism, the marabouts hold much the same exalted position as the fetish men of the idolaters, and are the most important men of the community. They do not dress differently from the laity, but are distinguished by the colors of their caps, which are of some brilliant hue, such as red, blue, or yellow. The whole of education is in their hands, some being itinerant teachers, and others establishing regular schools. Others, again, mingle the characters of musicians and merchants, and all make the principal part of their living by the sale of amulets, which are nothing more than Mahometanized gregrees. So great is the demand for these amulets, that a wealthy man is sometimes absolutely enclosed in a leathern cuirass composed of nothing but amulets sewed up in their neat leathern cases.

One of the Mandingo songs, translated by Mr. W. Reade, shows clearly the opinion in which these men are held. "If you know how to write Marabout (*i. e.* Arabic, and not Mandingo), you will become one of the disciples of God. If you know Marabout, you are the greatest of your family. You maintain them. If they commit a fault, it is you who will protect them."

Another of these proverbial sayings expresses the uselessness of gregrees. "The

Tubabs went against Galam. The King of Maïel said to a woman, 'Take your child, put it in a mortar, and pound it to dust. From its dust I will make a man rise who will save our town.' The woman pounded her child to dust. From the dust came a man; but the *Tubabs* took Maïel." The "*Tubabs*" are the French, and the saying evidently refers to the manufacture of a gree similar in character to that which has been mentioned on page 604.

Still, their innate belief in the power of gregrees is too strong to be entirely eradicated; and if one of their chief men dies, they keep his death secret, and bury his body in a private spot, thinking that if an enemy could get possession of his blade-bone he would make a gree with it, by means of which he could usurp the kingdom for himself.

Marriages are solemnized by the marabout, in the mosque, with an odd mixture of native and borrowed ceremonies. Next to the marabout the bridegroom's sister plays the most important part at the ceremony and in the future household; gives the article of clothing which takes the place of our wedding ring, and which in this country would be thought rather ominous,—namely, a pair of trousers,—and, if a child be born of the marriage, has the privilege of naming it. Polygamy is, of course, the rule, and each woman has her own house. So, when a girl is married, she stays with her parents until her own house is built, when she is conducted to it in great state by her young friends, who sing a mournful song deploring the loss of their companion.

The women have every reason to be contented with their lot. They are not degraded slaves, like the married women in so many parts of Africa, and, if anything, have the upper hand of their husbands. "They are the most tyrannical wives in Africa," writes Mr. Reade. "They know how to make their husbands kneel before their charms, and how to place their little feet upon them. When they are threatened with divorce, they shed tears, and, if a man repudiates his wife, they attack him *en masse*—they hate, but protect, each other."

"They go to this unfortunate husband, who has never felt or enjoyed a quiet moment in his own house, and say, 'Why do you ill treat your wife? A woman is helpless; a man has all things. Go, recall her, and, to appease her just anger, make her a kind present.' The husband prays for forgiveness, and, when his entreaties take the form of a bullock or a slave, she consents to return."

The food of the Mandingoes is chiefly rice and milk, but when they are wealthy they indulge in many luxuries. The same author who has just been quoted gives the details of an entertainment cooked by half-bred Mandingoes. First they had oysters

plucked from the branches of trees, to which they attached themselves at high water, and were left suspended when the floods recede. Then there were soles, carp, and mullet, all very bad, but very well cooked. "Then followed gazelle cutlets à la papillote; two small monkeys served cross-legged and with liver sauce, on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodiles' eggs; some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior), which none of us could touch; a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land-crabs (previously fattened), and other crustaceæ; the breasts of a mermaid, or manatee, the grand *bonne-bouche* of the repast; some boiled alligator, which had a taste between pork and cod, with the addition of a musky flavor; and some hippopotamus' steaks — *aux pommes de terre*.

"We might have obtained a better dessert at Covent Garden, where we can see the bright side of the tropics without the trouble or expense of travelling. But we had pine-apples, oranges, roasted plantains, silver bananas, papaws (which, when made into a tart with cloves, might be taken for apples), and a variety of fruits which had long native names, curious shapes, and all of them very nasty tastes. The celebrated 'cabbage,' or topmost bud of the palm tree, also formed part of the repast, and it is said to be the finest vegetable in the world. When stewed *en sauce blanche*, it is not to be compared with any vegetable of mortal growth. It must have been the ambrosia of the gods."

The Mandingoes who have not embraced Mahometanism are much inferior to their compatriots who have renounced their fetishism. Mr. Reade tells a ludicrous story of a native "king," who was even dirtier than any of his subjects, and if possible was uglier, his face being devoid of intelligence and utterly brutish; he made long speeches in Mandingo, which, as usual with such speeches, were simply demands for everything he saw, and acted in a manner so consonant with his appearance, that he excited universal disgust, and remarks were made very freely on the disadvantages of being entirely in a savage state, and never having mixed with superior beings.

At last the tedious interpreting business was at an end, and nothing remained except the number of kola nuts to be given as the

present of friendship—a customary ceremony in this country. Six had been given, and the king made a long speech, which turned out to be a request for more. "Well, we can't very well refuse the dirty ruffian," said the visitor; "give him four more, that will make ten."

"*Make it twenty*," cried the king eagerly, forgetting that his rôle was to appear ignorant of English. He had lived for some years at Sierra Leone, and could speak English as well as any one when he chose, and had heard all the remarks upon his peculiar appearance without giving the least indication that he understood a word that was said.

One of the old superstitions which still holds its own against the advance of Mahometanism is one which belongs to an island on the Upper River. On this island there is a mountain, and on the mountain lives a spirit who has the unpleasant power of afflicting human beings so severely that they can never sit down for the rest of their lives. Therefore, on passing the hill, it is necessary to unclothe the body from the waist downward, to turn the back to the mountain, and pray the spirit to have compassion on his votaries, and continue to them the privilege of sitting. Every one is forced to undergo this ceremony, but fortunately the spirit is content if it be performed by deputy, and all travellers therefore, whether men or women, pay natives of their own sex to perform this interesting rite for them. However, like the well-known etiquette of crossing the line, this ceremony need only be performed on the first time of passing the hill, the spirit being satisfied with the tribute to his power.

The universal superstition respecting the power of human beings to change themselves into bestial shapes still reigns among the Mandingoes, and it is rather doubtful whether even the followers of Mohammed have shaken themselves quite free from the old belief. The crocodile is the animal whose form is most usually taken among the Mandingoes, and on one occasion a man who had been bitten by a crocodile, and narrowly escaped with his life, not only said that the reptile was a metamorphosed man, but even named the individual whom he knew himself to have offended a few days before the accident.



## CHAPTER LXI.

### THE BUBÉS AND CONGOESE.

REAL NAME OF THE BUBÉS—THEIR LIMITED RANGE—APPEARANCE AND MANNERS OF THE MEN—TOLA PASTE—REASONS FOR NUDITY—BUBÉ ARCHITECTURE—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE BUBÉS—A WEDDING AT FERNANDO PO—CONGO—ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—CURIOUS TAXATION—RELIGION OF CONGO—THE CHITOME AND HIS POWERS—HIS DEATH, AND LAW OF SUCCESSION—THE NGHOMBO AND HIS MODE OF WALKING—THE ORDEAL—CEREMONY OF CROWNING A KING—THE ROYAL ROBES—THE WOMEN OF CONGO—EARLY HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY—THE FEMALE MONARCH—THE FATE OF TEMBANDUMBA.

THE Bubé tribe (which unfortunately is pronounced Booby, is a really interesting one, and, but for the rapidly decreasing space, would be described in detail. The real name of the tribe is Adizah, but, as they are in the habit of addressing others as Bubé, *i. e.* Man, the term has clung to them.

The Bubés inhabit Fernando Po, and, although some of them believe themselves to be aborigines of the island, have evidently come from the mainland. They have, however, no particular pride in their autochthonic origin, and, if questioned, are perfectly content to say that they came from their parents.

The Bubés inhabit only one zone in Fernando Po. The sea air is too soft and warm for them, and, besides, there is danger of being carried off by the slavers. More than three thousand feet above the sea they cannot exist, not because the climate is too cold, but because the palms and plantains on which they live will not flourish there. With the exception of those individuals who have come under the sway of the missionaries, the Bubés wear no clothes except closely fitting coats of palm oil, or, on grand occasions, of tola paste, *i. e.* palm oil bruised and mixed with the leaves of the tola herb. This paste has a powerful and very peculiar odor, and the first intimation of the vicinity of a Bubé village is usually the scent of the tola paste borne on the breeze.

The men wear large flat hats made of wicker-work covered with monkey skin, and

used chiefly to guard themselves from the tree snake. The women are dressed in exactly the same fashion, but without the hat, their husbands perhaps thinking that women cannot be hurt by snakes. The hat is fastened to the head by skewers made of the bone of the monkey's leg, and the hair itself is plentifully greased and adorned with yellow ochre, and manipulated so that it looks as if it were covered with little gilded peas. Round the upper arm is tied a piece of string, which holds a knife for the man and a pipe for the woman. Clothing is to them a positive infliction, and Captain Burton remarks that, even at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea, he offered the Bubés blankets, but they would not have them, though they found the warmth of the fire acceptable to them.

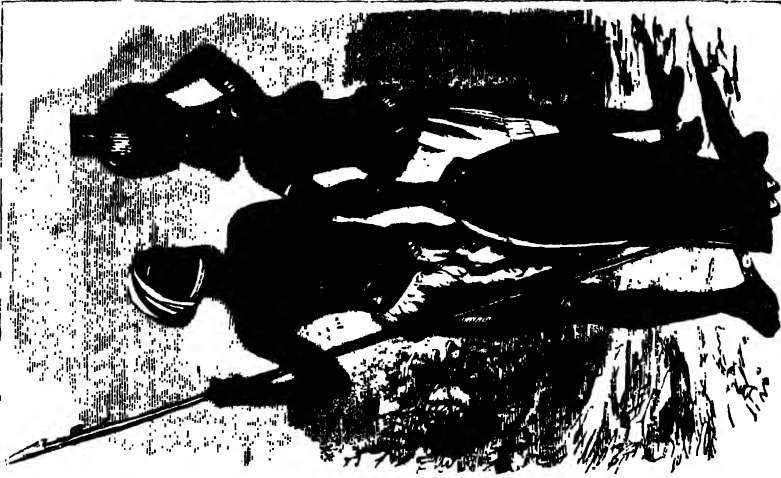
They have a legend which explains their nudity. Many years ago a M'pongwe magician made fetish upon his great war spear, and killed numbers of them, so that they fled. They then made a law that the Bubé should wear no clothing until they had conquered the M'pongwe, and that law they have kept to the present day.

Taken as a savage, the Bubé is a wonderfully good specimen. He is very industrious, laying out yam fields and farms at some distance from his house, in order to prevent his domestic animals from straying into it, and he is the best palm-wine maker in Western Africa. He neither will be a slave himself, nor keep slaves, preferring to work for himself; and, after working hard at his





(1.) A RUDE MARRIAGE.



(2.) KANEMBO MAN AND WOMAN.

(See page 627.)

farm, he will start off into the woods to shoot monkeys or squirrels. He is a good athlete, and handles his great staff with such address that he is a very formidable antagonist. He is an admirable linguist, picking up languages with astonishing readiness, and he is absolutely honest. "You may safely deposit rum and tobacco in his street, and he will pay his debt as surely as the Bank of England." This testimony is given by Captain Burton, who certainly cannot be accused of painting the native African in too bright colors.

Yet he never trusts any one. He will deal with you most honorably, but he will never tell you his name. If you present gifts to him, he takes them, but with suspicion: "Timet Danaos et dona ferentes." If you enter his village unexpectedly, he turns out armed, and, "if you are fond of collecting vocabularies, may the god of speech direct you." The fact is, he has been so cheated and plundered that he now suspects all men alike, and will not trust even his fellow-countrymen of the next village.

He treats his wife pretty well, but has an odd ascending series of punishments. Should he detect her in an infidelity, he boils a pot of oil, cuts off the offender's left hand, and plunges the stump into the oil to heal the bleeding. For the second offence she loses the right hand, and for the third the head, on which occasion the boiling oil is not required. Partly on account of this law, and partly on account of their ugliness, which is said to be portentous, the women display better morals than the generality of their African sisters.

Dr. Hutchinson, who resided in Fernando Po for some time, has not a very favorable opinion of the Bubés, thinking that the twenty or thirty thousand of their tribe form the greatest obstacle to civilization. He states, moreover, that although the Baptist missionaries have been hard at work among them for seventeen years, they had not succeeded in Christianizing or civilizing, or even humanizing, a single Bubé.

They are not an intellectual race, and do not appear to know or care much about the division of time, the new moon and the beginning of the dry season marking their monthly and annual epochs. The latter begins in November, and for two months the Bubés hold a festival called Lobo, in which marriages are generally celebrated. Dr. Hutchinson was able to witness a Bubé marriage, and has given a very amusing account of it. The reader may find it illustrated on the preceding page. The bride was a daughter of the king. "On getting inside of the town our first object of attraction was the cooking going on in his Majesty's kitchen. Here a number of dead 'ipa' (porcupines) and 'litcha' (gazelles) were in readiness to be mingled up with palm oil, and several grubs writhing on skewers,

probably to add piquancy to the dishes. These are called 'inchæe,' being obtained from palm trees, and look at first sight like Brobdignagian maggots. Instead of waiting to see the art of the Fernandian Soyer on these components, I congratulated myself on my ham sandwiches and brandy-and-water bottle safely stowed in my portmanteau, which one of the Krumen carried on his back, and sat on my camp-stool beneath the grateful shade of a palm tree to rest a while.

"Outside a small hut belonging to the mother of the bride expectant, I soon recognized the happy bridegroom, undergoing his toilet from the hands of his future wife's sister. A profusion of tshibbu strings (i. e. small pieces of Achatectona shell, which represent the currency in Fernando Po) being fastened round his body, as well as his legs and arms, the anointing lady (having a short black pipe in her mouth) proceeded to putty him over with tola paste. He seemed not altogether joyous at the anticipation of his approaching happiness, but turned a sulky gaze now and then to a kidney-shaped piece of brown-painted yam, which he held in his hand, and which had a parrot's red feather fixed on its convex side. This I was informed was called 'n'shela,' and is regarded as a protection against evil influence during the important day.

Two skewer-looking hair-pins, with heads of red and white glass beads, fastened his hat (which was nothing more than a disk of bamboo plaiting) to the hair of his head; and his toilet being complete, he and one of the bridesmen, as elaborately dressed as himself, attacked a mess of stewed flesh and palm oil placed before them, as eagerly as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight. In discussing this meal they followed the primitive usage of 'fingers before forks,' only resting now and then to take a gulp of palm wine out of a calabash which was hard by, or to wipe their hands on napkins of cocoa-leaf, a process which, to say the least of it, added nothing to their washerwomen's bill at the end of the week.

"But the bride! Here she comes! Led forth by her own and her husband-expectant's mother, each holding her by a hand, followed by two 'nepees' (professional singers) and half-a-dozen bridesmaids. Nothing short of a correct photograph could convey an idea of her appearance. Borne down by the weight of rings, wreaths, and girdles of 'tshibbu,' the tola pomatum gave her the appearance of an exhumed mummy, save her face, which was all white—not from excess of modesty (and here I may add, the negro race are expected always to blush blue), but from being smeared over with a white paste, symbolical of purity.

"As soon as she was outside the paling, her bridal attire was proceeded with, and

the whole body was plastered over with white stuff. A veil of strings of tshibbu shells, completely covering her face, and extending from the crown of her head to the chin, as well as on each side from ear to ear, was then thrown over her; over this was placed an enormous helmet made of cowhide; and any one with a spark of compassion in him could not help pitying that poor creature, standing for more than an hour under the broiling sun, with such a load on her, whilst the nepees were celebrating her praises in an extempore epithalamium, and the bridegroom was completing his finery elsewhere.

"Next came a long chant—musical people would call it a howl—by the chief nepee. It was about as long as 'Chevy Chase,' and celebrated the beauties and many virtues of the bride, among which was rather oddly mentioned the delicious smell which proceeded from her. At every pause in the chant the audience struck in with a chorus of 'Hee! hee! jee! eh!' and when it was over the ceremony proceeded.

"The candidates for marriage having taken their positions side by side in the open air, fronting the little house from which the bride elect had been led out by the two mothers, and where I was informed she had been closely immured for fifteen months previous, the ceremony commenced. The mothers were the officiating priests—an institution of natural simplicity, whose homely origin no one will dare to impugn. On these occasions the mother-bishops are prophetically entitled 'boowanans,' the Fernandian for grandmother.

"Five bridesmaids marshalled themselves alongside the bride postulant, each, in rotation, some inches lower than the other, the outside one being a mere infant in stature, and all having bunches of parrots' feathers on their heads, as well as holding a wand in their right hands. The mother stood behind the 'happy pair,' and folded an arm of each round the body of the other—nepees chanting all the while, so that it was barely possible for my interpreter to catch the words by which they were formally soldered. A string of tshibbu was fastened

round both arms by the bridegroom's mother; she, at the same time, whispering to him advice to take care of this tender lamb, even though he had half-a-dozen wives before. The string was then unloosed. It was again fastened on by the bride's mother, who whispered into her daughter's ear her duty to attend to her husband's farm, tilling his yams and cassava, and the necessity of her being faithful to him. The ratification of their promise to fulfil these conditions was effected by passing a goblet of palm wine from mother to son (the bridegroom), from him to his bride, from her to her mother, each taking a sip as it went round.

"Then an indiscriminate dance and chant commenced; and the whole scene—the tola paste laid on some faces so thickly that one might imagine it was intended to affix something to them by means of it—the dangling musk-cat and monkey tails—the disk hats and parrots' feathers—the branches of wild fern and strings of tshibbu shells, fastened perhaps as nose-gays to the ladies' persons—the white and red and yellow spots painted under the eyes, and on the shoulders, and in any place where they could form objects of attraction—the *tout ensemble*, contrasted with the lofty *Bombax*, beautiful palm, cocoa-nut, and other magnificent tropical trees around, presented a picture rarely witnessed by an European, and one calculated to excite varied reflections."

Lastly, the whole party—the tola paste now cracking from their bodies—proceeded to the house of the bridegroom, the old wives walking before the bride until they reached the door, and then allowing her to precede them. The newly-married pair then stood at their door facing the spectators, embracing each other as before. One of his children then presented the bride with a huge yam painted brown, others fixed tshibbu epaulets on her shoulders, the husband placed four rings on her fingers, and the ceremony was concluded by a second lecture from the bridegroom's mother, at the expiration of which Dr. Hutchinson, as he rather quaintly says, "left the happy pair to the enjoyment of their tola-moon."

## CONGO.

PASSING southward down the West Coast, we come to the celebrated kingdom of Congo.

In these days it has been so traversed by merchants of different countries and missionaries of different sects, that it no longer presents the uniform aspect of its earlier monarchical days, of which we will take a brief survey. The reader must understand that the sources from which the information is taken are not wholly reliable, but, as we

have none other, we must make the best of our information, and use our own discretion as to those parts which are best worthy of belief. The following account is mostly taken from Mr. Reade's condensation.

The ancient constitution of the Congo kingdom much resembled that of Ashanti or Dahome; namely, a despotic monarchy controlled by councillors, the king and the council being mutually jealous, and each trying to overreach the other. When the

kingdom of Congo was first established, the royal revenues were much in the same condition as the civil list of a late Emperor of Russia—all belonged to the king, and he took as much as he wanted. In later days, however, the revenues were controlled by the council, who aided, not only in their disposal, but in the mode of their collection. The greater part of the income depended on the annual tributes of the inferior chiefs, but, as in times of pressure, especially during a protracted war, this tribute is inadequate to meet the expenses, the king and council devise various objects of taxation.

The most productive is perhaps the tax on beds, which are assessed according to their width, every span costing an annual payment of a slave. Now, as an ordinary man cannot sleep comfortably on a bed less than four spans in width, it is very evident that the tax must be a very productive one, if indeed it were not so oppressive as to cause a rebellion. The natives seem, however, to have quietly acquiesced in it, and a wealthy negro therefore takes a pride in having a very broad bed as a tangible proof of his importance.

As in more civilized nations, war is the great parent of taxation, the king being obliged to maintain a large standing army, and to keep it in good humor by constant largesses, for a large standing army is much like fire,—a useful servant, but a terrible master. The army is divided into regiments, each acting under the immediate command of the chief in whose district they live, and they are armed, in a most miscellaneous fashion, with any weapons they can procure. In these times the trade guns are the most valued weapons, but the native swords, bows and arrows, spears, and knives, still form the staple of their equipment. As to uniform, they have no idea of it, and do not even distinguish the men of the different regiments, as do the Kaffirs of Southern Africa.

The ancient religion of the Congo negro is simply polytheism, which they have suffered to degenerate into fetishism. There is one monotheistic sect, but they have gained very little by their religion, which is in fact merely a negation of many deities, without the least understanding of the one whom they profess to worship—a deity to whom they attribute the worst vices that can degrade human nature.

The fetish men or priests are as important here as the marabouts among the Mandingoes, and the chief of them, who goes by the name of Chitomé, is scarcely less honored than the king, who finds himself obliged to seek the favor of this spiritual potentate, while the common people look on him as scarcely less than a god. He is maintained by a sort of tithe, consisting of the first-fruits of the harvest, which are brought to him with great ceremony,

and are offered with solemn chants. The Congo men fully believe that if they were to omit the first-fruits of one year's harvest, the next year would be an unproductive one.

A sacred fire burns continually in his house, and the embers, which are supposed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues, are sold by him at a high price, so that even his fire is a constant source of income to him. He has the entire regulation of the minor priests, and every now and then makes a progress among them to settle the disputes which continually spring up. As soon as he leaves his house, the husbands and wives throughout the kingdom are obliged to separate under pain of death. In case of disobedience, the man only is punished, and cases have been known where wives who disliked their husbands have accused them of breaking this strange law, and have thereby gained a double advantage, freed themselves from a man whom they did not like, and established a religious reputation on easy terms.

In fact, the Chitomé has things entirely his own way, with one exception. He is so holy that he cannot die a natural death, for if he did so the universe would immediately be dissolved. Consequently, as soon as he is seized with a dangerous illness, the Chitomé elect calls at his house, and saves the universe by knocking out his brains with a club, or strangling him with a cord if he should prefer it. That his own death must be of a similar character has no effect upon the new Chitomé, who, true to the negro character, thinks only of the present time, and, so far as being anxious about the evils that will happen at some future time, does not trouble himself even about the next day.

Next to the Chitomé comes the Nghombo, a priest who is distinguished by his peculiar gait. His dignity would be impaired by walking like ordinary mortals, or even like the inferior priests, and so he always walks on his hands with his feet in the air, thereby striking awe into the laity. Some of the priests are rain-makers, who perform the duties of their office by building little mounds of earth and making fetish over them. From the centre of each charmed mound rises a strange insect, which mounts into the sky, and brings as much rain as the people have paid for. These priests are regularly instituted, but there are some who are born to the office, such as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and albinos, all of whom are highly honored as specially favored individuals, consecrated to the priesthood by Nature herself.

The priests have, as usual, a system of ordeal, the commonest mode being the drinking of the poison cup, and the rarest the test of the red-hot iron, which is applied to the skin of the accused, and burns

him if he be guilty. There is no doubt that the magicians are acquainted with some preparation which renders the skin proof against a brief application of hot iron, and that they previously apply it to an accused person who will pay for it.

The Chitômè has the privilege of conducting the coronation of a king. The new ruler proceeds to the house of the Chitômè, attended by a host of his future subjects, who utter piercing yells as he goes. Having reached the sacred house, he kneels before the door, and asks the Chitômè to be gracious to him. The Chitômè growls out a flat refusal from within. The king renews his supplications, in spite of repeated rebuffs, enumerating all the presents which he has brought to the Chitômè—which presents, by the way, are easily made, as he will extort an equal amount from his subjects as soon as he is fairly installed.

At last, the door of the hut opens, and out comes the Chitômè in his white robe of office, his head covered with feathers, and a shining mirror on his breast. The king lies prostrate before the house, while the Chitômè pours water on him, scatters dust over him, and sets his feet on him. He then lies flat on the prostrate monarch, and in that position receives from him a promise to respect his authority ever afterward. The king is then proclaimed, and retires to wash and change his clothes.

Presently he comes out of the palace, attended by his priests and nobles, and gorgeous in all the bravery of his new rank, his whole person covered with glittering ornaments of metal, glass, and stone, so that the eye can scarcely bear the rays that flash on every side as he moves in the sunbeams. He then seats himself, and makes a speech to the people. When it is finished, he rises, while all the people crouch to the ground, stretches his hands over them, and makes certain prescribed gestures, which are considered as the royal benediction. (See the engraving No. 2, on the next page.) A long series of banquets and revelry ends the proceedings.

At the present day, the Congo king and great men disfigure themselves with European clothing, such as silk jackets, velvet shoes, damask coats, and broad-brimmed hats. But, in the former times, they dressed becomingly in native attire. A simple tunic made of very fine grass cloth, and leaving the right arm bare, covered the upper part of the body, while a sort of petticoat, made of similar material, but dyed black, was tied round the waist, and an apron, or "sporrán," of leopard skin, was fastened to the girdle and hung in front. On their heads they wore a sort of hood, and sometimes preferred a square red and yellow cap. Sandals made of the palm tree were the peculiar privilege of the king and nobles, the common people being obliged to go bare-footed.

The wives in Congo are tolerably well off, except that they are severely beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide whip. The women do not resent this treatment, and indeed, unless a woman is soundly flogged occasionally, she thinks that her husband is neglecting her, and feels offended accordingly. The king has the power of taking any woman for his wife, whether married or not, and, when she goes to the royal harem, her husband is judiciously executed.

The people of Congo are—probably on account of the enervating climate—a very indolent and lethargic race, the women being made to do all the work, while the men lie in the shade and smoke their pipes and drink their palm wine, which they make remarkably well, though not so well as the Bubé tribe of Fernando Po. Their houses are merely huts of the simplest description; a few posts with a roof over them, and twigs woven between them in wicker-work fashion by way of walls, are all that a Congo man cares for in a house. His clothing is as simple as his lodging, a piece of native cloth, tied round his middle being all that he cares for; so that the ample clothes and handsome furs worn by the king must have had a very strong effect on the almost naked populace.

According to traditional history, Congo was in old times one of the great African kingdoms. Twice it rose to this eminence, and both times by the energy of a woman, who, in spite of the low opinion in which women are held, contrived to ascend the throne.

Somewhere about 1520—it is impossible in such history to obtain precision of dates—a great chief, named Zimbo, swept over a very large part of Africa, taking every country to which he came, and establishing his own dominion in it. Among other kingdoms, Congo was taken by him, and rendered tributary, and so powerful did he at last become, that his army outgrew his territory, and he had the audacity to send a division to ravage Abyssinia and Mozambique. The division reached the eastern sea in safety, but the army then met the Portuguese, who routed them with great loss. Messengers conveyed the tidings to Zimbo, who put himself at the head of his remaining troops, went against the Portuguese, beat them, killed their general, and carried off a great number of prisoners, with whose skulls he paved the ground in front of his house.

In process of time he died, and the kingdom separated, after African fashion, into a number of independent provinces, each governed by one of the leaders of the now useless army. One of these leaders had a daughter named Tembandumba, who, together with her mother, ruled the province when her father died. These women always accompanied the troops in war, and so



(1.) WASHING DAY.  
(See page 648.)



(2.) A CONGO CORONATION.  
(See page 616.)





fierce and bloodthirsty was Tembandumba, even as a girl, that her mother gave her the command of half the troops, the natural consequence of which was that she took the command of the whole, deposed her mother, and made herself queen.

Her great ambition was to found a nation of Amazons. Licentiousness she permitted to the fullest extent, but marriage was utterly prohibited; and, as soon as the women found themselves tired of their male companions, the latter were killed and eaten, their places being supplied by prisoners of war. All male children were killed, and she had nearly succeeded in the object of

her ambition, when she was poisoned by a young man with whom she fell violently in love, and from whom she imprudently accepted a bowl of wine at a banquet.

It is very remarkable that, about a hundred years after the death of Tembandumba, another female warrior took the kingdom. Her name was Shinga, and she obtained a power scarcely less than that of her predecessor. She, however, was wise in her generation, and, after she had fought the Portuguese, and been beaten by them, she concluded an humble peace, and retained her kingdom in safety.



THE JU-JU EXECUTION. (See page 602.)

## CHAPTER LXII.

### BORNU.

POSITION OF THE KINGDOM OF BORNU—APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR—A RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN—COURT DRESS—THE SHEIKH OF BORNU—HIS PALACE AND ATTENDANTS—HIS NOBLE AND ENERGETIC CHARACTER—RECEPTION BY THE GUARDS—THEIR WEAPONS AND DISCIPLINE—THE KANEMBOO INFANTRY—JUSTICE OF THE SHEIKH—HIS POLICY AND TACT—REPUTED POWER OF CHARM WRITING—HIS ZEAL FOR RELIGION—A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT—BORNU ARCHITECTURE—CURIOUS MODES OF FISHING AND HUNTING—HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE KANEMBOOS.

ON the western side of Lake Tchad, between 10° and 15° N. and 12° and 18° E., is situated the large kingdom of Bornu, which embraces a considerable number of tribes, and is of sufficient importance to demand a notice. There are about twelve or thirteen great cities in Bornu, and at least ten different dialects are spoken in the country, some having been due to the presence of the Shooas, who themselves speak nearly pure Arabic.

The pure Bornu people, or Kanowry, as they call themselves, are not handsome, having large, flat, and rather unmeaning faces, with flattish noses, and large mouths. The lips, however, are not those of the negro, and the forehead is high, betokening a greater amount of intellect than falls to the lot of the real negro.

As a rule, the Bornuese are not a wealthy people, and they are but indifferently clad, wearing a kind of shirt stained of an indigo blue by themselves, and, if they are tolerably well off, wearing two or even three such garments, according to their means. The head is kept closely shaven, and the better class wear a cap of dark blue, the scarlet caps being appropriated to the sultan and his court. When they walk they always carry a heavy stick with an enormous knob at the top, like a drum-major's bâton, and march much after the manner of that important functionary.

The women are remarkable for the mode in which they dress their hair. It is divided

into three longitudinal rolls, thick in the middle and diminishing toward the ends. One of these rolls passes over the top of the head, and the others lie over the ears, the three points uniting on the forehead, and being held firmly in their places by a thick plastering of beeswax and indigo. The other ends of the rolls are plaited very finely, and then turned up like the curled feathers of a drake's tail.

Sometimes a slight variation is made in the hair, five rolls being used instead of three. The women are so fond of indigo that they dye their eyebrows, hands, arms, feet, and legs with it, using the ruddy henna for the palms of the hands and the nails of the toes and fingers, and black antimony for the eyelashes. Beads, bracelets, and other ornaments are profusely worn, mostly of horn or brass. Silver and ivory mark the woman of rank. The dress is primarily composed of a sort of blue, white, or striped sheet called *toorkadee*, which is wrapped round the body under the arms, and falls as low as the knees. This is the usual costume, but if a woman be well off, she adds a second *toorkadee*, which she wears like a mantilla, over her head and shoulders.

Like other African tribes, though they belong to the Mahometan religion, they use the tattoo profusely. Twenty cuts are made on each side of the face, converging in the corners of the mouth, from the angle of the lower jaw and the cheek-bones, while a single cut runs down the centre of the fore-

head. Six cuts are made on each arm, six more on the thighs, and the same number on the legs, while four are on each breast, and nine on each side just above the hipbone. These are made while they are infants, and the poor little things undergo frightful torments, not only from the pain of the wounds, but from the countless flies which settle on the hundred and three cuts with which their bodies are marked.

The Bornuese are governed, at least nominally, by a head chief or sultan, who holds his court with most quaint ceremony. When the travellers Denham and Clapperton went to pay their respects to him, they were visited on the previous evening by one of the royal chamberlains, who displayed the enormous staff, like a drum-major's bâton, wore eight or ten shirts in order to exhibit his wealth, and had on his head a turban of huge dimensions. By his orders a tent was pitched for the white visitors, and around it was drawn a linen screen, which had the double effect of keeping out the sun and the people, and of admitting the air. A royal banquet, consisting of seventy or eighty dishes, was sent for their refectory, each dish large enough to suffice for six persons, and, lest the white men should not like the native cookery, the sultan, with much thoughtfulness, sent also a number of live fowls, which they might cook for themselves.

Next morning, soon after daylight, they were summoned to attend the sultan, who was sitting in a sort of cage, as if he had been a wild beast. No one was allowed to come within a considerable distance, and the etiquette of the court was, that each person rode on horseback past the cage, and then dismounted and prostrated himself before the sultan. The oddest part of the ceremony is, that as soon as the courtier has made his obeisance, he seats himself on the ground with his back toward his monarch. Nearly three hundred of the courtiers thus take their places, and nothing could be more ludicrous than the appearance which they presented, their bodies being puffed out by successive robes, their heads swathed in turbans of the most preposterous size, and their thin legs, appearing under the voluminous garments, showing that the size of the head and body was merely artificial.

In fact, the whole business is a sham, the sultan being the chief sham, and the others matching their sovereign. The sultan has no real authority, the true power being lodged in the hands of the sheikh, who commands the army. Those who serve the court of Bornu are, by ancient etiquette, obliged to have very large heads and stomachs, and, as such gifts of nature are not very common, an artificial enlargement of both regions is held to be a sufficient compliance with custom. Consequently, the courtiers pad themselves with wadding to such an extent that as they sit on horseback

their abdomens seem to protrude over the pommel of the saddle, while the eight or ten shirts which they wear, one over the other, aid in exaggerating the outline, and reducing the human body to a shapeless lump.

Their heads are treated in a similar fashion, being enveloped in great folds of linen or muslin of different colors, white, however, predominating; and those who are most careful in their dress fold their huge turbans so as to make their heads appear to be one-sided, and as unlike their original shape as possible. Besides all these robes and shirts and padding, they wear a vast number of charms, made up in red leather parcels, and hung all over the body. The sultan is always accompanied by his trumpeters, who blow hideous blasts on long wooden trumpets called frum-frums, and also by his dwarfs, and other grotesque favorites.

In war, as in peace, the sultan is nominally the commander, and in reality a mere nonentity. He accompanies the sheikh, but never gives orders, nor even carries arms, active fighting being supposed to be below his dignity. One of the sultans lost his life in consequence of this rule. According to custom he had accompanied the sheikh in a war against the great enemy of Bornu, the Sultan of Begharmi, and, contrary to the usual result of these battles, the engagement had gone against him, and he was obliged to take refuge in flight. Unfortunately for him, though he was qualified by nature for royalty, being large-bodied and of enormous weight, yet his horse could not carry him fast enough. He fled to Angala, one of his chief towns, and if he could have entered it would have been safe. But his enormous weight had distressed his horse so much that the animal suddenly stopped close to the gate, and could not be induced to stir.

The sultan, true to the principle of *noblesse oblige*, accepted the position at once. He dismounted from his horse, wrapped his face in the shawl which covered his head, seated himself under a tree, and died as became his rank. Twelve of his attendants refused to leave their master, and nobly shared his death.

Around the sultan are his inevitable musicians, continually blowing their frum-frums or trumpets, which are sometimes ten or twelve feet in length, and in front goes his ensign, bearing his standard, which is a long pole hung round at the top with strips of colored leather and silk. At either side are two officers, carrying enormous spears, with which they are supposed to defend their monarch. This, however, is as much a sham as the rest of the proceedings; for, in the first place, the spearmen are so fat and their weapons so unwieldy that they could not do the least execution, and, as if to render the spears still more harmless, they are covered with charms from the head to the butt.

It has been mentioned that the real power of Bornu rests, not with the sultan, but with the sheikh. This potentate was found to be of simple personal habits, yet surrounded with state equal to that of the sultan, though differing in degree. Dressed in a plain blue robe and a shawl turban, he preferred to sit quietly in a small and dark room, attended by two of his favorite negroes armed with pistols, and having a brace of pistols lying on a carpet in front of him.

But the approaches to this chamber were rigorously guarded. Sentinels stood at the gate, and intercepted those who wished to enter, and would not allow them to mount the staircase which led to the sheikh's apartment until they were satisfied. At the top of the staircase were negro guards armed with spears, which they crossed in front of the visitor, and again questioned him. Then the passages leading to the sheikh's chamber were lined with rows of squatting attendants, who snatched off the slippers of the visitors, and continually impeded their progress by seizing their ankles, lest they should infringe etiquette by walking too fast. Indeed, had not the passages been densely crowded, the guests would have been several times flung on their faces by the zeal of these courtiers.

At last they gained admission, and found this dread potentate a singularly quiet and unassuming man, well-disposed toward the travellers, and very grateful to them for the double-barrelled gun and pistols which they presented to him. In return, he fed them liberally, sending them fish by the camel load, and other provisions in like quantity.

According to his warlike disposition, his conversation chiefly turned on military affairs, and especially on the best mode of attacking walled towns. The account of breaching batteries had a great effect upon him, and the exhibition of a couple of rockets confirmed him in his respect for the wisdom of the English. Being a thoughtful man, he asked to see some rockets fired, because there were in the town a number of the hostile Shooas. The rockets were fired accordingly, and had the desired effect, frightening not only the Shooas, but all the inhabitants of the town, out of their senses, and even the steady nerves of the sheikh himself were much shaken.

The sheikh was a great disciplinarian, and managed his wild cavalry with singular skill, as is shown by the account of Major Denham. "Our accounts had been so contradictory of the state of the country that no opinion could be formed as to the real condition and the number of its inhabitants. We had been told that the sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the black Kaffir countries by which he was surrounded, and which he was able to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were

in his service; and, again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but to a degree regularly trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability, and we advanced toward the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

"These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Boo-Khaloom, with his train of Arabs all mounted and dressed out in their best apparel, and, from the thickness of the trees, now lost sight of them. Fancying that the road could not be mistaken I rode still onward, and, approaching a spot less thickly planted, was surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left as far as I could see. Checking my horse I awaited the arrival of my party under the shade of a wide-spreading acacia. The Bornu troops remained quite steady, without noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front, giving directions, were the only persons out of the ranks.

"On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout or yell was given by the sheikh's people, which rent the air; a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud, and they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements, which astonished me. Three separate bodies from the centre of each flank kept charging rapidly toward us, within a few feet of our horses' heads, without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onward.

"These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with the greatest precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, and exclaiming, 'Blessing! blessing! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!' and returning quickly to the front of the body in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arabs so completely as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness.

"I was quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible, and we therefore came to a full stop. Our chief was much enraged, but it was all to no purpose: he was only answered by shrieks of

## THE KANEMBOO INFANTRY.

'Welcome!' and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads expressive of the same feeling.

"This annoyance was not, however, of long duration. Barca Gana, the sheikh's first general, a negro of noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted upon a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance, and after a little delay the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved forward, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediments thrown in our way by these wild warriors.

"The sheikh's negroes, as they were called, meaning the black chiefs and generals, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse. Some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal."

In my collection there is one of the remarkable spears carried by these horsemen. In total length it is nearly six feet long, of which the long, slender, leaf-like blade occupies twenty inches. The shaft is five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the thickest part, but diminishes toward the head and butt. The material of the shaft is some hard, dark wood, which takes a high polish, and is of a rich brown color. The head is secured to the shaft by means of a rather long socket, and at the butt there is a sort of iron spud, also furnished with a socket, so that the length of the wooden portion of the spear is only thirty-two inches. It is a light, well-balanced, and apparently serviceable weapon.

Besides these weapons, there are several others, offensive and defensive. The chiefs wear a really well-formed cuirass made of iron plates, and having an ingenious addition of a kind of steel upright collar attached to the back piece of the cuirass, and protecting the nape of the neck. The cuirass is made of five plates of steel, laid horizontally and riveted to each other, and of as many similar plates attached to them perpendicularly, and forming the back piece and shoulder straps. It is made to open at one side to admit of being put on and off, and the two halves are kept together by loops and links, which take the place of straps and buckles.

The chief's horses are also distinguished by the quantity of armor with which they are protected, an iron chamfron covering the whole of the forehead, and extending as far as the nostrils.

By the saddle-bow hangs a battle-axe, shaped exactly like those axes with which

we have been so familiar in Southern and Central Africa, but being distinguished from them by the fact that an iron chain is passed through a hole in that part of the head which passes through the knob at the end of the handle, the other end of the chain being attached to a ring that slides freely up and down the handle. This arrangement enables the warrior to secure and replace the head of the axe if it should be struck out of the handle in the heat of battle. A long double-edged dagger, shaped almost exactly like the spear head, is fastened to the left arm by a strap, and is carried with the hilt downward.

The infantry carry, together with other weapons, an iron axe, shaped like a sickle, and closely resembling the weapon which has been mentioned as used by the Neam-Nam and Fan tribes. This is called the "hunga-munga," and is used for throwing at a retreating enemy. The infantry are mostly Kanemboo negroes. They are a tall, muscular race, and, being also courageous, have well deserved the estimation in which they are held by their master. Unlike the horsemen, they are almost completely naked, their only clothing being a rather fantastical belt, or "sporrán" of goat-skin, with the hair still remaining on the skin, and a few strips of cloth, called "gubkas," tied round their heads, and brought under the nose. These gubkas are the currency of the country, so that a soldier carries his wealth on his head.

Their principal weapons are the spear and shield. The former is a very horrible weapon, seven feet or so in length, and armed with a number of hook-shaped barbs. The shield is made from the wood of the fogo, a tree which grows in the shallow waters of Lake Tchad, and which is so light that, although the shield is large enough to protect the whole body and upper part of the legs, it only weighs a few pounds. The pieces of wood of which it is made are bound together by strips of raw bullock's hide, on which the hair is suffered to remain as an ornament, and which, after doing their duty, are carried along the outer edge of the shield in a vandyked pattern. The shield is slightly convex. Besides the spear and shield, the Kanemboo soldier mostly carries on his left arm a dagger like that which has already been described, but not so neatly made. The Kanembos will be presently described.

At least nine thousand of these black soldiers are under the command of the sheikh, and are divided into regiments of a thousand or so strong. It may be imagined that they are really formidable troops, especially under the command of such a leader, who, as will be seen by Major Denham's description of a review, had introduced strict discipline and a rough-and-ready sort of tactics.

soldiers, and galloped toward them on his favorite horse, accompanied by four sultans who were under his command. His staff were gaily adorned with scarlet bernouses decorated with gold lace, while he himself preserved his usual simplicity of dress, his robes being white, and a Cashmere shawl forming his turban. As soon as he gave the signal, the Kanemboos raised a deafening shout, and began their manœuvres, their officers being distinguished by wearing a dark blue robe and turban.

"On nearing the spot where the sheikh had placed himself, they quickened their pace, and after striking their spears against their shields for some minutes, which had an extremely grand and stunning effect, they filed off to the outside of the circle, where they again formed and awaited their companions, who succeeded them in the same order. There appeared to be a great deal of affection between these troops and the sheikh. He spurred his horse onward into the midst of some of the tribes as they came up, and spoke to them, while the men crowded round him, kissing his feet and the stirrups of his saddle. It was a most pleasing sight. He seemed to feel how much his present elevation was owing to their exertions, while they displayed a devotion and attachment deserving and denoting the greatest confidence.

"I confess I was considerably disappointed at not seeing these troops engage, although more than compensated by the reflection of the slaughter that had been prevented by that disappointment."

It seems rather curious that this leader, so military in all his thoughts, should take women with him into the field, especially when he had to fight against the terrible Munga archers, whose poisoned arrows are certain death to all who are wounded by them. Yet, whenever he takes the field, he is accompanied by three of his favorite wives, who are mounted on trained horses, each being led by a boy, and their whole figures and faces so wrapped in their wide robes that the human form is scarcely distinguishable. The sultan, as becomes his superior rank, takes with him an unlimited number of wives, accompanied by a small court of palace officers. Nine, however, is the usual number allotted to the sultan, and there are nearly a hundred non-combatants to wait upon them.

The army, well ordered as it is, shows little signs of its discipline until it is near the enemy, the troops marching much as they like, and beguiling the journey with songs and tales. As soon, however, as they come within dangerous ground, the sheikh gives the word, and they all fall into their places, and become steady and well-disciplined troops.

The sheikh's place is one of no ordinary peril, for, besides having the responsibility

of command, and the practical care of the sultan's unwieldy person, he is the object at which the enemy all aim, knowing well that, if they can only kill the sheikh, their victory is assured. This particular sheikh entirely disregarded all notion of personal danger, and was the most conspicuous personage in the army. He marches in front of his soldiers, and before him are borne five flags—two green, two striped, and one red—upon which are written in letters of gold extracts from the Koran. Behind him rides his favorite attendant, bearing his master's shield, mail coat, and helmet, and beside him is the bearer of his drum which is considered as almost equivalent to himself in value. The Begharmis say of this sheikh, that it is useless to attack him, because he has the power of rendering himself invisible; and that on one occasion, when they routed his army, and pursued the sheikh himself, they could not see either him or his drum, though the instrument was continually sounding.

Before passing to another branch of this subject, we will finish our account of this sheikh. His name was Alameen Ben Mohammed el Kanemy, and, according to Major Denham's portrait, he was a man of mark, his boldly-cut features expressing his energetic character even under the folds of the turban and tobe in which he habitually enveloped himself. Being the virtual ruler of the kingdom, he administered justice as well as waged war, and did so with stern impartiality.

On one occasion, when a slave had offended against the law, and was condemned to death, his master petitioned the sheikh against the capital punishment, saying that, as the slave was his property, the real punishment fell upon him, who was not even cognizant of his slave's offence. The sheikh admitted the validity of the plea, but said that public justice could not be expected to yield to private interests. So he ordered the delinquent for execution, but paid his price to the owner out of his own purse.

He was equally judicious in enforcing his own authority. His favorite officer was Barca Gana, who has already been mentioned. El Kanemy had an especial liking for this man, and had committed to his care the government of six districts, besides enriching him with numbers of slaves, horses, and other valuable property. It happened that on one occasion El Kanemy had sent him a horse which he had inadvertently promised to another person, and which, accordingly, Barca Gana had to give up. Being enraged by this proceeding, he sent back to the sheikh all the animals he had presented, saying that in future he would ride his own animals.

El Kanemy was not a man to suffer such an insolent message to be given with impunity. He sent for Barca Gana, stripped

## GENERAL BARCA GANA.

him on the spot of all his gorgeous clothing, substituted the slave's leathern girdle for his robes, and ordered him to be sold as a slave to the Tibboos. Humbled to the dust, the disgraced general acknowledged the justice of the sentence, and only begged that his master's displeasure might not fall on his wives and children. Next day, as Barca Gana was about to be led away to the Tibboos, the negro body guards, who seem to have respected their general for his courage in spite of his haughty and somewhat overbearing manner, came before the sheikh, and begged him to pardon their commander. Just at that moment the disgraced chief came before his offended master, to take leave before going off with the Tibboos to whom he had been sold.

El Kanemy was quite overcome by the sight, flung himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, allowed Barca Gana to embrace his knees, and gave his free pardon. "In the evening there was great and general rejoicing. The timbrels beat, the Kanemboos yelled and struck their shields; everything bespoke joy, and Barca Gana, in new robes and a rich bernouse, rode round the camp, followed by all the chiefs of the army."

Even in war, El Kanemy permitted policy and tact to overcome the national feeling of revenge. For example, the formidable Munga tribe, of whom we shall presently treat, had proved themselves exceedingly troublesome, and the sheikh threatened to exterminate them—a threat which he could certainly have carried out, though with much loss of life. He did not, however, intend to fulfil the threat, but tried, by working on their fears and their interests, to conciliate them, and to make them his allies rather than his foes. He did not only frighten them by his splendidly-appointed troops, but awed them by his accomplishments as a writer, copying out a vast number of charmed sentences for three successive nights. The illiterate Mungas thought that such a proceeding was a proof of supernatural power, and yielded to his wisdom what they would not have yielded to his veritable power. They said it was useless to fight against a man who had such terrible powers. Night after night, as he wrote the potent words, their arrows were blunted in their quivers. Their spears snapped asunder, and their weapons were removed out of their huts, so that some of the chiefs absolutely became ill with terror, and all agreed that they had better conclude peace at once. The performance of Major Denham's rockets had also reached their ears, and had added much to the general consternation.

He carried his zeal for religion to the extreme of fanaticism, constituting himself the guardian of public morals, and visiting offences with the severest penalties. He

was especially hard on the women, over whom he kept a vigilant watch by means of his spies. On one occasion, two young girls of seventeen were found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. Great remonstrances were made. The lover of one of the girls, who had previously offered to marry her, threatened to kill any one who placed a rope round her neck, and a general excitement pervaded the place. For a long time the sheikh remained inexorable, but at last compounded the affair by having their heads shaved publicly in the market-place—a disgrace scarcely less endurable than death.

On another occasion the delinquents had exaggerated their offence by committing it during the fast of the Rhamadan. The man was sentenced to four hundred stripes, and the woman to half that number. The punishment was immediate. The woman was stripped of her ornaments and all her garments, except a cloth round the middle, and her head shaved. She was then suspended by the cloth, and the punishment inflicted.

Her partner was treated far worse. The whip was a terrible weapon, made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and having a metal knob on the end. Each blow was struck on the back, so that the lash curled round the body, and the heavy knob came with terrible violence on the breast and stomach. Before half the lashes were inflicted, blood flowed profusely from his mouth, and, a short time after the culprit was taken down, he was dead. Strange to say, he acknowledged the justice of the sentence, kissed the weapon, joined in the profession of faith which was said before the punishment began, and never uttered a cry.

Fierce in war, and, as we have seen, a savage fanatic in religion, the sheikh was no stranger to the softer emotions. Major Denham showed him a curious musical snuff-box, the sweetness of which entranced him. He sat with his head in his hands, as if in a dream; and when one of his courtiers spoke, he struck the man a violent blow for interrupting the sweet sounds.

His punishment for theft was usually a severe flogging and a heavy fine. But, in cases of a first offence of a young delinquent, the offender was buried in the ground up to his shoulders, and his head and neck smeared with honey. The swarms of flies that settled on the poor wretch's head made his existence miserable during the time that he was thus buried, and no one who had undergone such a punishment once would be likely to run the risk of suffering it again, even though it did no permanent injury, like the whip. Beheading is also a punishment reserved for Mahometans, while "Kaffirs" are either impaled or crucified, sometimes living for several days in torments.

The slaves of the Bornuese are treated



with great kindness, and are almost considered as belonging to their master's family, their condition being very like that of the slaves or servants, as they are called, of the patriarchal ages. Much of the marketing is done by female slaves, who take to market whole strings of oxen laden with goods or cowries, and conduct the transaction with perfect honesty. The market, by the way, in which these women buy and sell, is really a remarkable place. It is regulated in the strictest manner, and is divided into districts, in each of which different articles are sold. It is governed by a sheikh, who regulates all the prices, and gets his living by a small commission of about a half per cent. on every purchase that exceeds four dollars. He is aided by dylalas, or brokers, who write their private mark inside every parcel.

The whole place is filled with rows of stalls, in which are to be found everything that a Bornuese can want, and one great convenience of the place is, that a parcel need never be examined in order to discover whether any fraud has been perpetrated. Should a parcel, when opened at home, be defective, the buyer sends it back to the dylala, who is bound to find out the seller, and to force him to take back the parcel and refund the money. As an example of the strange things which are sold in this market, Major Denham mentions that a young lion was offered to him. It was perfectly tame, and was led about by a cord round his neck, walking among the people without displaying any ferocity. Tame lions seem to be fashionable in Bornu, as the sheikh afterward sent Major Denham another lion equally tame.

The architecture of the Bornuese is superior to that of Dahome. "The towns," writes Major Denham, "are generally large, and well built: they have walls thirty-five and forty feet in height, and nearly twenty feet in thickness. They have four entrances, with three gates to each, made of solid planks eight or ten inches thick, and fastened together with heavy clamps of iron. The houses consist of several courtyards between four walls, with apartments leading out of them for slaves, then a passage and an inner court leading into habitations of the different wives, which have each a square space to themselves, enclosed by walls, and a handsome thatched hut. From thence also you ascend a wide staircase of five or six steps, leading to the apartments of the owner, which consist of two buildings like towers or turrets, with a terrace of communication between them, looking into the street, with a castellated window. The walls are made of reddish clay, as smooth as stones, and the roofs are most tastefully arched on the inside with branches, and thatched on the outside with a grass known in Bornu by the name of *kidher*.

"The horns of the gazelle and antelope serve as a substitute for nails or pegs. These are fixed in different parts of the walls, and on them hang the quivers, bows, spears, and shields of the chief. A man of consequence will sometimes have four of these terraces and eight turrets, forming the faces of his mansion or domain, with all the apartments of his women within the space below. Horses and other animals are usually allowed an enclosure near one of the courtyards forming the entrance."

Such houses as these belong only to the wealthy, and those of the poor are of a much simpler description, being built of straw, reeds, or mats, the latter being the favorite material.

As is mostly the case in polygamous Africa, each wife has her own special house, or rather hut, which is usually of the kind called "coosie," i. e. one that is built entirely of sticks and straw. The wives are obliged to be very humble in presence of their husbands, whom they always approach on their knees, and they are not allowed to speak to any of the male sex except kneeling, and with their heads and faces covered. Marriage is later in Bornu than in many parts of Africa, the girls scarcely ever marrying until they are full fifteen, and mostly being a year or two older.

Weddings are conducted in a ceremonious and noisy manner. The bride is perched on the back of an ox, and rides to the bridegroom's house attended by her mother and friends, and followed by other oxen carrying her dowry, which mostly consists of *tookadees* and other raiment. All her male friends are mounted, and dash up to her at full gallop, this being the recognized salute on such occasions. The bridegroom is in the mean time parading the streets with a shouting mob after him, or sitting in his house with the same shouting mob in front of him, yelling out vociferous congratulations, blowing horns, beating drums, and, in fact, letting their African nature have its full sway.

In this country, the people have a very ingenious method of counteracting the effects of the rain storms, which come on suddenly, discharge the water as if it were poured from buckets, and then pass on. On account of the high temperature, the rain soon evaporates, so that even after one of these showers, though the surface of the ground is for the time converted into a marsh intersected with rivulets of running water, the sandy ground is quite dry at the depth of two feet or so.

As soon as the Bornuese perceive one of these storms approaching, they take off all their clothes, dig holes in the ground, bury the clothes, and cover them up carefully. The rain falls, and is simply a shower-bath over their naked bodies, and, as soon as the storm has passed over, they reopen the hole,

and put on their dry clothes. When they are preparing a resting-place at night, they take a similar precaution, digging deep holes until they come to the dry sand, on which they make their beds.

### THE KANEMBOOS.

If the reader will refer to the illustration on page 612, he will see that by the side of the Kanemboo warrior is his wife. The women are, like their husbands, dark and well-shaped. They are lively and brisk in their manners, and seem always ready for a laugh. Their clothing is nearly as limited as that of their husbands, but they take great pains in plaiting their hair into numerous little strings, which reach as far as the neck. The head is generally ornamented with a flat piece of tin or silver hanging from the hair. This custom is prevalent throughout the kingdom, and, indeed, the principal mode of detecting the particular tribe to which a woman belongs is to note the color and pattern of her scanty dress. Most of the Kanemboo women have a string of brass beads or of silver rings hanging upon each side of the face. In the latter case they mostly have also a flat circular piece of silver on their foreheads.

The architecture of the Kanemboos is very similar to that of the Kaffirs of Southern Africa, the huts more resembling those of the Bechuans than the Zulu, Kosa, or Ponda tribes. They are compared to haystacks in appearance, and are made of reeds. Each house is situated in a neat enclosure made of the same reed, within which a goat or two, a cow, and some fowls are usually kept. The hut is divided into two portions, one being for the master and the other for the women. His bed is supported on a wooden framework and covered with the skins of wild animals. There is no window, and the place of a door is taken by a mat.

In this country, they subsist generally on fish, which they obtain from the great Lake Tchad in a very ingenious manner. The fisherman takes two large gourds, and connects them with a stout bamboo, just long enough to allow his body to pass easily between them. He then takes his nets, to the upper part of which are fastened floats made of cane, and to the lower edge are attached simple weights of sand tied up in leathern bags.

He launches the gourds, and, as he does so, sits astride the bamboo, so that one gourd is in front of him and the other behind. Having shot his nets, he makes a circuit round them, splashing the water so as to drive the fish against the meshes. When

he thinks that a sufficiency of fish has got into his net, he draws it up gently with one hand, while the other hand holds a short club, with which he kills each fish as its head is lifted above the water. The dead fish is then disengaged from the net, and flung into one of the gourds; and when they are so full that they can hold no more without running the risk of admitting water, the fisherman paddles to shore, lands his cargo, and goes off for another haul. He has no paddles but his hands, but they are efficient instruments, and propel him quite as fast as he cares to go.

The women have a very ingenious mode of catching fish, constituting themselves into a sort of net. Thirty or forty at a time go into the water, and wade up to their breasts. They then form in single file, and move gradually toward the muddy shore, which slopes very gradually, stamping and beating the water so as to make as much disturbance as possible. The terrified fishes retire before this formidable line, and at last are forced into water so shallow, that they can be scooped out by the hands and flung ashore.

The fish are cooked in a very simple manner. A fire is lighted; and when it has burnt up properly, each fish has a stick thrust down its throat. The other end of the stick is fixed into the ground close to the fire, and in a short time the fish is surrounded with a circle of fire, all with their heads downward and their tails in the air as if they were diving. They can be easily turned on the sticks, the tail affording an excellent leverage, and in a very short time they are thoroughly roasted.

The Kanemboos catch the large animals in pitfalls called "blaquas." These blaquas are laboriously and ingeniously made, and are often used to protect towns against the Tuaricks and other invaders, as well as to catch wild animals. The pits are very deep, and at the bottom are fixed six or seven perpendicular stakes, with sharpened points, and hardened by being partially charred. So formidable are they, that a Tuarick horse and his rider have been known to fall into one of them, and both to have been found dead, pierced through the body with the stakes.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### THE SHOOS, TIBBOOS, TUARICKS, BEGHARMIS, AND MUSGUESE.

THE SHOOA TRIBE—THEIR SKILL IN HORSEMANSHIP—A SHOOA BUFFALO-HUNT—CHASE OF THE ELEPHANT—TRACES OF THEIR ARABIC ORIGIN—SHOOA DANCES—APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE WOMEN—THE TIBBOO TRIBE—THEIR ACTIVITY—DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF BOTH SEXES—THEIR SKILL WITH THE SPEAR—TIBBOO DANCES—THEIR CITIES OF REFUGE—THE TUARICKS—THEIR THIEVISH CHARACTER AND GRAVE MANNERS—TUARICK SINGING—THE BEGHARMIS—LOCALITY OF THE PEOPLE—THE SULTAN AND HIS RETINUE—CURIOUS ARCHITECTURE—COSTUME AND WEAPONS OF THE LANCERS—WRESTLERS, BOXERS, AND DANCERS—THE MUSGU TRIBE—APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN—THE LIP ORNAMENT—A MUSGU CHIEF AND ATTENDANTS—A DISASTROUS BATTLE.

ONE of the most important of the many tribes which surround Lake Tchad is the Shooa tribe, which, like the Kanemboo, has been absorbed into the Bornuan kingdom. Their chief value is their soldierly nature, and, as they are splendid horsemen, they form the greater part of the cavalry. Arabs by descent, they preserve the Arabic language, and speak it nearly pure, only mixing with it certain words and phrases of Bornuan origin. They present a strong contrast to the pure Bornuese, who are peaceable, quiet, slow, and good-natured. They are absurdly timid, and, except in pursuing an already routed enemy, are useless in the field, running away when there is the least sign of danger.

The Shoos, on the contrary, are bold, active, energetic, and daring, passing a considerable part of their lives on horseback, and such admirable equestrians that man and horse look like one animal. They are mighty hunters, not being contented to dig pits and catch the animals that fall into them, but boldly chasing the fierce and dangerous buffaloes and killing them with the spear alone.

The Shooa hunter rides to the swampy grounds where the buffalo loves to wallow, and drives the animals upon the firm land. He then makes choice of one, and gives chase to it, getting on its off side and pressing it closely. His horse is trained to run side by side with the buffalo, and the rider then stands like a circus-rider upon the two

animals, one foot on his horse's back, and the other on that of the buffalo.

He then drives his spear through the shoulders of the buffalo toward the heart, and, if he has time, will fix another spear. He then drops on his horse, which leaps away from the wounded animal, so as to avoid the stroke of the horn which the buffalo is apt to give as it feels the pain of the wound. As a rule, the buffalo can run but a very short distance when thus injured, and, as soon as it staggers, the bold hunter dismounts, and gives the final stroke. Sometimes a badly-trained horse will be too eager, and press so far forward that the turn of the buffalo's head will wound it severely; but an old and experienced horse knows the danger as well as its rider, and just keeps itself far enough back to avoid the blow.

The Shoos chase the elephant in a similar manner, but, as the animal is so enormous, twenty or thirty hunters generally unite their forces, one always riding in front so as to draw the angry animal's attention, while the others follow it up, and inflict a series of wounds, under which it soon sinks. Sometimes, when the elephant is very active and savage, one of the hunters will dismount, and try to hamstring the animal, or will even creep under it and drive his spears into its belly.

It may be easily imagined that such hunters as these are likely to make good soldiers, and that the Bornuan sheikh was fully

justified in forming them into so large a contingent of his army.

Their constant practice in hunting the wild buffalo renders them bold and successful cattle managers. They are excellent drivers, and contrive to make whole herds of half-wild cattle obey them implicitly. In nothing is their skill shown so much as in forcing the cattle to cross the rivers in spite of their instinctive dread of the crocodiles that infest the water. One driver, or rather leader, enters the water first, dragging after him an ox by a cord tied to the ring through his nose. As soon as the timid cattle see that one of their number has ventured into the water, they are easily induced to follow its example, and whole herds of oxen and flocks of sheep are thus taken across in safety, the noise and splashing which they make frightening the crocodiles away. Even the women assist in cattle-driving, and not unfrequently the part of leader is taken by a woman.

As might be expected, the Shooas possess great numbers of cattle, and Major Denham calculated that this single tribe owned at least sixty thousand oxen, sheep, and goats, besides multitudes of horses. The Shooas, indeed, are the chief horsebreeders of the Soudan.

True to their origin, the Shooas have retained many of their Arabic characteristics. They build no houses, but live in tents, or rather movable huts, composed of a simple framework of sticks, covered either with leather or rush mats. They have, however, lost much of the nomad character of the Arabs, probably because the fertile soil permits their flocks to remain permanently in the same spot. They pitch their tents in a circle, each such circle representing a town, and having two openings or entrances for the cattle.

Even the governor or sultan of the largest settlement does not inhabit a house. The establishment of one of these potentates, who was visited by Dr. Oudney, consisted of a great quadrangular enclosure made of mats suspended on poles, within which were a number of small huts, or rather tents, with walls of the same materials, but with thatched roofs, and much like straw beehives in shape. The doorway, or opening of each tent, is always placed westward, because rain always comes from the east. The furniture of the tents is as simple as their architecture, and consists of a rude bed, some mats, and a few gourds and earthen jars. The dwelling of a man of rank is distinguished by an ostrich egg-shell.

Not only do they build no houses of their own, but they never inhabit those which others have built, and, though they have overcome many a district, they have never peopled or conquered towns. For the surrounding negro nations they have the supreme contempt, and yet, with strange

inconsistency, they are always tributary to one of the nations which they despise. Probably on this account, unless they are well officered, they do not care to fight even in the service of that nation which they serve; and although they are foremost when plunder seems within their reach, they are always apt to retire from the battle when it seems likely to go against them.

Their amusements consist principally of dances, one of which is very peculiar, and is performed exclusively by women. They advance by pairs at a time, and throw themselves into various attitudes, accompanied by the wild and rude music of the band. Suddenly they turn their backs on each other, stoop, and butt backward at each other, the object being to upset the adversary. "She who keeps her equilibrium and destroys that of her opponent is greeted with cheers and shouts, and is led out of the ring by two matrons, covering her face with her hands. They sometimes come together with such violence as to burst the belt of beads which all the women of rank wear round their bodies just above the hips, and showers of beads would fly in every direction. Some of these belts are twelve or sixteen inches wide, and cost fifteen or twenty dollars.

"Address, however, is often attended in these contests with better success than strength, and a well-managed feint exercised at the moment of the expected concussion, even when the weight of metal would be very unequal, often brings the more weighty tumbling to the ground, while the other is seen quietly seated on the spot where she had with great art and agility dropped herself. The Shooas are particularly happy in these feints, which were practised in different ways, either by suddenly stepping on one side, or by lying down."

The young girls are fond of skipping with a long rope, just as is practised in Europe. They display very great agility, which is not hindered by the presence of any garment. Major Denham once came on a party of girls amusing themselves in this manner, and enjoying the sport so thoroughly that nothing but the fear of losing dignity prevented him from joining them.

The manners of the Shooas are pleasing and gentle. They are a hospitable people, and give freely of the milk on which they almost entirely live, as is always the case with a pastoral tribe. Major Denham seems to have been particularly charmed with the manners of the Shooas, which he describes as peculiarly interesting and expressive. Even when bringing milk to their guests, the girls do so in a sort of punctilious way, each sitting down by the side of the bowl, and making a little ceremonious speech with her head wrapped in a mantle, which she afterward removes for the sake of freer conversation.

The Shooa women are remarkable for their beauty. Their color is a light ruddy copper, and they have fine open countenances, with aquiline noses and large eyes — all very remarkable among the negro tribes that surround them. The women are especially good-looking, and remind the observer of the gipsy women. Their dress (see engraving on page 631) consists of two wrappers, one round the waist and the other thrown over the shoulders. The latter is worn in different ways, sometimes like a shawl, sometimes tied under the arms so as to leave both shoulders bare, and some-

times thrown over one shoulder and under the other. On their feet they wear curious shoes without heels, but coming up the sides of the foot above the ankles. Their hair is dressed in rather a curious manner, being plaited into innumerable little tresses, which are first pressed tightly to the head, and then suddenly diverge.

Handsome as are the Shooa women, their beauty is held in great contempt by the negro tribes among which they live, and who naturally think that thick lips, flat noses, and black skins constitute the only real beauty in man or woman.

### THE TIBBOOS.

ALLIED, in all probability, to the Shooas are the Tibboos.

They are a small and active race, and are admirable horsemen, always leaping on their horses at a single bound, aiding themselves with the shaft of a spear, which is used as a leaping-pole. Their saddles are of wood, lashed together with thongs of cow-hide, and left open along the middle, so as to avoid galling the horse's back. They are well stuffed with camel's hair, and are comfortable enough when the rider is used to them. Both the girth and the stirrup leathers are of plaited leather, and the stirrups themselves are so small that they only admit of four toes. In fact, the Tibboo saddle is almost exactly like that of the Patagonian.

The men are very ugly, but the women are tolerably good-looking, and those who live in the country are better made and more active than those who live in the towns. The color is copper, but the noses are flat, and the mouth is very large, though without the thick lips of the negro.

Their dress is a tolerably large Soudan wrapper, folded round the body and tied on the left shoulder so as to leave the right side bare. It is, however, disposed in such a manner as to be a perfectly delicate as well as a graceful costume. A smaller wrapper is thrown over the head, and is drawn across the face or flung back at pleasure. The hair is dressed in triangular flaps, which fall on either side of the face; and they wear necklaces of amber, which they prize very highly, and bits of red coral in their noses. They invariably carry something by way of a sun-screen, such as a bunch of ostrich-feathers, a tuft of long grass, or even a leafy bough.

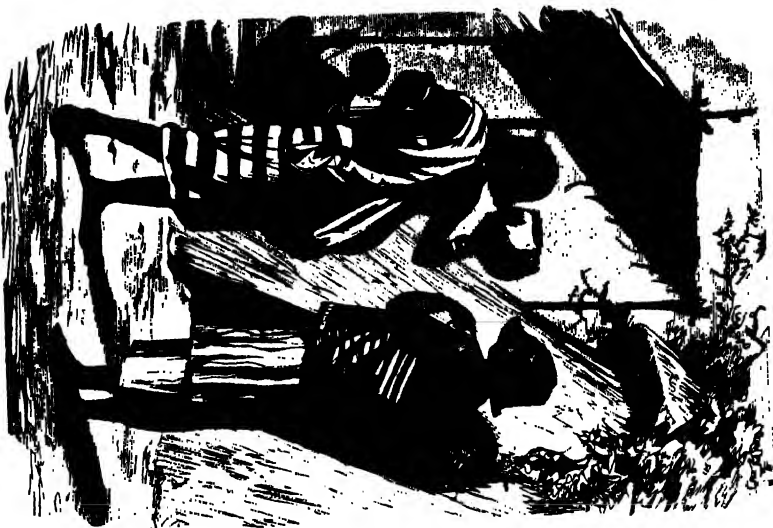
Ugly as the men are, they are exceedingly vain of their personal appearance; and on one occasion, when Major Denham had lent a Tibboo chief a small looking-glass, the man spent several hours in contemplating his own features, bursting every now and then into loud ejaculations of joy at his own beauty, and sometimes leaping in the air in the extremity of his delight.

They contrive to make their naturally ugly faces still less attractive by their inveterate habit of taking snuff, which they take both by the mouth and the nostrils, the latter becoming enormously extended by their habit of thrusting the snuff into their heads with their fingers. Their mouths are also distended by their custom of placing quantities of snuff between the lips and gums.

The dress of the Tibboos is generally a single robe, or shirt. Close garments would only embarrass them by affording a lodgement for the sand, which has the effect of irritating the skin greatly, and making almost intolerable sores. They have, however, a mode of alleviating the pain of such sores by shampooing them with fat, a process which is always conducted by the women. The only article of dress about which they seem to trouble themselves is the turban, which is worn high on the head, and the ends brought under the chin and across the face, so as to conceal all but the nose, eyes, and part of the forehead. The turban is dyed of a dark indigo blue, and is mostly decorated with a vast number of charms, sewed in little leathern cases.

Their horses, though small, are very handsome, and are quite strong enough to carry the light and active men who ride them. They are kept in admirable condition, and are fed almost entirely on camel's milk, which they take both fresh and when clotted. This diet suits them admirably, and the animals are in excellent condition.

The Tibboos stand in great dread of the Arabs, who plunder them unmercifully when they have the chance. They are better riders and better mounted than their foes; but they do not possess fire-arms, which they look upon with absolute terror. Major Denham remarks that "five or six of them will go round and round a tree where an Arab has laid down his gun for a minute, stepping on tiptoe, as if afraid of disturbing it; talking to each other in whispers, as if the gun could understand their exclamations; and, I



(1.) SHOOA WOMEN.  
(See page 630.)



(2.) TUARICKS AND TIBBOOS.  
(See page 631.)



## CITIES OF REFUGE.

dare say, praying to it not to do them any injury as fervently as ever Man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe's musket."

Though they have no guns, they are more formidable warriors than they seem to know, hurling the spear with deadly aim and wonderful force. In throwing it, they do not raise the hand higher than the shoulder; and, as it leaves the hand, they give it a twist with the fingers that makes it spin like a rifle bullet. The shaft is elastic, and, when the blade strikes the ground, the shaft bends nearly double. One young man threw his spear a good eighty yards; and, as each man carries two of these spears, it may be imagined that even the Arabs, with all their fire-arms, are not much more than a match for the Tibboos. They also carry the strange missile-sword which has already been mentioned. The warriors carry bows and arrows, as well as two daggers, one about eighteen inches long, stuck in the belt, and the other only six inches in length, and fastened to the arm by a ring. The Tibboos metaphorically term the long dagger their gun, and the short one their pistol.

The dances of the Tibboo women are not in the least like those of the Shooas. Dancing is among them one of the modes of greeting an honored guest; and when a man of rank approaches, the women meet him with dances and songs, just as Jephthah's daughter met her victorious father, and the women of Israel met David after he had killed Goliath.

Nor are these dances the slow, gliding movements with which we generally associate Oriental dances. The women display very great activity, and fling themselves about in an astonishing manner. They begin by swaying their heads, arms, and bodies from side to side, but gradually work themselves up to a great pitch of excitement, leaping in the air, gnashing their teeth, whirling their arms about, and seeming to be in a perfect frenzy.

Some of the Tibboo settlements, or villages, are ingeniously placed on the tops of rocks with almost perpendicular sides. The situation is an inconvenient one, but it is useful in warding off the attacks of the Tuaricks, who make raids upon the unfortunate Tibboos, sweep off all the cattle and other property that they can find, and carry away the inhabitants to be sold as slaves, sparing neither age nor sex. Consequently, as soon as the Tibboos have warning of the approach of their enemies, they take refuge on the top of the rock, carrying with them all their portable property, draw up the ladders by which they ascend, and abandon the cattle to the invaders.

Partly on this account, and partly from natural carelessness, the Tibboos are almost regardless of personal appearance, and even

their sultan, when he went to meet Major Denham, though he had donned in honor of his guests a new scarlet bermouze, wore it over a filthy checked shirt; and his cap and turban, which purported to be white, were nearly as black as the hair of the wearer.

One might have thought that the continual sufferings which they undergo at the hands of the Tuaricks would have taught the Tibboos kindness to their fellow creatures, whereas there are no people more reckless of inflicting pain. The Tibboo slave-dealers are notorious for the utter indifference to the sufferings of their captives whom they are conveying to the market, even though they lose many of them by their callous neglect. They often start on their journey with barely one quarter the proper amount of provisions or water, and then take their captives over wide deserts, where they fall from exhaustion, and are left to die. The skeletons of slaves strew the whole of the road. As the traveller passes along, he sometimes hears his horse's feet crashing among the dried and brittle bones of the dead. Even round the wells lie hundreds of skeletons, the remains of those who had reached the water, but had been too much exhausted to be revived by it. In that hot climate the skin of the dead person dries and shrivels under the sun like so much horn, and in many cases the features of the dead are preserved. Careless even of the pecuniary loss which they had suffered, the men who accompanied Major Denham only laughed when they recognized the faces of the shrivelled skeletons, and knocked them about with the butts of their weapons, laughing the while, and making jokes upon their present value in the market.

The Tibboos are, from their slight and active figures, good travellers, and are employed as couriers to take messages from Bornu to Moorzuk, a task which none but a Tibboo will undertake. Two are sent in company, and so dangerous is the journey, that they do not expect that both will return in safety. They are mounted on the swiftest dromedaries, and are furnished with parched corn, a little brass basin, a wooden bowl, some dried meat, and two skins of water. Not only do they have to undergo the ordinary perils of travel, such as the hot winds, the sand-storms, and the chance of perishing by thirst, but they also run great risk of being killed by Arab robbers, who would not dare to attack a caravan, but are glad of the opportunity of robbing defenceless travellers.

Such events do frequently occur, and the consequence is that the Tibboos and the Arabs are in perpetual feuds, each murdering one of the enemy whenever he gets a chance, and reckoning each man killed as a point on his own side.



## THE TUARICKS.

WE ought, before leaving the Tibboos, to give a few words to their enemies the Tuaricks. These are emphatically a nation of thieves, never working themselves, and gaining the whole of their subsistence by robbing those who do labor. They do not even plant or sow, and their whole education consists in the art of robbery, in the management of the dromedary, and the handling of the spear. They live in tents, which are something like those of the ordinary Bedouin Arabs, and have, like our gipsies, a supreme contempt for all who are so degraded as to live in houses and congregate in cities. In the engraving No. 2 on page 631, the artist has illustrated the characteristics of the Tuaricks and Tibboos.

Like the gipsies, the Tuaricks have their own language, into which they have only inserted occasional words of Arabic, and they have their own written alphabet, in which several letters are exactly the same as some of the Roman characters, though they do not express the same sounds, such as the H, the S, and the W. There are also the Greek  $\epsilon$  and  $\alpha$ , and the Hebrew  $\aleph$ , while several letters are composed of dots grouped in various ways. These letters are either written from right to left, as the Arabic, or *vice versâ*, as European languages, or perpendicularly, as the Chinese; and in their country almost every large stone is engraved with Tuarick characters. Yet they have no literature, and assert that no book exists in their language. In sound the Tuarick language is harsh, but it is expressive, and seems to be capable of strength.

In their manners the Tuaricks are grave and sedate, and before Denham and Clapperton visited them they were carefully lectured by the guide on their proper behavior, the demeanor of Captain Clapperton being considered too cheerful and humorous to suit the grave Tuaricks. This applies only to the men, the women being lively and amusing. They are very fond of singing, joining in little bands for the purpose, and continuing their songs until midnight. The men, however, never sing, considering the song to be essentially a feminine amusement, and, probably for the same reason, they are never heard to recite poetry like most Orientals. The women wear the usual striped blue and white dress, and they mostly carry earrings made of shells. Wives are conveniently valued at six camels each; and whether on account of their value, or whether from an innate courtesy, the men treat their wives with respect, and permit them a freedom of manner which denotes the admission of equality.

The depredations of the Tuaricks have

been mentioned when treating of the Tibboos, on whom the chief brunt of their attacks seems to fall. That they carry off all the cattle, and would seize even the Tibboos themselves for slaves, is a standing and reasonable grievance. But even the constant fear of these attacks does not seem to anger the Tibboos so much as the raids which the Tuaricks make on their salt-market. In the Tibboo country there are some large salt marshes, which are extremely valuable to the owners, salt being a marketable commodity, fetching a high price, indeed being itself used as a sort of currency; a cylinder of coarse brown salt, weighing eleven pounds, being worth four or five dollars. The purified salt, which they obtain in a beautifully clear and white state, is put into baskets, and brings a correspondingly high price.

Not choosing to take the trouble of procuring salt for themselves, the Tuaricks supply themselves as well as their market by robbing the Tibboos, and in one season these robbers carried off twenty thousand bags of salt, selling the greater part in the Soudan market. The Tibboos were particularly enraged at this proceeding. It was bad enough to have their property stolen, but it was still worse to take their remaining salt to the market, and then find that the price had fallen in consequence of the Tuaricks having filled the market with the twenty thousand bags which they had stolen, and which they could therefore afford to sell at a very low price.

Among these people medicine and surgery are necessarily at a very low ebb, shampooing and cauterizing being the chief remedies for almost every complaint. One man who was suffering from an enlarged spleen was advised to undergo the operation, and was laid on his back and firmly held down by five or six assistants. An iron was heated in the fire, and three spots burned on his side, just under the ribs. Each spot was about as large as a sixpence.

The iron was then replaced in the fire, and, while it was being heated, the assistants punched him in the side with their thumbs, asking whether the pressure hurt him; and, as their hard thumbs bruised his flesh, he was obliged to admit that it did hurt him. So four more scars were made, close to the others. He was then burned on his face, and three large scars burned near the spine; and, by way of making the cure quite complete, a large burn was made on his neck, just above the collar-bone. The poor man endured the torture with great patience, and, when the operation was over, he drank a draught of water, and went on as usual with the camels.

## THE BEGHARMIS.

WE now come to the curious Begharmi kingdom, between which and Bornu there rages a perpetual warfare. War was the ancient custom in 1824, when Denham and Clapperton visited the country, and many years afterward, when Dr. Barth travelled through the district, it was going on as fiercely as ever. Indeed, if they could, each kingdom would exterminate the other, and, even as it is, great loss of life takes place by the continual battles, in which no quarter is given, except to those prisoners who are to be qualified for the harem. Consequently, the wives of the Bornuan sultan are guarded by Begharmi eunuchs, and those of the Begharmi sultan by Bornuese.

Even the Bornuan sheikh had yielded to the prevailing custom, and maintained thirty of these unfortunate individuals. Major Denham saw about a dozen of them shortly after their admission, and evidently showed pity by his countenance. The chief, seeing this, exclaimed, "Why, Christian, what signifies all this? They are only Begharmis! dogs! Kaffirs! enemies! They ought to have been cut in four quarters alive; and now they will drink coffee, eat sugar, and live in a palace all their lives."

When Dr. Barth visited Begharmi, the sultan was absent on one of his warlike expeditions, and it was some time before he was allowed to proceed to Mussena, the capital. At last he did so, and had an opportunity of seeing the sultan return after his expedition, in which he had been victorious. First rode the lieutenant-governor, surrounded by his horsemen, and next came another officer, behind whom was borne a long and peculiarly-formed spear, connected in some way with their religion. After him rode the commander-in-chief, and then the sultan himself, riding on a gray horse, wearing a yellow berouise, and sheltered from the sun by two umbrellas, one green and one yellow, held over him by slaves. He was continually cooled by six slaves wielding long ostrich-feather fans, and having their right arms clothed in iron armor; and around him rode a few of the principal chiefs.

Then came the war camel, bearing the battle-drums, which were vigorously belabored by the drummer. Next came a long line of the sultan's wives, clothed in black; then the baggage, and then the soldiers. Prisoners are led in the triumphal procession, and are taken to the harem, where they are insulted by the inmates. The handsomest among them are selected for the service of the harem, and the remainder are put to death.

In this case the Begharmi sultan had been victorious; but in one battle witnessed by Major Denham the Bornuese won the day,

the sheikh having arranged his few fire-arms with such skill that the Begharmis, nearly five thousand strong, fell back in confusion, and were at once attacked by the Bornuan horse, who are ready enough to fight when the enemy seems to be running away. The slaughter was enormous, considering the number of the combatants. Of the two hundred Begharmi chiefs who came into the field, only one was said to have escaped, seven sons of the sultan were killed, together with some seventeen hundred soldiers, while many more were reported to have been murdered after the battle was over. They also lost nearly five hundred horses, and nearly two hundred women, who, according to the odd custom of the land, followed their lords to battle.

In the greater part of the country, as well as at Loggum, the houses are built in a very curious manner, being composed of cell within cell, like a nest of pill-boxes. This curious architecture is intended to keep out the flies, which at some seasons of the year swarm in such numbers that even the inhabitants dare not move out of their houses for several hours in the day. Major Denham would not believe the story until it was corroborated by the appearance of one of his men, who imprudently ventured into the open air, and came back with his eyes and head swollen up, and so bitten that he was laid up for three days.

The Begharmis, though they are always at war with the Bornuese, resemble them in so many points that a detailed description is not needed, and we will only glance at a few of their peculiarities.

As we have mentioned the constant warfare in which they are engaged, we will give a few words to the remarkable cavalry force which forms the chief strength of the Begharmi army. These men present a most remarkable appearance, as may be seen by reference to the illustration No. 1 on page 638. They carry a most curious spear, with a double head, something like a pitchfork with flattened prongs.

The most remarkable point is, however, the armor with which the Begharmi lancer is defended. It is made of quilted cloth or cotton, and is almost exactly identical with the quilted armor worn by the Chinese, and which caused the miserable deaths of so many soldiers by the cotton taking fire from the flash of their own muskets. The whole of the body and limbs of the rider are covered with this armor, while he wears on his head a helmet of the same material; and his horse is defended as well as himself. Although useless against fire-arms, the cotton quilting is proof against arrows, and is therefore useful in guarding the soldier against the poisoned weapons of his foes.

As this armor, though light, is very cumbersome, it is seldom worn except in actual combat, or when the general reviews his troops; and it may be doubted whether it is not such an impediment, both to horse and soldier, that the troops would be more efficient without it. Perhaps the confidence which it inspires is its chief use, after all. These men are always employed as heavy horse, to protect the van and guard the rear of the army, the archers being stationed just behind them, and shooting whenever they find a chance. The saddle is as awkward as the armor, rising both in front and behind to such a height that the soldier could hardly fall to the ground even if he were killed. In front it forms a sort of little table, on which the soldier can rest his bridle-arm, which might be fatigued with holding the reins and lifting the sleeve of the quilted coat.

The Begharmis may be almost reckoned as negroes, their skins being black, and their faces having much of the flatness and thickness of the negro. They are powerful and active men, and the sultans of other countries pride themselves on their trained Begharmi wrestlers, these men being chosen for their gigantic stature and well-knit muscles.

When two athletes contend, it is no child's play, the vanquished being sometimes killed on the spot, and frequently maimed for life. Their masters have a positive monomania on the subject, and urge on the wrestlers by loud cries, promising great rewards to the victor, and threatening the severest punishment to the vanquished. The great object of the wrestlers is to catch the opponent by the hips, and so to lift him off his feet and dash him to the ground. The master cares nothing for a wrestler who has been once conquered; and a man for whom his owner would refuse a couple of hundred dollars in the morning may be sold for a fiftieth of the sum before night.

Similar to these combats are the boxing-matches, in which the negroes from Haussa are thought to be the best that can be obtained. A spirited account of one of these matches is given by Major Denham:—

"Having heard a great deal of the boxers of Haussa, I was anxious to witness their performance. Accordingly I sent one of my servants last night to offer 2,000 whydah for a pugilistic exhibition in the morning. As the death of one of the combatants is almost certain before a battle is over, I expressly prohibited all fighting in earnest; for it would have been disgraceful, both to myself and my country, to hire men to kill one another for the gratification of idle curiosity.

"About half an hour after the 'massu-dubu' were gone, the boxers arrived, attended by two drums and the whole body of butchers, who here compose 'the fancy.' A ring was soon formed by the master of the

ceremonies throwing dust on the spectators to make them stand back. The drummers entered the ring, and began to drum lustily. One of the boxers followed, quite naked, except a skin round the middle. He placed himself in an attitude as if to oppose an antagonist, and wrought his muscles into action, seemingly to find out that every sinew was in full power for the approaching combat; then, coming from time to time to the side of the ring, and presenting his right arm to the bystanders, he said, 'I am a hyæna'—'I am a lion'—'I am able to kill all that oppose me.' The spectators to whom he presented himself laid their hands on his shoulder, repeating, 'The blessing of God be upon thee'—'thou art a hyæna'—'thou art a lion.' He then abandoned the ring to another, who showed off in the same manner.

"The right arm and hand of the pugilists were then bound with narrow country cloth, beginning with a fold round the middle finger; when, the hand being first clenched with the thumb between the fore and mid fingers, the cloth was passed in many turns round the fist, the wrist, and the forearm.

"After about twenty had separately gone through their attitudes of defiance and appeals to the bystanders, they were next brought forward by pairs. If they happened to be friends, they laid their left breasts together twice, and exclaimed, 'We are lions'—'We are friends.' One then left the ring, and another was brought forward. If the two did not recognize one another as friends, the set-to immediately commenced.

"On taking their stations, the two pugilists first stood at some distance, parrying with the left hand open, and, whenever opportunity offered, striking with the right. They generally aimed at the pit of the stomach and under the ribs. Whenever they closed, one seized the other's head under his arm, and beat it with his fist, at the same time striking with his knee between his antagonist's thighs. In this position, with the head 'in chancery,' they are said sometimes to attempt to gouge or scoop out one of the eyes. When they break loose, they never fail to give a swinging blow with the heel under the ribs, or sometimes under the left ear. It is these blows that are so often fatal.

"The combatants were repeatedly separated by my orders, as they were beginning to lose their temper. When this spectacle was heard of, girls left their pitchers at the wells, the market-people threw down their baskets, and all ran to see the fight. The whole square before my house was crowded to excess. After six pairs had gone through several rounds, I ordered them, to their great satisfaction, the promised reward, and the multitude quietly dispersed."

The Begharmi women are good dancers,





(1.) BEGHARMI LANCERS. (See page 635.)



(2.) MUSGU CHIEF. (See page 620.)  
(688)

their movements being gentle and graceful. They make much use of their hands, sometimes crossing them on their breasts, sometimes clasping them together, and sometimes just pressing the tips of the fingers against those of the opposite hand. As they

dance, they sing in low and plaintive tones, swinging the body backward and forward, and bending the head from side to side, ending by sinking softly on the ground, and covering their faces.

### MUSGU.

NEARLY, if not quite equal to the Begharmis in stature and strength are the MUSGU tribe, which inhabit a district of Mandara. In consequence of their fine proportions, Musgu slaves are greatly valued by the surrounding nations, and are employed in various ways. The sultans and great chiefs are fond of having their male Musgu slaves as wrestlers; and next in interest to a match between two Begharmis is a contest between a Begharmi and a Musgu wrestler.

The female slaves are proportionately strong, but they are never purchased by the Fezzan traders, because they lack beauty of feature as much as they possess strength of muscle. Their faces are large and ugly, and they have a custom of wearing a silver ornament in the lower lip. This ornament is about as large as a shilling, and is worn exactly after the fashion of the "pelele," which has already been described and figured. In order to make room for this ugly appendage, the women knock out the two middle teeth of the lower jaw, and, in process of time, the lip is dragged down by the inserted metal, and has a very horrid and repulsive appearance. Their hair is dressed like that of the Bornu women, *i. e.* one large plait or roll from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and two others on each side.

They are very trustworthy, and are set to laborious tasks, from which weaker slaves would shrink. They do all the agricultural work, — digging the ground, planting the seed, and carrying home the crops. They also perform the office of watchers, by night as well as by day, and there is scarcely a year passes that one or two of these patient creatures are not carried off by the lions, who creep up to them under shelter of the corn, and then spring upon them.

The men are equally ugly. Only the chiefs wear any clothing, and even they are seldom clad in anything more than a goat-skin or leopard's hide, hung over the shoulders so as to bring the head of the animal on the wearer's breast. Their heads are covered with rather strange-looking caps, and their hair, as it straggles from under the caps, is thick and bristly. They wear on their arms large rings of bone or ivory, and round their necks hang trophies of their valor, being necklaces made of the strung teeth of slain enemies. They paint their bodies with red, and stain their teeth of the same color, so that they present a sin-

gularly wild and savage appearance. They are mounted on small but strong and active horses, which they ride without saddles and almost without bridles, a slight piece of cord being tied halter-wise round the animal's muzzle.

Their weapons consist mostly of the spear and the missile knives, similar to those which have been already described. The inferior men, though they are mounted, and carry the same weapons as the chief, wear no clothing except a leather girdle round the waist, and the same light attire is worn by the women. Though so liable to be enslaved themselves, they are great slave-dealers; and when they pay tribute to the sultan of Mandara, or wish to make a peace-offering, the greater part of it consists of slaves, both male and female.

In illustration No. 2, page 638, is seen a Musgu chief going to battle. He is one of the very great chiefs, as is shown from the fact that he wears a robe instead of a skin. In his right hand is a spear, and in his left a couple of the missile knives. Behind him ride his soldiers, naked men on naked horses. In the background is seen a party of women engaged in the water, with which element they are very familiar and are not kept out of it by any fear of wetting their clothes. Near them is one of the mound-like tombs under which a dead chief has been buried — the Musguese being almost the only African tribe who erect such a monument.

The huts are seen a little farther back, and near them are two of the remarkable granaries, covered with projecting ornaments, and mostly kept so well filled that marauders are nearly as anxious to sack the granaries as to steal the people. On the branches of the trees is a quantity of grass which has been hung there to dry in the sun, and to be used as hay for the horses.

When Major Denham was near the Musgu territory, he was told that these strange and wild-looking people were Christians. He said that they could not be so, because they had just begged of him the carcass of a horse which had died during the night, and were at that time busily employed in eating it. The man, however, adhered to his opinion, saying that, although he certainly never had heard that Christians ate horse-flesh, they did eat swine's-flesh, and that was infinitely more disgusting.

These people were unwittingly the cause of great loss to the Bornuese and Mandaras. The Arabs who had accompanied Denham and Clapperton from Tripoli were very anxious, before returning home, to make a raid on their own account, and bring back a number of Musgu slaves. The sheikh of Bornu thought that this would be a good opportunity of utilizing the fire-arms of the Arabs against the warlike and unyielding Fellatahs, and sent them off together with three thousand of his own troops.

As had been anticipated, when they reached Mandara, the sultan would not allow them to attack Musgu, which he looked upon as his own particular slave-preserve, but added some of his own troops to those of the Bornuan sheikh, and sent them to capture as many Fellatahs as they liked, doing them the honor of accompanying the expedition in person. It is also evident that both the sultan and the sheikh disliked as well as feared the Arabs, and were very willing to turn to account the terrible weapons which they carried, and by means of which they had made themselves so overbearing and disagreeable.

When they reached the first Fellatah town and attacked it, they found it to be strongly defended with *chevaux de frise* of sharpened stakes six feet in height, behind which were stationed their archers, who poured showers of poisoned arrows on the invaders. The Arabs, after a struggle, carried the fence and pursued the Fellatahs up the hill. Here they were received with more arrows, brought to the archers by the women, and with stones rolled down the hill. Had the Bornu and Mandara soldiers pushed forward, the whole town must have been taken, instead of which they prudently kept out of range of the poisoned arrows. The Fellatahs, seeing their cowardice, then assumed the offensive, whereupon the Bornu and Mandara soldiers at once ran away, headed by the sultan, who would have laid claim to the town had the Arabs taken it. The whole force was routed with great loss, the Bornu leader—a truly brave man—was killed with a poisoned arrow, and Major Denham was severely wounded, stripped of all his clothes, and barely escaped with his life.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### ABYSSINIA.

ABYSSINIA, THE LAND OF MYSTERY—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THE KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN—THE THREE ABYSSINIAN DISTRICTS OR KINGDOMS—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE ABYSSINIANS—DRESS OF THE MEN—THE QUARRY AND THE TROUSERS—GOING TO BED—THE DINO AND ITS FASHIONS—MEN'S ORNAMENTS—HOW THE JEWELLER IS PAID—WEAPONS OF THE ABYSSINIANS—THE SWORD OR SHOTEL, AND ITS SINGULAR FORM AND USES—THE SPEAR AND MODE OF KEEPING IT IN ORDER—THE SHIELD AND ITS ORNAMENTS—APPEARANCE OF A MOUNTED CHIEF—SWORDSMANSHIP—THE ABYSSINIAN AS A SOLDIER—DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN—THEIR ORNAMENTS—TATTOOING—MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR—THE ABYSSINIAN PILLOW.

ABYSSINIA is one of the most wonderful nations on the face of the earth. It was long a land of mystery, in which the unicorn and the lion held their deadly combats, in which dragons flapped their scaly wings through the air, in which the mountains were of gold and the river-beds paved with diamonds, and, greatest marvel of all, in which Prester John, the priest and king, held his court, a Christian Solomon of the Middle Ages.

In this last tale there was this amount of truth, that a Christian Church existed in Abyssinia—a Church of extreme antiquity, which has remained to the present day, having accommodated itself in a most remarkable manner to the race-characteristics of the people. Setting aside the interest which has been excited in Abyssinia by the successful march of a British force to the military capital, Abyssinia deserves description in this volume. At first sight it would appear that a Christian country would find no place in a work which has nothing to do with civilization; but, as we proceed with the account, we shall find that Christianity in Abyssinia has done scarcely anything to civilize the nation, as we understand the word, and, instead of extirpating the savage customs of the people, has in a strange manner existed alongside of them, if such a term may be used.

It is my purpose in the following pages to give a succinct description of the uncivil-

ized manners and customs of the Abyssinians, together with a brief account of that peculiar system of Christianity which could survive for nearly fifteen hundred years, and yet leave the people in a scarcely better moral state than if they had never heard the name of Christ.

LIKE many other large communities, the great Abyssinian nation is composed of several elements, differing as much from each other as the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh, and the other mixed races who together form the English nation. In Abyssinia, however, these different elements have not fused themselves so much together as is the case with this kingdom, and each principality is independent, having its own ruler and its own laws.

That such a state of things is injurious to the interests of the kingdom is evident to all students of history, and we find that every great ruler has attempted to unite them under one head. The peculiar character of the Africans is, however, strong in these people; and as soon as the strong hand that held them together is removed, they fly asunder, and resume their individuality. To the Abyssinian kingdom may be well applied the familiar epigram of a "concurrency of antagonistic atoms."

Their native name, "Häbäsh," of which our word Abyssinia is a corruption, signifies "mixture," and is exceedingly appropriate



to them. Among the many mixtures which compose the Abyssinian nation, the natives reckon a considerable Jewish element. They say that the Sheba of Scripture was Abyssinia, and that their queen went to visit Solomon for the express purpose of introducing the blood of so eminent a sovereign into the royal succession of Abyssinia. She waited till she had borne a son, and through that son the successive kings of Abyssinia believe themselves to be lineal descendants of Solomon. Whether this story be true or not, it is thoroughly in consonance with the very lax morality of Abyssinian females. When the queen returned to her own country, she was followed by a number of Jews, and they say that at the time of the destruction of the Temple, and the captivity, a great multitude of fugitives followed their compatriots, and took refuge in Abyssinia.

Numbers of Greeks and Portuguese have at different times taken up their residence in Abyssinia, and, like the immigrant Jews, been absorbed into the country, so that the native name of Habash is seen to be well deserved.

Three of the districts or sub-kingdoms have the best claim to the title of Abyssinia, and are inhabited by Christians of that peculiar kind to which allusion has just been made. The first is the Tigré (pronounced Teegray) country, which takes its name as a province from a small district to which this name belongs. It extends to the Red Sea on the east, and to the Taccazy River on the west, and has a rather uncertain range between lat. 15° and 12° N. It is divided from Nubia by a number of independent tribes, while some of the Gallas and other tribes are on its northern boundary.

Westward of the Taccazy lies the second kingdom or province, called Amhara, in the middle of which is situated the city of Gondar; and the third is Shooa, which lies southward of Tigré and Amhara, and, strangely enough, is separated from them by Gallas and other tribes.

Of these three districts, Tigré seems to afford the best characteristic of the Abyssinians, and therefore the chief part of the account will be devoted to the Tigréans. Among these people Mr. Mansfield Parkyns lived for a considerable time, and to him we are indebted for the greater part of our information concerning this remarkable nation.

As a rule, the Abyssinians are of moderate stature, rather below than above the English average. Mr. Parkyns saw one or two men who attained the height of six feet two inches, but remarks that such examples were very rare.

As is often the case with Africans, the complexion is exceedingly variable, sometimes being of a very pale coppery brown, and sometimes almost as dark as the negro. This variation, which is often the effect of locality, is attributed by Mr. Parkyns to the

mixture of races. As, moreover, marriages are of the loosest description in Abyssinia, Christian though it be, a man may be often seen with a number of children by different wives, all unlike each other in point of complexion; a brother and sister, for example, being totally dissimilar, one short and black as a negro, and the other tall and fair as an European.

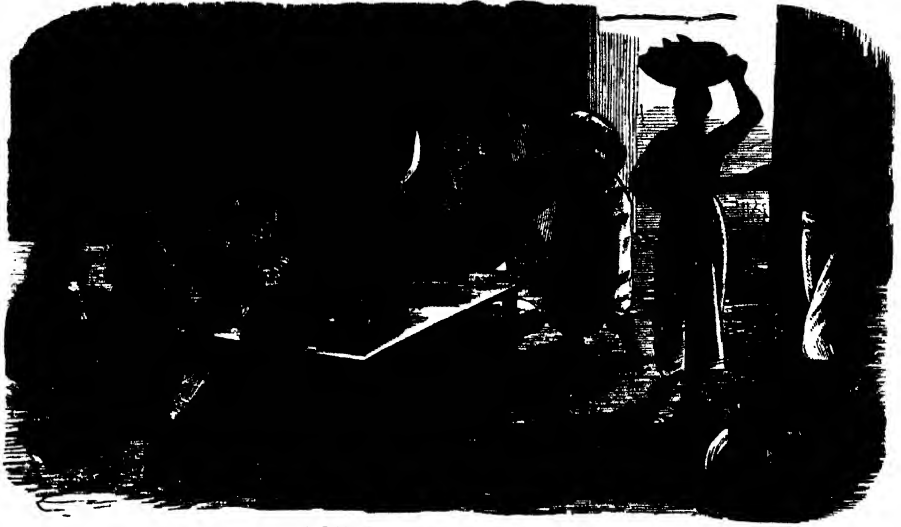
The negro element seems to expend itself chiefly in color, the peculiarity of the negro form having been nearly obliterated by continual mixture with other races. Now and then the negro conformation of leg shows itself, but even this evidence is rather uncommon.

The women of the higher class are remarkable for their beauty, not only of feature but of form, and possess singularly small and pretty hands and feet, all of which beauties their style of dress exhibits freely. Their features are almost of the European type, and the eyes are exceedingly large and beautiful—so large, indeed, that an exact drawing would have the appearance of exaggeration to persons who are unaccustomed to them. It is said, indeed, that the only women who can be compared with the Abyssinians are the French half-caste of the Mauritius. The engraving No. 2 on the next page will give a good idea of the features and general appearance of the Abyssinians.

Beginning at the top, we have first a profile view of a woman's head, to show the elaborate way in which the hair is plaited and arranged. Next comes a front view of a head, showing the appearance of the hair as it is teased and combed out before plaiting. The third figure gives a view of the head and bust of a lady of rank. This is drawn to show another mode of arranging the hair, as well as the elaborate tattoo with which the women love to decorate every inch of the body and limbs from the neck to the tips of the fingers and toes.

Below are the portraits of two men. One, a priest, has covered his shaven head with a white turban, the mark of the priesthood among the Abyssinians, among whom the laity wear no head covering save their highly-decorated and well-greased locks. The second portrait is the profile view of a man, and gives a good idea of the cast of countenance. The reader may scarcely believe that the Abyssinians have been cited by a certain school of philanthropists as examples of the intellectual capability of the negro.

Next to the personal appearance of the Abyssinians comes their dress. Varying slightly in different parts of the country, and changing in some of its details according to the fashion of the day, the dress of the Abyssinians is essentially the same throughout the kingdom. The principal articles of dress are trousers, and a large mantle or "quarry."



(1.) DINNER PARTY. (See page 656.)



(2.) ABYSSINIAN HEADS. (See page 642.)



The trousers are of soft cotton, and of two kinds, the one descending some three inches below the knee, and the other terminating the same distance above it. The trousers are very tight, and an Abyssinian dandy will wear them of so very close a fit that to get them on is nearly an hour's work.

Round the waist is rolled the sash or belt, about one yard in width. This is also of cotton, and varies in length according to the fineness of the material. A common belt will be about fifteen yards in length, but a very fine one, which only contains the same amount of material, will be from fifty to sixty yards long. From thirty to forty yards is the ordinary length for an Abyssinian gentleman's belt. It is put on by holding the end with one hand to the side, and getting a friend to spread it with his hands, while the wearer turns round and round, and so winds himself up in the belt, just as our officers did when the long silk sashes were worn round the waist.

These belts are not only useful in preserving health, but act as defensive armor in a country where all the men are armed, and where they are apt to quarrel terribly as soon as they are excited by drink. Even in war-time, the belt often protects the wearer from a blow which he has only partially guarded with his shield.

Like the trousers and belt, the mantle or "quarry" is made of cotton, and is very fine and soft. It is made in a rather curious manner. The ordinary quarry consists of three pieces of cotton cloth, each fifteen feet long by three wide, and having at each end a red stripe, some five or six inches in width. These are put together after a rather curious and complicated manner. "One is first taken and doubled carefully, so that the red stripes of each end come exactly together. A second piece is then taken, and also folded, but inside out, and one half of it laid under and the other half over the first piece, so that the four red borders now come together. One edge of this quadruple cloth is then sewed from top to bottom, and the last-mentioned piece is turned back, so that the two together form one double cloth of two breadths. The third piece is now added in a similar manner, the whole forming a 'quarry' which, lest any reader should have got confused with the above description, is a white double cloth, with a red border near the bottom only." A completed quarry is seven feet six inches long, by nine feet wide. The quarries are seldom washed more than once a year, and, in consequence of the abundant grease used in the Abyssinian toilet, they become horribly dirty. The natives, however, rather admire this appearance. An Abyssinian dandy despises a clean quarry, and would no more wash his mantle than a fashionable lady would bleach a piece of old lace.

There are different qualities of quarry, the best being made of materials so fine that six pieces are required, and it is folded four times double. The colored stripe at the edge is of red, yellow, and blue silk, neatly worked together. It is worn in various modes, the most usual resembling that in which a Highlander wears his plaid, so as to leave the right arm at liberty.

The quarry forms the sleeping costume of the Abyssinians, who take off their trousers, and roll themselves up so completely in their mantles that they cover up their entire bodies, limbs, and heads. When they arrange themselves for the night, they contrive to remove their trousers, and even their belts, without exposing themselves in the least; and when we remember the extreme tightness of the former article of dress, and the inordinate length of the latter, it is a matter of some surprise that the feat should be accomplished so cleverly.

Married persons pack themselves up in a similar manner, but in pairs, their mantles forming a covering for the two. It is very curious to see how they manage to perform this seemingly impossible task. They seat themselves side by side, the man on the woman's right hand, and place the short end of the quarry under them. The long end is then thrown over their heads, and under its shelter the garments are removed. The quarry is rolled tightly round the couple, and they are ready for repose.

So large a mantle is, of course, inconvenient on a windy day, and in battle would be a fatal encumbrance. On the former occasion it is confined to the body by a short, cape-like garment called the "dino" or "lem'l," and in war the quarry is laid aside, and the dino substituted for it. The dino is often a very elaborate garment, made of cloth, velvet, or, more frequently, the skin of some animal, cut in a peculiar manner so as to leave eight strips pendent from the lower edge by way of a fringe.

The skins of the lion and black leopard are most esteemed, and are only worn on gala days by chiefs and very great warriors. They are lined with scarlet cloth, and are fitted with a number of amulets which appear in front of the breast. A dino made of the black-maned lion skin will often be valued at eight or ten pounds, while a common one will scarcely cost one-tenth of that amount. A very favorite skin is that of the unborn calf, which takes a soft lustre like that of velvet, and accordingly can only be worn by dandies who are rich enough to purchase it, or kill a cow for the sake of this skin. An ordinary calf-skin is contemned, and would only be worn by a man of the lowest class. A peculiar kind of sheep is kept by the Abyssinians for the sake of its wool, which is sometimes more than two feet in length.

The sheep lead a very artificial life, are

kept day and night on couches, are fed with meat and milk, and their fleeces washed and combed regularly as if they were ladies' lap-dogs. The result of this treatment is, that they have beautiful fleeces, which are worth from twenty to thirty shillings each, but their flesh is utterly useless for consumption, being very small in quantity, and offensive in quality. The fleeces are generally dyed black, that being a fashionable color in Abyssinia.

The skin of the hyæna or the dog is never used for clothing, and the natives have a superstitious fear of the red jackal, thinking that if they should be wounded while wearing a dino of jackal skin, one of the hairs might enter the wound, and so prove fatal to the sufferer. The leopard skin is never worn by ordinary Abyssinians, being exclusively used by the Gallas and Shooas, and by a certain set of dervishes called the Zae-châri.

Contrary to the habit of most African nations, the men wear but few ornaments, those which they employ being almost always signs of valor. Amulets are found on almost every man, and many of them wear whole strings of these sacred articles, crossed over the shoulders and falling as low as the knees. Most Abyssinians carry a pair of tweezers for extracting thorns from the feet and legs, and the wealthier among them place their tweezers in a highly ornamented silver case, which is hung from the handle of the sword.

Whenever an Abyssinian is seen wearing a silver chain, he is known to have killed an elephant, while those who have distinguished themselves in battle are known by a sort of silver bracelet, which extends from the wrist nearly as far as the elbow. It opens longitudinally by hinges, and is fastened with a clasp. This ornament is called the "bitoa," and is often very elegantly engraved, and adorned with gilded patterns. The silversmiths who make these and similar articles are rather oddly treated. They are considered as slaves, are not allowed to leave the country, and yet are treated with considerable kindness, save and except the payment for their labor.

Consequently, the silversmith, finding that he has to wait a very long time for his money, and probably will not get it at all, is forced to pay himself by embezzling a quantity of the gold and silver which are given him for the manufacture of the bracelet, and substituting an equal amount of less precious metal. Mr. Parkyns mentions that he has known a man to receive silver equal to thirty sequins, and to use in the work rather less than eight. Many of these bracelets are ornamented with little bell-like pieces of silver round the edge, which tinkle and clash as the wearer moves. Similar bells are attached to a sort of silver coronet worn by very great men, and, together with the

silver chains to which they are attached, hang over the ears and neck of the wearer.

As to the weapons of the Abyssinians, they consist chiefly of the sword, spear, and shield. In later days fire-arms have been introduced, but, as this work treats only of the uncivilized part of mankind, these weapons will not be reckoned in the Abyssinian armory.

The sword, or "Shotel," is a very oddly-shaped weapon. The blade is nearly straight for some two feet, and then turns suddenly like a sickle, but with a more angular bend. The edge is on the inside, and this peculiar form is intended for striking downward over the enemy's shield. In order to give weight to the blow, the blade is much wider and heavier toward the point than at the hilt. As if this form of blade did not make the sword feeble enough, the hilt is so constructed that it prevents all play of the wrist. The handle is made of a pyramidal piece of rhinoceros horn, five inches wide at one end, and three at the other. It is made into the proper shape for a handle by cutting out semicircular pieces along the sides, leaving the four sharp corners in their previous form. When the sword is grasped, one of the four angles must come under the wrist, so that if the weapon were allowed to play freely, as in ordinary swordsmanship, the point would be driven into the wrist.

As with the natives of Southern Africa, the Abyssinians prefer soft iron to tempered steel, the former admitting of being straightened when bent, but the latter being apt to snap. The sword is always hung on the right side, in order to be out of the way of the shield, especially when, as in travelling, it is swung backward and forward with the play of the left arm.

The sheath of the sword is made of leather or red morocco, and is ornamented by the great men with a number of silver plates. At the end of the sheath is a metal ball, called "lomita." This curious ornament is mostly of silver, and is almost as large as a billiard ball. The sword-belt is of the same material as the scabbard.

The spear is from six to seven feet in length, and the head is squared like that of a pike. The four sides are mostly grooved, so that the head of the weapon looks something like a quadrangular bayonet. This spear is used both as a lance and as a javelin, a good soldier being able to strike a man at thirty or forty yards' distance. The cavalry always carry two spears, one of which is thrown, and the other retained to be used as a lance. They have rather a curious mode of using the lance, aiming it at the adversary as if they meant to throw it, but only letting the shaft slip through the hand, and catching it by the butt.

The shafts of the spears are very neatly made, and much pains are bestowed upon

them. They are made of very young trees, which are cleared of the bark by fire, and are then straightened and dried. This operation requires a very skilful manipulator, as, if the wood be too much dried, it is brittle and snaps; if irregularly heated, it never will remain straight; and if not dried sufficiently, it warps with every change of weather. When properly straightened, the shafts are greased and hung over the fire for several months, until they assume the proper reddish-yellow hue.

When not in use, each lance is kept in a sheath, to the top of which is fastened a loop by which it can be hung to the end of the cow's horn which does duty for a peg in Abyssinian houses, and which is just long enough to allow the lance to hang straight without touching the wall.

The Abyssinian shield is made of buffalo hide, and is strong enough to resist any sword cut, and to throw off a spear if received obliquely upon it. If, however, a good spear should strike the shield fairly, it will pierce it. In order to preserve the needful obliquity, the shield is made like the segment of a sphere, and has a projecting boss in the centre. The shield is almost always ornamented, the most valued decorations being the mane, tail, and paw of a lion, arranged in various ways according to the taste of the owner. To some shields is attached the skin of the Guereza monkey, which, with its bold contrast of long jetty-black and snowy-white hair, has really a striking and artistic effect. This, however, is always discarded when the native kills a lion.

Chiefs always have their shields nearly covered with silver plates and bosses, a fashion which is imitated in brass by the poorer soldiers. Still, if a common soldier had a good shield, he would not hide its beauties with brass plates. A chief is distinguished not only by his silver-mounted shield, but by his silver-plated sword-scabard. On his head he wears a silver frontlet, called "akodamir," having silver chains hanging from it, and a white feather stuck in the hair behind the frontlet. If a man of notable courage, he also wears the lion-skin dino.

Round the edge of the shield are pierced a number of holes, through which is passed the thong that suspends it to the wall when not in use. Each day, as it hangs on the wall, the owner takes it down and shifts the thong from one hole to another, so that the shield may not be warped, and lose its prized roundness. The shield must swing quite clear of the wall.

To a good swordsman the shield would be an encumbrance, and not a means of safety. On account of the necessity of holding out the shield with the left arm, the sword becomes of little value as an offensive weapon, the owner not daring to strike lest he should expose himself to a counter blow.

Whereas he who, like Fitz-James, finds his "blade both sword and shield," makes very light of an Abyssinian warrior's prowess. Mr. Parkyns says on this subject, that any ordinary swordsman, without a shield, can easily beat the best Abyssinian armed with sword and shield also. The best mode of fighting the Abyssinian warrior is to make a feint at his head. Up goes his heavy shield, which certainly guards his head, but prevents the owner from seeing that his adversary is making a sweeping cut at his legs. Should the cut 5 or 6 fall, make another feint at the head, and follow it up with a real blow. Anticipating a feint, the Abyssinian lowers his shield to protect his legs, and, as he does so, receives the edge of the sword full on his unprotected crown.

Although he is well armed, looks very fierce, and is of a quarrelsome disposition, the Abyssinian soldier is not remarkable for courage, and prefers boasting to fighting. He never seems to enter the battle with the idea of merely killing or routing the enemy, but is always looking out for trophies for himself. As with many nations, and as was the case with the Israelites in the earlier times, the Abyssinian mutilates a fallen enemy, and carries off a portion of his body as a trophy, which he can exhibit before his chief, and on which he can found a reputation for valor for the rest of his life.

So much do the Abyssinians prize this savage trophy that, just as American Indians have feigned death and submitted to the loss of their scalps without giving the least sign of life, men wounded in battle have suffered an even more cruel mutilation, and survived the injury. An Abyssinian has even been known to kill a comrade in order to secure this valued trophy, when he has been unable, either from mischance or want of courage, to kill an enemy.

WE come now to the women and their dress.

Young girls are costumed in the simplest possible style, namely, a piece of cotton stuff wrapped round the waist, and descending half way to the knee. Should the girl be rich enough to afford a large wrapper, she brings one end of it upward and throws it over the left shoulder. In Tigré the girls prefer a black goatskin, ornamented with cowries. A married woman wears a sort of loose shirt, and a mantle, or quarry, similar to that which is worn by the men, but of finer materials. Should she be able to own a mule, she wears trousers, which are very full at the waist, and decrease gradually to the ankle, where they fit like the skin.

As to their ornaments, they are so numerous as to defy description. That which costs the least, and is yet the most valued, is the tattoo, which is employed with a profusion worthy of the New Zealander. "The Tigréan ladies," so writes Mr. Par-

kyns, "tattoo themselves; though, as this mode of adorning the person is not common excepting among the inhabitants of the capital and persons who have passed some time there, I should judge it to be a fashion imported from the Amhara.

"The men seldom tattoo more than one ornament on the upper part of the arm, near the shoulder, while the women cover nearly the whole of their bodies with stars, lines, and crosses, often rather tastefully arranged. I may well say nearly the whole of their persons, for they mark the neck, shoulders, breasts, and arms, down to the fingers, which are enriched with lines, to imitate rings, nearly to the nails. The feet, ankles, and calves of the legs are similarly adorned, and even the gums are by some pricked entirely blue, while others have them striped alternately blue and the natural pink.

"To see some of their designs, one would give them credit for some skill in the handling their pencil; but, in fact, their system of drawing the pattern is purely mechanical. I had one arm adorned; a rather blind old woman was the artist; her implements consisted of a small pot of some sort of blacking, made, she told me, of charred herbs, a large home-made iron pin, about one-fourth of an inch at the end of which was ground fine, a bit or two of hollow cane, and a piece of straw. The two last-named items were her substitutes for pencils.

"Her circles were made by dipping the end of a piece of cane of the required size into the blacking, and making its impression on the skin; while an end of the straw, bent to the proper length, and likewise blackened, marked all the lines, squares, diamonds, &c., which were to be of equal length. Her design being thus completed, she worked away on it with her pin, which she dug in as far as the thin part would enter, keeping the supply of blacking sufficient, and going over the same ground repeatedly to insure regularity and unity in the lines. With some persons the first effect of this tattooing is to produce a considerable amount of fever, from the irritation caused by the punctures, especially so with the ladies, from the extent of surface thus rendered sore. To allay this irritation, they are generally obliged to remain for a few days in a case of vegetable matter, which is plastered all over them in the form of a sort of green poultice. A scab forms over the tattooing, which should not be picked off, but allowed to fall off of itself. When this disappears, the operation is complete, and the marks are indelible; nay, more, the Abyssinians declare that they may be traced on the person's bones even after death has bared them of their fleshy covering."

The women also wear a vast number of silver ornaments, such as several chains round the neck, three pairs of silver or gilt bracelets, a number of little silver orna-

ments hung like bells to the ankles, above which are a series of bangles of the same metal. A wealthy woman has also a large flat silver case, containing talismans, and ornamented with bells of the same metal, suspended by four silver chains; while her hair is decorated with a large silver pin, elaborately made, and furnished with a number of pendent ornaments.

The illustration No. 1, 617th page, exhibits the costume of an Abyssinian lady, and the difference in dress between herself and her servants. The latter—who, of course, are her slaves, no other idea of servitude entering the Abyssinian mind—are washing clothes in a brook, in preparation for the Feast of St. John, the only day in the year when the Abyssinians trouble themselves to wash either their clothes or themselves. Other slaves are carrying water-jars on their backs—not on their heads; and in the foreground stands their mistress giving her orders. The reader will note the graceful way in which the mantle is put on, and the string of leathern amulet cases which hangs by her side.

As to the hair itself, it is dressed in a peculiar manner. It is gathered into a multitude of plaits, beginning at the very top of the head, and falling as low as the neck. Both sexes have the hair plaited in this manner, but the men wear their plaits in various ways. According to strict Abyssinian etiquette, which has greatly faded in later years, a youth who has not distinguished himself ought to wear his hair unplaited. As soon as he has killed a man in battle, he shaves his head, with the exception of a single plait, and for every additional victim a fresh plait is added. When he kills the fifth, he is allowed to wear the whole of his hair in tresses.

This mode of dressing the hair occupies a vast amount of time, but time is of no value to an Abyssinian, who expends several hours upon his head once every fortnight or so. The plaits are held in their places by a sort of fixture made of boiled cotton-seeds, and are plentifully saturated with butter. Vast quantities of this latter article are consumed in Abyssinian toilets, and it is considered a mark of fashion to place a large pat of butter on the top of the head before going out in the morning, and to allow it to be melted by the heat of the sun and run over the hair. Of course it drips from the ends of the long tresses on the neck and clothes of the wearer, but such stains are considered as marks of wealth. Sometimes it runs over the face, and is apt to get into the eyes, so that in hot weather the corner of the quarry is largely used in wiping away the trickling butter.

In order to preserve the arrangement of the hair during the night, they use instead of a pillow a sort of short crutch, looking very like a common scraper with a rounded top.

## CHAPTER LXV.

### ABYSSINIA—*Continued.*

GOVERNMENT OF ABYSSINIA—THE EMPEROR AND HIS GENEALOGY—THE THREE DISTRICTS AND THEIR RULERS—THE MINOR CHIEFS AND THEIR DISTINGUISHING EMBLEMS—KING THEODORE—A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—CAREER FROM THE RANKS TO THE THRONE—HIS ATTEMPTS AT REFORM—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE—A MODERN SOLOMON—MODES OF PUNISHMENT—THE LADIES' GAME—ABYSSINIAN PLEADING—THE TRIAL BY WAGER—QUARRELSOME CHARACTER OF THE ABYSSINIANS—THEIR VANTY AND BOASTFULNESS—THE LAW OF DEBT—HOSPITALITY AND ITS DUTIES—COOKERY AND MODES OF EATING—THE RAW FLESH FEAST—PEPPER SAUCE—THE USE OF THE SHOTEL—A WEDDING FEAST—ABYSSINIAN DIGESTION.

THE government of the Abyssinians has varied several times, but has mostly settled down into a sort of divided monarchy.

There is an Emperor, supreme king, or Negust, who must be a lineal descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and who must be crowned by the high priest or Abuna, an ecclesiastic who corresponds very nearly with the Greek Patriarch. Mostly, the king holds but nominal sway over the fierce and insubordinate chiefs of provinces, and, as is likely, the fiercest, cleverest, and most unscrupulous chief generally contrives to manage the king much as he likes. Should the king be strong-minded enough to hold his own opinions, the chiefs become dissatisfied, and by degrees fall into a state of chronic rebellion, as was the case during the last years of Theodore's life.

Each of the great districts has its own Ras, chief, or prince, according to the title that may be used, and his authority is absolute in his own province. The Ras appoints under him a number of great chiefs, who bear the title of Dejasmach (commonly contracted into Dejatch), corresponding in some degree with our ducal rank. Under these great chiefs are lesser officers, and each of them is appointed by beat of the great drum of ceremony and proclamation by the heralds. Men so appointed have the privilege of drums beating before them on a march or in battle, and their rank, that of "addy

negarie," or men of honor, confers the same practical power as that of Dejasmach, the title alone being wanting.

It may be as well to mention that the late King Theodore held the title of Dejasmach before he had himself named King of Ethiopia; and as the history of this remarkable man gives some idea of the Abyssinian mode of government, a very brief sketch will be given of his progress to the throne.

Putting together the various histories that have appeared, and rejecting their many discrepancies, we come to the following series of events.

Kassai, for such was his name before he changed it to Theodoros, was the son of a very small chief named Hailu Weleda Georgis, whose only distinction seems to have been his reputed descent from the Queen of Sheba, a tradition of which Kassai afterward took advantage. When he died, his little property was seized by his relations, and his widow was forced to support herself by selling the "kosso," the popular remedy for the tape-worm, a creature which is singularly prevalent in this country. Kassai, then a boy, took refuge in a monastery, where he might have remained until this day, had not a Dejasmach, who had turned rebel after their custom, attacked the monastery, burned the huts of which it was composed, and killed the boys who inhabited it by way of avenging himself on their parents. Kassai, however,



escaped the massacre, and fled to a powerful and warlike relation, the Dejasmatch Coufu, under whom he learned the management of arms, and as much of the art of war as was known.

His uncle however died, and his two sons immediately fought for the patrimony; and, while they were quarrelling, another powerful Dejasmatch saw his opportunity, swept down suddenly upon them, and made himself master of the best and most fertile part of the district.

Again ejected from a home, Kassai contrived to get together a band of followers, whom we should not wrong very greatly by calling robbers, and for some years lived a wandering life marvellously resembling that of David in his earlier years. By degrees his band increased until some of the petty chiefs joined him with their followers, and he became a man of such importance that the well-known Waisoro Mennen, the crafty and ambitious mother of Ras Ali, finding that he could not be beaten in the field, gave him in marriage the daughter of the Ras. She, however, proved a faithful wife to him, and would have nothing to do with the schemes of her grandmother. At last Kassai and Waisoro Mennen came to an open rupture, and fought a battle, in which the former was victorious, and captured both the lady and her fine province of Dembea. The latter he kept, but the former he set at liberty.

Ras Ali then tried to rid himself of his troublesome son-in-law by assigning Dembea to Berru Goshu, a powerful Dejasmatch, who accordingly invaded the district, and drove Kassai out of it. This happened in 1850. In less than two years, however, Kassai reorganized an army, attacked the camp of Berru Goshu, shot him with his own hand, and got back his province. Thinking that matters were now becoming serious, Ras Ali took the field in person and marched against Kassai, who conquered him, drove him among the Gallas for safety, and took possession of the whole of Amhara.

Having secured this splendid prize, he sent to Ras Oubi, the Prince of Tigré, and demanded tribute. Oubi refused, led his army against Kassai, and lost both his province and his liberty. The conqueror kept him in prison until 1860, when his first wife died, and he married the daughter of Oubi, whom he released and made a tributary vassal.

Being now practically master of the whole country, he sent for Abba Salama, the then Abuna or Patriarch, and had himself crowned by the title of Theodorus, King of the kings of Ethiopia. This event took place in 1855; and from that time to his death Theodore maintained his supremacy, his astonishing personal authority keeping in check the fierce and rebellious spirits by whom he was surrounded. How he really tried to do the best for his country we all

know. Semi-savage as he was by nature, he possessed many virtues, and, had he known his epoch better, would still have been on the throne, the ruler of a contented instead of a rebellious people. But he was too far ahead of his age. He saw the necessity for reforms, and impatiently tried to force them on the people, instead of gently paving the way for them. The inevitable results followed, and Theodore's mind at last gave way under the cares of empire and the continual thwartings of his many schemes. Still, even to the last he never lost his self-reliance nor his splendid courage, and, though the balance of his mind was gone, and he alternated between acts of singular kindness and savage cruelty, he fought to the last, and not until he was deserted by his soldiers did he die by his own hand at the entrance of his stronghold.

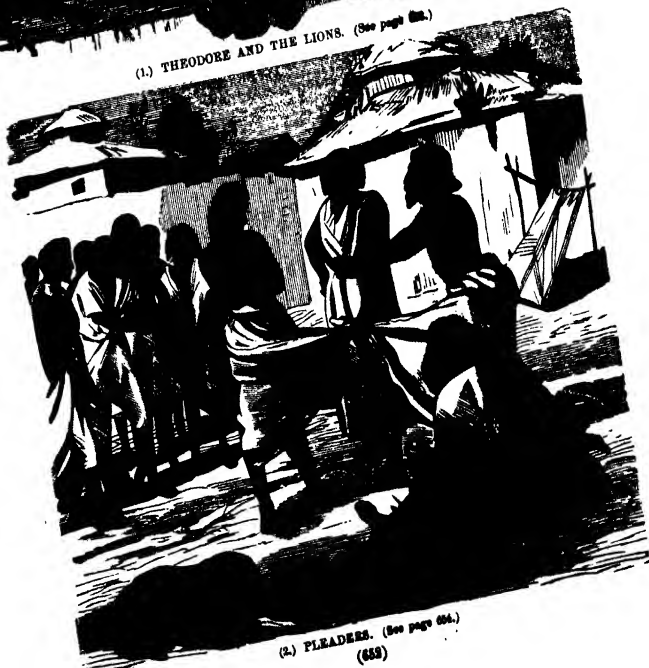
He saw very clearly that the only way to establish a consolidated kingdom was to break the power of the great chiefs or princes. This he did by the simple process of putting them in chains until they yielded their executive powers, and contented themselves rather with the authority of *generals* than of irresponsible rulers. He was also desirous of doing away with the custom that made every man an armed soldier, and wished to substitute a paid standing army for the miscellaneous horde of armed men that filled the country. He was anxious to promote agriculture, and, according to his own words, not only to turn swords into reaping-hooks—a very easy thing, by the way, with an Abyssinian sword—but to make a ploughing ox more valuable than a war-horse. To his own branch of the Church he was deeply attached, and openly said that he had a mission to drive Islamism from his country, and for that reason was at war with the Gallas, who, as well as the Shooas and other tribes, profess the religion of Mohammed. That being done, he intended to march and raze to the ground Mecca and Medina, the two sacred cities of Islam; and even projected a march to Jerusalem itself.

His most difficult task, however, was the suppression of the immorality that reigns throughout Abyssinia, and which, according to Mr. Parkyns, has a curious effect on the manners of the people. Neither men nor women seem to have any idea that the least shame can be attached to immorality, and the consequence is that both in word and manner they are perfectly decorous. To cope with so ingrained a vice seems an impracticable task, and such it turned out to be. He set the example to his people by only taking one wife, and when she died he had many scruples about the legality of taking another, and did not do so until after consultation with European friends and careful examination of the Bible. He could not, however, keep up the fight against





(1.) THEODORE AND THE LIONS. (See page 654.)



(2.) PLEADERS. (See page 654.)  
(655)

nature, and in his last years he had resorted to the old custom of the harem.

As the reader would probably like to see what kind of a man was this Theodorus, I give a portrait on page 652, taken from a sketch made of him while he was in the enjoyment of perfect health of body and mind, and while he was the irresponsible ruler of his country knowing of none greater than himself, and having his mind filled with schemes of conquest of other lands, and reform of his own. The portrait was taken by M. Lejean, some ten years before the death of Theodorus and, in spite of the loss of his hair, which he wore short in the last years of his life and of the ravages which time, anxiety, and misdirected zeal had made in his features, the face is essentially the same as that of the dead man who lay within the gates of Magdala on the fatal Good Friday of 1868.

Knowing the character of the people over whom he reigned, Theodore made liberal use of external accessories for the purpose of striking awe into them, such as magnificent robes and weapons adorned with the precious metals. Among the most valued of these accessories were four tame lions, of which he was very fond. These animals travelled about with him, and even lived in the same stable with the horses, never being chained or shut up in cages, but allowed to walk about in perfect liberty. They were as tame and docile as dogs, and M. Lejean states that the only objection to them was the over-demonstrative affection of their manners. Like cats they delighted to be noticed and made much of, and were apt to become unpleasantly importunate in soliciting caresses.

They were, however, somewhat short-tempered when travelling over the mountain ranges, the cold weather of those elevated regions making them uncomfortable and snappish. With an idea of impressing his subjects with his importance, an art in which he was eminently successful, Theodore was accustomed to have his lions with him when he gave audience, and the accompanying portrait was taken from a sketch of the Lion of Abyssinia seated in the audience-chamber, and surrounded with the living emblems of the title which he bore, and which he perpetuated in his royal seal.

JUSTICE is administered in various modes, sometimes by the will of the chief, and sometimes by a sort of court or council of elders. The former process is generally of a very summary character, and is based on the old Mosaic principle of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. If one man murders another, for example, and the culprit be detected, the Ras will direct the nearest relation of the murderer to kill him in precisely the same manner that he killed

his victim. One very odd case was investigated by Oubi, the Ras or Prince of Tigré.

Two little boys, the elder eight and the younger five years of age, had been walking together, when they saw a tree laden with fruit. After some difficulty, the elder climbed into the tree, and, standing on a branch, plucked the fruit and threw it to his little companion who stood below him. By some accident or other he fell from the tree upon the head of his playfellow, and killed him on the spot. The parents of the poor child insisted that the boy who killed him should be arraigned for murder, and, after a vast amount of consultation, he was found guilty. Ras Oubi then gave sentence. The culprit was to stand under the branch exactly where had stood the poor little boy. The eldest brother was then to climb up the tree and fall on the other boy's head until he killed him.

Theft is generally punished with flogging, the whip being a most formidable weapon, made of hide, and called, from its length and weight, the "giraffe." A thief is sometimes taken into the market-place, stripped to the waist, and led by two men, while a third delivers a terrific series of blows with the giraffe whip. After each blow the delinquent is forced to exclaim, "All ye who see me thus, profit by my example."

Many other offences, such as sacrilege, rebellion, and the like, are punished by the loss of a hand or a foot, sometimes of both. The forfeited member is amputated in a very clumsy way, with a small curved knife, so that a careless or maladroit executioner can inflict frightful suffering. The culprit generally gives a fee to the executioner, who will then put as keen an edge as possible on the knife, and tell the sufferer how to arrange his hand, and spread his fingers, so that the tendons may be stretched, and the joint separated easily. One man of rank, who had been condemned to lose his left hand, suffered the operation without moving a muscle of his countenance, and when the hand was severed, he took it up with his right, and flung it in the face of the presiding chief, with the exclamation that he still had a hand wherewith to fling a spear. With the same equanimity he dipped the bleeding stump into the boiling oil which is generally used as a styptic. Sometimes, however, the use of the hot oil is forbidden, and the sufferer is left to bleed to death.

The Abyssinians, however, are as little sensitive to pain as most African tribes, and endure with ease injuries which would kill a European. The young men have a curious amusement, which well exemplifies their insensibility to pain. "When a party of young men are seated together, the ladies present will bring bits of the pith of millet stems, cut to about an inch long, and of the thickness of a man's thumb, or, what is bet-

ter still, pieces of old rag, rolled tight, so as to form a pellet of similar dimensions. These are arranged in patterns by each lady on the extended arm of any one whom she may choose, and their tops lighted.

"The only merit in the man is to allow them to burn themselves out entirely, without moving his arm so as to cause them to fall, or evincing the slightest consciousness of pain either by word, look, or gesture. On the contrary, he must continue a flow of agreeable conversation, as if nothing were occurring. The lady operator usually blows her fires to keep them going, and the material, whether pith or rag, being of a very porous nature, and burning slowly like tinder, the action of the fire is felt on the skin long before it actually reaches it. It is, in fact, an operation similar to the 'moxa' of European surgery. When the pellets are completely burned out, the lady rubs her hand roughly over the cauterized parts, so as to remove the burnt skin. On a copper-colored person the scars, when well healed, assume a polished black surface, which contrasts very prettily with the surrounding skin."

The courts of justice, to which allusion has been made, are composed of elders; or not unfrequently the chief of the district acts as the magistrate. When two persons fall into a dispute and bring it before the court, an officer comes for the litigants, and ties together the corner of their quarries. Holding them by the knot, he leads them before the magistrate, where each is at liberty to plead his own cause. From the moment that the knot is tied, neither is allowed to speak, under penalty of a heavy fine, until they have come before the magistrate; and when the trial has begun, (see engraving No. 2, p. 652.) the plaintiff has the first right of speech, followed by the defendant in reply. Neither is allowed to interrupt the other under pain of a fine; but, in compassion to the weakness of human nature, the non-speaker may grunt if he likes when the adversary makes any statement that displeases him.

The oddest part of the proceeding is the custom of betting, or rather paying forfeits, on the result of the investigation. A plaintiff, for example, offers to bet one, two, or more mules, and the defendant feels himself bound to accept the challenge, though he may sometimes modify the amount of the bet. When the case is determined, the loser pays the sum, not to the winner, but to the chief who decides the case. A "mule," by the way, does not necessarily mean the animal, but the word is used conventionally to represent a certain sum of money, so that a "mule" means ten dollars, just as among English sporting men a "pony" signifies £25.

This practice is carried on to such an extent that Mr. Parkyns has seen ten mules betted upon the payment of a small quantity of

corn, worth only two or three shillings. The object of the "bet" seems to be that the offer binds the opposite party to carry out the litigation, and when it is offered, the chief forces the loser to pay under the penalty of being put in chains.

It may be seen from the foregoing observations that the Abyssinians are rather a quarrelsome people. This arises chiefly from their vanity, which is extreme, and which culminates to its highest point when the brain is excited and the tongue loosened by drink. It was this national characteristic which induced King Theodore to imagine himself the equal of any monarch on the face of the earth, and to fancy that he could cope successfully with the power of England.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns gives a very amusing account of this national failing.

"Vanity is one of the principal besetting sins of the Abyssinians, and it is to this weakness, when brought out by liquor, that the origin of most of their quarrels may be traced. I remember more than once to have heard a remark something like the following made by one of two men who, from being 'my dear friends,' had chosen to sit next to each other at table: 'You're a very good fellow, and my very dear friend; but (hiccup) you aren't half so brave or handsome as I am!' The 'very dear friend' denies the fact in a tone of voice denoting anything but amity, and states that his opinion is exactly the reverse. The parties warm in the argument; words, as is usual when men are in such a state, are bandied about without any measure, and often without much meaning; insults follow; then blows; and if the parties round them be in a similar condition to themselves, and do not immediately separate them, it frequently happens that swords are drawn.

"Dangerous wounds or death are the consequence; or, as is not uncommon, others of the party, siding with the quarrellers, probably with the idea of settling the affair, are induced to join in the row, which in the end becomes a general engagement. I have noticed this trait of vanity as exhibiting itself in various ways in a drunken Abyssinian. I always found that the best plan for keeping a man quiet, when in this state, was to remark to him that it was unbecoming in a great man to behave in such a way, that people of rank were dignified and reserved in their manners and conversation. And thus I have argued very successfully with my own servants on more than one occasion, flattering them while they were tipsy, and then paying them off with a five-foot male bamboo when they got sober again.

"I recollect one fellow who was privileged, for he had asked my leave to go to a party and get drunk. On returning home in the evening, he staggered into my room in as dignified a manner as he could, and, seating

himself beside me on my couch, embrace me with tears in his eyes, made me a thousand protestations of attachment and affection, offering to serve me in any way he could, but never by a single expression evincing that he considered me as other than a dear friend, and that indeed in rather a patronizing fashion, although the same fellow was in the habit of washing my feet, and kissing them afterward, every evening, and would, if sober, have no more thought of seating himself, even on the ground, in my presence, than of jumping over the moon.

"With his fellow-servants, too, he acted similarly; for though he knew them all, and their characters and positions, he addressed them as his servants, ordering them about, and upbraiding them for sundry peccadilloes which they had doubtless committed, and which thus came to my knowledge. In fact, in every point he acted to perfection the manners and language of a great man; and so often have I seen the same mimicry, that it has led me to believe that the chief mental employment of the lowest fellow in the country is building castles in the air, and practising to himself how he would act, and what he would say, if he were a great man."

The law of debt is a very severe one. The debtor is thrown into prison, and chained to the wall by the wrist. The ring that encloses the wrist is a broad hoop or bracelet of iron, which is forced asunder far enough to permit the hand to enter, and is then hummered together tightly enough to prevent the hand from being withdrawn. After a while, if the sum be not paid, the bracelet is hammered a little tighter; and so the creditor continues to tighten the iron until it is driven into the flesh, the course of the blood checked, and the hand finally destroyed by mortification.

Should the Government be the creditor for unpaid tribute, a company of soldiers is quartered on the debtor, and he is obliged to feed them with the best of everything under pain of brutal ill-treatment. Of course this mode of enforcing payment often has the opposite effect, and, when a heavy tax has been proclaimed in a district, the people run away *en masse* from the villages. In such a case the headman of the village is responsible for the entire amount, and sometimes is obliged to make his escape with as much portable property as he can manage to carry off.

WHEN rightly managed, the Abyssinians are a hospitable people. Some travellers take a soldier with them, and demand food and lodging. These of course are given, through fear, but without a welcome. The right mode is, that when a traveller comes to a village, he sits under a tree, and waits. The villagers soon gather round him, question him, and make remarks on his appear-

ance with perfect candor. After he has undergone this ordeal, some one is sure to ask him to his house, and, should he happen to be a person of distinction, one of the chief men is certain to be his host.

When Mr. Parkyns was residing in Abyssinia, he always adopted this plan. On one occasion the headman invited him to his house, and treated him most hospitably, apologizing for the want of better food on the ground that he had lately been made liable for the tribute of a number of persons who had run away, and was consequently much reduced in the world. It proved that sixteen householders had escaped to avoid the tax, and that the unfortunate man had to pay the whole of it, amounting to a sum which forced him to sell his horse, mule, and nearly all his plough oxen, and, even when he was entertaining his visitor, he was in dread lest the soldiers should be quartered on him.

The question of hospitality naturally leads us to the cooking and mode of eating as practised in Abyssinia, about which so many strange stories have been told. We have all heard of Bruce's account of the eating of raw meat cut from the limbs of a living bullock, and of the storm of derision which was raised by the tale. We will see how far he was borne out by facts.

The "staff of life" is prepared in Abyssinia much after the same fashion as in other parts of Africa, the grain being ground between two stones, and then made into a sort of very thin paste, about the consistency of gruel. This paste is allowed to remain in a jar for a day and night in order to become sour, and is then taken to the oven. This is a very curious article, being a slab of earthenware in which a concave hollow is made, and furnished with a small cover of the same material. A fire is made beneath the oven, or "magogo," as it is termed, and when it is hot the baker, who is always a woman, proceeds to work.

She first rubs the hollow with an oily seed in order to prevent the bread from adhering to it, and then with a gourd ladle takes some of the thin dough from the jar. The gourd holds exactly enough to make one loaf, or rather cake. With a rapid movement the woman spreads the dough over the entire hollow, and then puts on the cover. In two or three minutes it is removed, and the bread is peeled off in one flat circular piece, some eighteen inches in width, and about the eighth of an inch in thickness. This bread, called "teff," is the ordinary diet of an Abyssinian. It is very sour, very soft, and very spongy, and requires an experienced palate to appreciate it. There are several other kinds of bread, but the teff is that which is most valued.

As to the meat diet of the Abyssinians, it may be roughly divided into cooked and

uncooked meat. Cooked meat is usually prepared from the least valued parts of the animal. It is cut up into little pieces, and stewed in a pot together with other ingredients, a considerable quantity of butter, and such an amount of capsicum pods that the whole mess is of a light red color, and a drop of it leaves a red stain on any garment on which it may happen to fall. This paste is called "dillikh," and is made by grinding together a quantity of capsicum pods and an equal amount of onions, to which are added ginger, salt, black pepper, and other herbs, according to the taste of the preparer. The poorer class, who cannot afford meat, can still make dillikh paste, and live almost entirely on teff, clotted milk, and dillikh.

But the great treat for an Abyssinian epicure is the "broundo," or raw meat, about which he is as fastidious as the European *bon vivant* about his sauces and ragouts. Not an Abyssinian will eat any animal which has incisor teeth in its upper jaw, and, like the Jews, they even reject the camel, because it has not a cloven hoof.

According to the account given by Bruce, when a dinner party is assembled, a cow is brought to the door of the house, bound, flung down, and a few drops of its blood poured on the ground in order to save the letter of the Mosaic law. The butchers then cut large strips of meat from the poor beast, taking care to avoid the vital parts and larger vessels, and managing so as to remove the flesh without much effusion of blood.

The still warm flesh is taken within the house, where it is sliced into strips by the men, and handed to the women who sit by their side. The women cut it up into small squares, lay it on the "teff" bread, season it plentifully with the dillikh paste, roll it up into balls, and push the balls into the mouth of their companion, who eats until he is satisfied, and then reciprocates the attention by making up a couple of similar balls, and putting them into the mouths of the women. (See page 643.) Mead and tedge are then consumed as largely as the meat, and, according to Bruce, a scene of the most abominable licentiousness accompanies the conclusion of the festival.

These statements have been much controverted, but there is no doubt that, in the main, the narrative of Bruce was a truthful one. Many of the facts of which he wrote have since been corroborated, while the changes to which Abyssinia has been subjected will account for unimportant variations. Later travellers, for example, have not witnessed such a scene as has been narrated by Bruce, but that is no reason why such a scene should not have occurred. The most important part of it, namely, the eating of raw flesh, has been repeatedly corroborated, especially by Mansfield Parkyns, who lived

so long with the Abyssinians, dressed like them, fed like them, and accommodated himself in most respects to their mode of life.

He found that meat was always, if possible, eaten in the raw state, only the inferior qualities being made fit for consumption by cookery. His description of the mode of eating tallies exactly with that of Bruce. The meat is always brought to the consumer while still warm and quivering with life, as it becomes tough and stringy when suffered to become cold. Each guest is furnished with plenty of teff and the invariable pepper sauce. His fingers take the place of a fork, and his sword, or shotel, does duty for a knife. Holding the broundo in his left hand, he takes into his capacious mouth as much as it can accommodate, and then, with an adroit upward stroke of the sword, severs the piece of meat, and just contrives to avoid cutting off his nose. He alternates the pieces of meat with teff and dillikh, and, when he has finished, refreshes himself copiously with drink.

Such food as this appears to be indescribably disgusting, and very unfit for a nation that prides itself on its Christianity. Many persons, indeed, have said that no one *could* eat raw meat except when pressed by starvation, and have therefore discredited all accounts of the practice.

Perhaps my readers may remember that after Bruce's return a gentleman was making very merry with this account in the traveller's presence, treating the whole story as a fabrication, on the ground that to eat raw meat was impossible. Bruce said nothing, but quietly left the room, and presently returned with a piece of beef rolled and peppered after the Abyssinian fashion, and gave his astonished opponent the choice of eating the meat or fighting him on the spot. As Bruce was of gigantic strength and stature, and an accomplished swordsman to boot, the meat was eaten, and the fact proved to be possible.

Mr. Parkyns, who, when in Abyssinia, very wisely did as the Abyssinians do, found that he soon became accustomed to the taste of raw meat, and learned how to prefer one part of an animal to another. He discovered that a very good imitation of an oyster could be made by chopping up a sheep's liver very fine, and seasoning it with pepper, vinegar, and a little salt, provided that the consumer shut his eyes while eating it. He even learned to appreciate a dish called *chogera*, which seems to be about the very acme of abomination. It consists of the liver and stomach chopped up fine, mixed with a little of the half-digested grass found in the stomach, flavored with the contents of the gall bladder, plentifully seasoned with pepper, salt, and onions, and eaten uncooked.

An Abyssinian's digestion is marvellous,

and almost rivals that of a pike, which will digest half of a fish in its stomach while the other half is protruding from its mouth. He will go to any number of feasts in a day, and bring a fine fresh appetite to each of them, consuming at a meal a quantity that would suffice seven or eight hungry Englishmen. Mr. Parkyns once gave a breakfast to fourteen guests, thinking that, as they were engaged for three or four other feasts on the same day, they would perhaps eat but little.

Keeping up, however, the old hospitable customs, he killed a cow and two fat sheep, and provided many gallons of mead and an infinite quantity of "teff." To his astonishment, the whole of this enormous supply vanished, as he says, "like smoke," before his guests, who left scarcely a scrap for their servants. And, after this feast, the whole of the party proceeded to another house, where they were treated in a similarly liberal manner, and employed the day in a series of four or five such banquets.

The Abyssinians are very fastidious respecting the part of the animal from which the broundo is cut, and have a vast number of names to express the different qualities of meat. The most valued portion is the hump of the shoulder, the first cut of which is always given to the man of the highest rank. Consequently, when several men of nearly equal rank meet, a polite controversy is carried on for some time, each offering the cut of honor to his neighbor.

On one occasion this piece of etiquette produced fatal results. Several Amhara chiefs were present, together with one Tigréan. The latter, in order to assert the superiority of his own province, drew his sword and helped himself to the first cut, whereupon he was immediately challenged by two Amhara warriors. He accepted the challenge, fought them both, killed them both, and so vindicated the course which he had taken.

The quantity which an Abyssinian will eat when he gets the chance must be seen to be appreciated. See for example Mr. Parkyns' account of a feast at an Abyssinian wedding:—

"The Abyssinian guests were squatted round the tables in long rows, feeding as if their lives depended on the quantity they could devour, and washing it down with floods of drink. I never could have believed that any people could take so much food, and certainly, if the reader wishes to see a curious exhibition in the feeding line, he has only to run over to Abyssinia, and be present at a wedding-feast.

"Imagine two or three hundred half-naked men and women all in one room, eating and drinking in the way I have described in a former chapter, but with this difference—that the private party is well ordered and arranged, while the public 'hang-out' is a scene of the most terrible confusion. Here all decorum is lost sight of; and you see the waiters, each with a huge piece of raw beef in his hands, rushing frantically to and fro in his desire to satisfy the voracious appetites of the guests, who, as he comes within their reach, grasp the meat, and with their long crooked swords hack off a lump or strip, as the case may be, in their eagerness not to lose their share.

"One man was reported on this occasion to have eaten 'tallak' and 'tamash' of raw beef (each weighing from four to five pounds) and seven cakes of bread, and to have drunk twenty-six pints of beer and 'tedge.' From what I saw I can believe a good deal, but this appears rather a 'stretcher.'

We of the Frank sect were presented with our share of the 'broundo'; but as our thoughtful host had informed us that a dinner, cooked by his own hands in the Turkish style, was awaiting us in an inner apartment, we merely, for formality's sake, tasted the offered delicacies, and then handed them over to our servants, who, standing behind us, were ready enough to make away with them. The silversmith Michael, before coming to the feast, had, it would appear, been pouring a tolerably copious libation to some god or other, for he was considerably elevated, and, being anxious to show off, commenced eating in the Abyssinian fashion, nor did he stop until he had cut a large gash in his nose."

The hands are always carefully washed both before and after a meal. Just before the feast is over, the servants come round with baskets to the guests, each of whom places in the basket a portion of his food. As to the little boys, they crawl about under the tables, and among the legs of the guests, and are always ready for any fragments that may be accidentally dropped or intentionally given to them.

The beer, or "tedge," and mead, which have been mentioned, are favorite drinks among the Abyssinians. The former is very thick and gruel-like, and to a European is very repulsive. The latter, however, is tolerably good, and is kept carefully in large jars. The mouth of each jar is covered with a piece of cotton cloth drawn tightly over it. This is not removed when the mead is poured out, and acts as a strainer.



## CHAPTER LXVI.

### ABYSSINIA—*Concluded.*

**BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF THE ABYSSINIANS—CEREMONIES AT BIRTH—THE CIRCUMCISION AND BAPTISM—CARE AS TO THE EXACT DATE OF EACH RITE—MARRIAGE, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS, AND THEIR DIFFERENT CHARACTERS—THE CIVIL MARRIAGE AND ITS ATTENDANT CEREMONIES—DEATH AND FUNERAL—SHAPE OF THE GRAVE—THE HIRED MOURNERS—THE SUCCESSIVE COMMEMORATIONS OF THE DEAD—RAISING THE HAI-HO—THE RELIGION OF ABYSSINIA—FASTING AND FEASTING BOTH CARRIED TO EXTREMES—ST. JOHN'S DAY AND THE ANNUAL WASHING—FRIENDLY SKIRMISHES—ABYSSINIAN CHURCHES—THE SANCTUARY AND THE ARK—THE ARK IN BATTLE—IGNORANCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD—THE BIBLE A SEALED BOOK TO PRIESTS AND LAYMEN—LIFE OF A SAINT—SUPERSTITION—TRANSFORMATION—THE BOUDA AND THE TIGRETIYA—EXAMPLES SEEN BY MR. PARKYNS—ABYSSINIAN ARCHITECTURE.**

WE will now cursorily glance at the life of an Abyssinian from his birth to his funeral.

As soon as the birth of a child is expected, all the men leave the house, as they would be considered as polluted if they were under the same roof, and would not be allowed to enter a church for forty days. The women take immediate charge of the new comer, wash and perfume it, and mould its little features in order to make them handsome. Should it be a boy, it is held up to the window until a warrior thrusts a lance into the room and pokes it into the child's mouth, this ceremony being supposed to make it courageous. The throat of a fowl is then cut in front of the child, and the women utter their joy-cries—twelve times for a boy and three times for a girl. They then rush tumultuously out of the house, and try to catch the men. If they succeed, they hustle their captives about, and force them to ransom themselves by a jar of mead, or some such present.

Next come the religious ceremonies; and it is not the least curious point in the religious system of the Abyssinians that they have retained the Jewish rite, to which they superadded Christian baptism. Eight days after birth the child is circumcised, twenty days afterward the priests enter the house, and perform a purification service which restores it to general use, and forty days afterward the baptism takes place, should the child be a boy, and eighty days if a girl.

A plaited cord of red, blue, and white silk is then placed round the child's neck, as a token that it has been baptized, which is afterward exchanged for the blue cord, or "match," worn by all Christian Abyssinians. There is a curious law that, if either of the sponsors should die without issue, his godchild becomes the heir to his property.

The priests are very particular about the date of the baptism. They believe that Adam and Eve did not receive the spirit of life until they had been created forty and eighty days. Should the father miscalculate the date, he would be sentenced to a year's fasting; while the priest is liable to a similar penalty if he should happen to assign the wrong day.

As to their marriages, the Abyssinians manage them very easily. As soon as betrothal takes place, which is mostly at a very early age, the couple are not allowed to see each other, even though they may have enjoyed the greatest liberty beforehand. So rigidly is this practice carried out in Tigré, that the bride never leaves her father's house until her marriage, believing that if she did so she would be bitten by a snake.

Just before the wedding-day, a "dass," or marquee, is built of stakes and reeds for the reception of the wedding-party, in which the marriage-feast is prepared. Certain distinguished guests have special places

reserved for them; but any one is at liberty to enter and eat to his heart's content. A scene of great turmoil always occurs on these occasions, a crowd of men who have already been fed trying to gain re-admission, whilst another crowd of hungry applicants is fighting and pushing toward the entrance. Order is kept to some extent by a number of young men who volunteer their services, and are allowed to exercise their office as they think best, hitting about at the crowd, and no man returning their blows. As soon as one batch of guests have eaten as much as they can be expected to consume, the door-keepers turn them out by main force and admit a fresh batch.

After the feast, the bride is carried in upon a man's back, and put down, like a sack of coals, on a stool. Music and dancing then take place, while the bridegroom, attended by his groomsmen, or "arkees," is proceeding to the house, accompanied by his friends, and preceded by music. When he arrives, the marriage—which is a civil rather than a religious ceremony—takes place, an address being delivered to the married couple by a priest, should one happen to be present; if not, by an elder; and the actual ceremony is at an end.

The arkees have a number of curious offices to perform, among which is the custom of collecting gifts for the newly-married couple, begging with songs and drum-beating before the houses. If nothing be given them, they take whatever they wish; and, after a wedding the robberies are countless, the arkees being privileged persons during their term of office. They are even allowed to perjure themselves—a crime which is held in the deepest abhorrence by all Abyssinian Christians. Should a person from whom anything is stolen offer a present as a ransom, the arkees are obliged to give up the stolen property; but should they have taken fowls or any other edibles, there is no restitution possible, the arkees taking care to have them cooked and eaten at once.

Such marriages, being merely civil ceremonies, are dissolved as easily as they are made, the slightest pretext on either side being considered as sufficient for the separation. Should there be children, the father takes the boys, and the mother the girls, and each will probably marry again almost immediately.

In consequence of this very easy arrangement, it often happens that, in one family of children, two may be by one mother, two by another, and one or two more by a third; and it is almost invariably the case that the children of one father by different mothers hate each other cordially, while the children of one mother by different fathers live together in amity.

Besides these civil marriages, which are really no marriages at all, there are ecclesiastical marriages, which are held to be

indissoluble. These, however, are very seldom contracted except between persons who have been civilly married, and have found, after many years of experience, that they cannot be better suited. They therefore go to the church, are married by the priest, and receive the Communion together.

When an Abyssinian dies, the funeral takes place within a very short time, the same day being preferred if possible. The death being announced from the house-top by the relatives, and by messengers to the neighboring villages, a grave is at once dug by volunteers. There are no professional grave-diggers in Abyssinia, but, as the act of burying the dead is considered as a meritorious one, plenty of assistance is always found. The body is then placed on a couch and carried to the grave, the whole of the Psalter being repeated as the procession makes its way. Six halts are made during the progress of the body to the church, at each of which incense is burned over it, and certain portions of the Scriptures are read, or rather gabbled, as fast as the words can be repeated. In order to save time, each priest or scribe who is present has a certain portion assigned to him, and they all read at once, so that not a word can be caught by the mourners. These, however, are making such a noise on their own account that they do not trouble themselves about hearing the Scriptures.

The bearers of the corpse manage so that their seventh halt is made at the church gate. Here more portions of Scripture are read in the same time-saving fashion, while the body is wrapped in a cloth made of palm leaves, this being emblematical of the palms thrown before our Lord on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. When the grave is ready, the priest descends into it and censes it, after which the body is lowered and the earth filled in.

In consequence of the rapidity with which burial follows death, the mourning ceremonies are postponed for three days, so as to give time for assembling the mourners, and making the corresponding preparations.

On that day the mourners proceed to a spot near the church, on which is placed a couch containing a rude figure of a human being, supposed to represent the deceased person. The relations appear with their heads shaven like those of the priests, and among the Tigréans they rub their foreheads and temples with the borders of their robes until they take off the skin, and produce sores which often occupy many weeks in healing. Mostly the injury is so great, that when the skin is renewed it is blacker than the rest of the body, and remains so during life, giving to the face a very singular expression. The Amharas do not employ this mode of showing their grief.

Each of the mourners then advances, and pronounces a sort of eulogy on the deceased,

generally uttering their panegyrics in a sort of rude verse. In case, however, the relatives should not be good poets, a number of professional mourners attend the funeral, some being hired, but the greater number coming merely in hope of a fee and a share in the funeral banquet which concludes the proceedings. According to Mr. Parkyns, these people will give minute details of the history of the dead man, his deeds, character, and even his property; and this to a great length, thus: "O Gabron, son of Welda Mousa, grandson of Itta Garra Raphael, &c. &c.; rider of the bay horse with white feet, and of the grey ambling mule; owner of the Damascus barrel-gun, and bearer of the silver-mounted shield, why have you left us?" &c., entering with astonishing readiness into every particular of the deceased's life and actions. All the bystanders, at the end of each verse, break in with a chorus of sobbing lamentations, adapted to a mournful chant, "Monil wail! wail! wailay! wailay! wailay! wailay!" &c., which has a pretty plaintive sound, especially when, as is usually the case, a number of soft female voices join in.

"The 'ambilta' and the 'cundan' keep time with them, and add not a little to the effect. This continues until all the expected friends have arrived, and had their fill of wailing; and about noon the whole party retire to the house, where a cow is killed, and a quantity of provisions provided for those who have come from a distance. Everything, except the cow, is usually furnished by the neighbors, as the mourners are supposed to be so overwhelmed with grief as to be unable to attend to such preparations."

The "ambilta," which is mentioned above, is a musical instrument composed of a set of six pipes, each performer having one pipe, and each pipe only having one note. The "cundan melakhat" is made of four long cane tubes, each having a bell, and a reed mouth-piece, like that of a clarionet. They are played in succession like the ambilta, and give forth very harsh and unpleasant notes. Both instruments are generally accompanied by a small drum. Although the immediate ceremonies of the funeral terminate with this feast, they are not totally completed. Indeed, for a whole year, masses are said regularly for forty days, and another mass is said on the eightieth day. A second and larger edition of the funeral feast, called the "teskar," is held six months after the burial, and sometimes lasts for several days.

To this feast come all the poor, who claim for themselves the right of being helped before any of the regular guests. They sent themselves in the "dass," and pour out loud invocations, until an official comes round, and slightly taps each one on the head with a stick. The man who has been thus signalled holds

out his hands, and receives in them a portion of meat rolled up in "teff" bread. When all have been served, they hold the food under their mouths, and call, in a very loud voice, "Hai . . . oh!" the last syllable being protracted until they have no more breath.

"This 'Hai . . . oh!' is thought to be a sort of benediction, and very few would dare to omit it. Such an omission would be taken as a drawing down of the maledictions of the poor, and would excite the greatest contempt. If such a man were to quarrel, his opponent would be sure to say to him, 'Ah! you are the man who made no 'Hai . . . oh!' for his brother.'"

On the next day the priests and men of highest rank assemble, and day by day the rank of the guests diminishes, until the seventh day is contemptuously given to the women. Six months after the teskar another feast, but of a larger kind, is held, and on every anniversary of the funeral food is sent to the priests.

WE now naturally come to the religion of the Abyssinians.

This is a kind of Christianity which consists chiefly in fasting, so that an Abyssinian life oscillates between alternate severe fasts and inordinate gluttony. The fasts of the Abyssinian Church occupy nearly two-thirds of the year, and are measured in duration by the length of the shadow. One fast, for example, must be kept until a man's shadow measures in length nine and a half of his own feet, another until it is nine feet, and a third until it is ten feet long. And these fasts are real ones, no food of any kind being taken until the prescribed time, and no such modifications as fish, &c., being allowed to mitigate their severity. During Good Friday and the following Saturday the clergy, and all who have any pretensions to religion, fast for forty-eight hours; and, altogether, including the Wednesdays and Fridays, two hundred and sixty days of fasting occur in the year. During the long fasts, such as that of Lent, which lasts for fifty-five days, the people are allowed to eat on the mornings of Saturday and Sunday, but, even in that case, meat in any form is strictly forbidden.

As soon as the lengthening shadow proclaims the end of the fast, the feasting sets in, and during the season of Epiphany the whole night is passed in a succession of eating, drinking, singing, dancing, and praying, each being considered equally a religious duty. Then there is a sort of game, much resembling our "hockey," at which all the people play, those from one district contending against those of another, much as the Ashburne North and South football match used to be conducted on Shrove Tuesday.

St. John's Day is a great feast among the





(1.) THE BATTLE FIELD. (See page 663.)



(2.) INTERIOR OF AN ABYSSINIAN HOUSE. (See page 667.)

Abyssinians, and has this pre-eminence over the others, that all the people not only wash themselves, but their clothes also. It is the only day when the Abyssinians apply water externally, with the exception of washing the hands before and after meals, and the feet after a journey. In fact, they consider that washing the body is a heathenish and altogether un-Christian practice, only to be practised by the Mohammedans and such like contemptible beings.

Between St. John's Day and the feast of Mascal, or the Cross, the young people of both sexes keep up a continual skirmishing. In the evening they all leave their houses, the boys with bunches of nettles, and the girls with gourds filled with all kinds of filth. When they meet, they launch volleys of abuse at each other, the language being not the most delicate in the world, and then proceed to active measures, the girls flinging the contents of the gourds at the boys, while the latter retaliate by nettling the girls about their naked shoulders.

The day on which the greatest ceremonies take place is the feast of Mascal. On the eve of Mascal every one goes about with torches, first carrying them over the houses, and peering into every crevice like the Jews looking for leaven, and then sallying into the air. The play which ensues mostly turns into a fight, which reminded Mr. Parkyns of the town and gown rows at college, and which begin in the same way, *i. e.* with the mischievous little boys. These begin at first to abuse each other, and then to fight. Next, a man sees his son getting rather roughly handled, drags him out of the fray, and pommels his antagonist. The father of the latter comes to the rescue of his son, the friends of each party join in the struggle, and a general fight takes place. Mostly these contests are harmless, but, if the combatants have been indulging too freely in drink, they are apt to resort to their weapons, and to inflict fatal injuries.

During the night great fires of wood are built by the chiefs on the highest hills near the towns, and set on fire before daybreak. Oxen and sheep are then led three times round the fires, slaughtered, and left to be eaten by the birds and beasts of prey. This is distinctly a heathen custom, both the position of the altar and the mode of sacrifice designating clearly the fire-worshipper. When, therefore, the people awake in the morning after the fatigue and dissipation of the night, they find the whole country illuminated with these hill-fires.

They then go to their several chiefs, and all the soldiers boast before him of their prowess, some describing the feats which they have done before the enemy, and others prophesying the feats that they intend to do when they happen to meet an enemy. Gifts are mostly presented at this time, and feasting goes on as usual; every

chief, however petty, slaughtering as many cows as he can afford, and almost every householder killing at least one cow.

The churches of Abyssinia are not in the least like those edifices with which we generally associate the name of church, being small, low, flat-roofed, and, indeed, very much like the old Jewish tabernacle transformed into a permanent building. Some of the more modern churches are oblong or square, but the real ancient Abyssinian buildings are circular, and exactly resemble the ordinary houses, except that they are rather larger. They are divided into three compartments by concentric walls. The space between the first and second wall is that in which the laity stand, the priests alone having the privilege of entering the holy place within the second wall.

In the very centre is a small compartment, sometimes square and sometimes circular. This is the Most Holy Place, and contains the ark, which is venerated almost as much by the Abyssinians as the ancient ark was revered by the Jews. The ark is merely a wooden box, in many churches being of extreme antiquity, and within it is placed the Decalogue. Over the ark is a canopy of silk or chintz, and around it are a vast number of silken and cotton rags. They even fancy that the original ark of the Jews is deposited within a rock-shrine in Abyssinia.

The Abyssinians also follow the old Jewish custom of taking their sacred shrine into battle.

In an illustration on page 662, which represents a battle between the Abyssinians and Gallas, is seen the king, shaded with his umbrellas, giving orders to a mounted chief, whose ornamented shield and silver coronal denote his rank. In the distance may be seen villages on fire, while on the right an attack is being made on one of the lofty strongholds in which the people love to entrench themselves. Several dead Gallas are seen in the foreground, and in front of the king are some of the fallen prisoners begging for mercy. In the right-hand corner of the illustration is seen a conical object on the back of a mule. This is one of their shrines, which accompanies them as the ark used to accompany the Israelites to battle. The shrine mostly contains either a Bible or the relics of some favorite saint, and the covering of the mule is always of scarlet cloth. Two priests, with their white robes and turbans, are seen guarding the mule.

Paintings of the rudest possible description decorate the walls of the church, and are looked upon with the greatest awe, though they are no better in execution than the handiwork of a child of six. Their subjects are generally the Crucifixion and conventional portraits of saints, St. George being, perhaps, the greatest favorite, and having the most numerous representations.

The priesthood are, as may be imagined, no very good examples either of piety or letters. Some of them, but by no means all, can read; and even of those who do possess this accomplishment, very few trouble themselves to understand what they read, but gabble the words in parrot fashion, without producing the least impression on the brain.

Such being the education of the teachers, that of the taught may be inferred; in fact, no Abyssinian layman can read. The late King Theodore was a brilliant exception to this general rule; but then it must be remembered that he had passed several years in a monastery, and had partaken of the same educational privileges as those who were intended for the priesthood. Consequently, the Bible is a scaled book to all the laity and to a very large proportion of the priests, and the lives of the saints, and the various written charms which they purchase so freely, are by the Abyssinians valued far above the sacred volume itself.

As moreover the scribes, who are the most educated men in the country, gain their living by writing copies of the Bible, of the lives of the saints, and by writing charms, it is their interest to keep the people in ignorance, even though the laity were to manifest any desire to think for themselves. As, however, thinking is far too troublesome a process for them, they very contentedly leave all their religious matters in the hands of their clergy. Each man to his own business, say they—the warriors to fight, the priests to pray.

As for these lives of the saints, they are a collection of the most marvellous tales, often ludicrous and puerile, mostly blasphemous according to our ideas on the subject, but sometimes highly poetic and even touching the sublime. There is one tale of St. Gabro Memfus Kouddos, *i. e.* Slave of the Holy Spirit, which contrives to comprise in itself all these elements. He was born a saint, stood up and repeated the threefold invocation three days after his birth, and was so very holy that for his entire life he took no nourishment of any kind. Once he fell over a precipice three hundred feet deep, and when the angels spread their wings under him he declined their assistance, giving his reasons at such length that the fall must have been a very slow one. The apparently blasphemous portions of his life I omit, and proceed to the end of it.

He *would* go on living for such an unconscionable time that at last the angel of death was sent personally to fetch him. The saint, however, declined the invitation, and logically argued that, as he had neither eaten nor drunk, his body did not belong to earth, therefore could not be restored to earth, and that, on the whole, any change must be for the worse. All the previous saints came and tried to persuade him, and at last he

found himself obliged to die. But then there was a great controversy as to the destination of his body. Air, of course, would not take it; and as the saint had never eaten nor drunk nor used a fire, neither of the elements could receive his body; and so he was again restored to it, and, still living, was taken up to heaven. Any of our readers who have perused the Talmud will remember a similar legend, which is doubtless the origin of the above-mentioned story.

This being a sample, and a very mild one, of the religion of the Abyssinians, we may easily imagine what must be their superstitions. These are of the genuine African cast, and have survived with undiminished strength in spite of the system of Christianity which has so long existed in Abyssinia.

The people fully believe in the power of transformation. There is a sort of demon, called Bouda, who possesses this power, and is supposed to be the special demon of blacksmiths. Now in Abyssinia the trade of blacksmith is hereditary, and is considered a disgraceful one, all smiths being looked upon as sorcerers. This idea has evidently taken its rise from times of great antiquity, when the power of smelting, forging, and welding iron was thought to be too wonderful to be possessed by ordinary human beings.

Mr. Parkyns narrates several instances of this belief in transformation. He knew, for example, of two little girls who had been in the forest to gather wood, and came back in a great fright. They had met a blacksmith, and had begun to jeer at him for a wizard, asking him as a proof of his power to turn himself into a hyena. The man took them at their word, untied a corner of his robe, took out some ashes, and sprinkled them over his shoulders. Immediately his head changed into that of a hyena, hair spread itself over his body, and, before they could recover from the terror which paralyzed them, the now complete hyena grinned and laughed at them, and then trotted into the neighboring bush.

Another story curiously resembles some of the transformation tales of the Arabian Nights. Two Bouda brothers used to make a good living by their powers of transformation. One of them would change himself into a horse, mule, or some other valuable animal, and was then sold by his brother. In the middle of the night the transformed man resumed his human shape, and walked home to join his brother. This went on for some time, but at last no one would buy from them, as they kept no stock. No one knew where they obtained the animals which they sold, and, moreover, no one liked to buy animals which had a knack of always escaping before twenty-four hours. At last one man determined to solve the mystery. One of the Bouda brothers offered for sale a peculiarly handsome horse. The

man bought it, and as soon as he got the animal out of the town, he drove his lance through its heart, and killed it on the spot.

He then threw himself in the way of the seller, and uttered loud lamentations over his hasty temper, which had caused him to kill so splendid an animal. The Bouda contrived to hide his emotion until he reached his home, and then began the usual lamentations for the dead, rubbing the skin off his temples and wailing loudly. On being questioned, he said that he was mourning the death of his brother, who had been robbed and murdered by the Gallas, from whom he had been buying horses for sale.

It seems also that the Boudas can transform other persons into animals, even without their consent. A woman had died, and, immediately after the funeral, a blacksmith came to the priest in charge of the cemetery, and bribed him to give up the newly-buried corpse. This was done, and the neighbors all remarked that the blacksmith had purchased a remarkably fine donkey, on which he always rode. There was this peculiarity about the animal, that it always wanted to run into the house where the dead woman had lived, and whenever it met any of the young people brayed loudly, and ran toward them.

The eldest son being a very intelligent young man, suddenly declared that the animal in question must be his mother, and insisted on bringing the ass and its rider into the hut. Here the animal seemed quite at home; and the smith was charged with being a Bouda, and with changing the body of the woman into an ass. At first he repudiated the assertion, but at last, by dint of mingled threats and promises, he confessed that he had indeed wrought the change. The woman was not dead, but was only in a trance into which he had thrown her, and could be restored to her own form again. Being promised forgiveness, he began his incantations, when the ass gradually threw off the furry coat and assumed the human form. The transformation was nearly complete, when one of the sons, in a sudden access of fury, drove his spear through the blacksmith and stopped the transformation, so that ever afterward the woman had one human foot and one ass's hoof. Many persons told Mr. Parkyns that they had actually seen the hoof in question.

The Bouda exhibits his power in various modes, one of which is a kind of possession, in which the afflicted person is, as it were, semi-demoniacal, and performs feats which are utterly impossible to the human body in the normal condition. Men and women are alike seized with the Bouda madness, although the females are naturally more liable to its attacks than the men, generally accounting for the fact by stating that they have rejected the love of some Bouda or other. The chief object of the Bouda seems

to be to lay a spell on the afflicted persons which will cause them to come at his call. Consequently, he assumes the shape of the hyæna, calls the victims at night, and, if they are not bound and carefully watched, they are forced to go to the hyæna, and are then devoured.

A remarkable example of this Bouda illness was watched by Mr. Parkyns with the greatest care. The afflicted person was a servant woman of Rohabaita. The complaint began by languor and headache, and then changed into an ordinary fit of hysterics, together with great pain.

"It was at this stage that the other servants began to suspect that she was under the influence of the Bouda. In a short time she became quiet, and by degrees sank into a state of lethargy, approaching to insensibility. Either from excellent acting and great fortitude, or from real want of feeling, the various experiments which were made on her seemed to have no more effect than they would have had on a mesmeric somnambulist. We pinched her repeatedly; but, pinch as hard as we could, she never moved a muscle of her face, nor did she otherwise express the least sensation. I held a bottle of strong sal-volatile under her nose, and stopped her mouth; and this having no effect, I steeped some rag in it, and placed it in her nostrils; but, although I would wager any amount that she had never either seen, smelt, or heard of such a preparation as liquid ammonia, it had no more effect on her than rosewater.

"She held her thumbs tightly inside her hands, as if to prevent their being seen. On my observing this to a bystander, he told me that the thumbs were the Bouda's particular perquisite, and that he would allow no person to take them. Consequently, several persons tried to open her hands and get at them; but she resisted with what appeared to me wonderful strength for a girl, and bit their fingers till in more than one instance she drew blood. I, among others, made the attempt, and, though I got a bite or two for my pains, yet either the devil had great respect for me as an Englishman and a good Christian, or she had for me as her master, for the biting was all a sham, and struck me as more like kissing than anything else, compared with the fearful wounds she had inflicted on the rest of the party.

"I had a string of ornamental amulets which I usually wore, having on it many charms for various maladies; but I was perfectly aware that none for the Bouda was among them. Still, hoping thereby to expose the cheat, I asserted that there was a very celebrated one, and laid the whole string on her face, expecting that she would pretend to feel the effects, and act accordingly; but, to my surprise and disappointment, she remained quite motionless. Sev-



eral persons had been round the village to look for some talisman, but only one was found. On its being applied to her mouth she for an instant sprang up, bit at it, and tore it, but then laughed, and said it was weak, and would not vex him.

"I here use the masculine gender, because, although the patient was a woman, the Bouda is supposed to speak through her medium; and, of whatever sex they be, the sufferers, or rather the spirits, when speaking of themselves, invariably use that gender. I deluged her with bucketfuls of water, but could not either elicit from her a start or a pant, an effect usually produced by water suddenly dashed over a person.

"At night she could not sleep, but became more restless, and spoke several times. She even remarked, in her natural tone of voice, that she was not ill, nor attacked by the Bouda, but merely wished to return to Adoun. She said this so naturally that I was completely taken off my guard, and told her that of course she might go, but that she must wait till the morrow. The other people smiled, and whispered to me that it was only a device of the Bouda to get her out into the forest, and then devour her."

By one of those curious coincidences that sometimes occur, a hyæna, who, according to the popular ideas was the transformed Bouda, was heard hooting and laughing close to the village for the whole of the night, that being the only time that Mr. Parkyns had known the animal do so during the whole of his stay at Rohabaita. In consequence of the presence of the animal, the young woman was tightly bound, and sentinels were placed within and without the door of the hut. Whenever the hyæna called, the woman moaned and started up, and once, after she had been quiet for nearly an hour, and the inner sentinel had dropped off to sleep, the hyæna came close to the hut, and the woman rose, *without her bonds*, crept on all-fours to the door, and had partly succeeded in opening it when one of the sentinels made a noise, and she went back to her place. In this way she was kept under the strictest watch for three days, during which time she would neither eat nor drink, rejecting even a small piece of bread when she had swallowed it, and on the third evening she mended and gradually recovered.

If this were imposture, as Mr. Parkyns remarks, it is difficult to find a motive. She had scarcely any work to do, and the wonder is what could make her voluntarily prefer three days confinement, with pinches, cords, cold water, and other ill-treatment—not to mention that severest of all punishments to an Abyssinian, total abstinence from food and drink.

According to the people, this enchantment is caused by a Bouda, who has learned the

baptismal name of the affected person. This is always concealed, and the Abyssinians are only known by a sort of nickname, which is given by the mother as they leave the church. When, however, a Bouda learns the baptismal name, he takes a straw, bends it into a circle, mutters charms over it, and puts it under a stone. As the straw is bent, the illness begins; and should it break, the victim dies.

Charms of certain kinds have a potent effect on the Bouda. On one occasion a poor weakly girl was lying apparently senseless, on whom Mr. Parkyns had uselessly tried, by the application of false charms, to produce an effect. Suddenly the woman flew into violent convulsions, screaming and struggling so that four strong men could scarcely hold her. Just then an Amhara soldier entered the outer court, and she cried out, "Let me alone and I will speak." This man, it appeared, had heard that a patient was ill of the Bouda, and had brought with him a charm of known power.

After much threatening with the amulet, accompanied by fierce and frantic rage on the part of the possessed, the Bouda promised to come out if food were given him. It is remarkable by the way, that the Bouda is always of the male sex, and, whether the possessed be a man or a woman, always uses the masculine gender in language. The rest must be told in Mr. Parkyns' own words:—

"A basin was fetched, in which was put a quantity of any filth that could be found (of fowls, dogs, &c.), and mixed up with a little water and some ashea. I took the basin myself, and hid it where I was positive that she could not see me place it, and covered it up with some loose stones which were heaped in the corner. The Bouda was then told that his supper was prepared, and the woman rose and walked down the court on all-fours, smelling like a dog on either side, until, passing into the yard where the basin was, she went straight up to it, and, pulling it out from the place where it was hidden, devoured its abominable contents with the utmost greediness. The Bouda was then supposed to leave her, and she fell to the ground, as if fainting. From this state she recovered her health in a few days."

A somewhat similar sort of possession is called Tigritiya. In this case the patient falls into a sort of wasting away, without apparent cause, and at last sits for several days together without eating or speaking. Music is the only means of curing a patient, who will then spring from the couch on which he has lain, apparently without strength to sit up, and will dance with the most violent contortions, keeping up the exercise with a vigor and pertinacity that would tire the strongest man in perfect

health. This is a sign that the demon may be driven out; and when the music ceases, the patient falls to the ground, and then begins to speak (always in the person of the demon), demanding all kinds of ornaments — sometimes, even if a poor woman, asking for the velvet robes and silver-mounted weapons of a chief. These cannot be obtained without much expense, but at last are procured, when the dancing is resumed, and, after several accessions of the fit, the patient takes off all the borrowed ornaments, and runs at full speed until the demon suddenly departs, and the possessed person loses all the fictitious strength that had animated him, and falls to the earth in a swoon. The demon takes his leave, and is deterred from returning by the firing of guns, and a guard with drawn swords that surrounds the prostrate form of the moaning patient.

THE architecture of the Abyssinians is simple, but characteristic. Houses differ in form according to the means of their owner, those of the commonalty being merely circular huts, while those of the wealthy are square and flat-roofed.

A rich man's house is rather a complicated piece of architecture. It stands in an enclosure, like an Indian compound, and the principal gateway is covered and flanked on either side by a porter's lodge, in which sleep the actual gate-keeper and other servants. Within the enclosure are generally a few slight huts of straw, for the reception of strangers or servants. About one-fourth of the compound is divided by a wall, and contains the kitchen, store-houses, &c. At the end opposite the gateway is the Adderash, or reception room, which is square or oblong, and often of considerable size. The roof is flat; but when the room is too large to be crossed by beams, only the angles are roofed in the ordinary way, so as to leave an octagonal opening in the centre. A wooden wall about four or five feet high is next built round the opening, and there is then no difficulty in roofing it.

The Adderash is divided into three rooms, the largest of which is the reception room. At the end is the stable, the horses and mules passing into it through the reception room. The "medeb," or bed-room (if it may be so called), is merely a strip of the apartment, about eight feet wide, separated by a partition wall; and if the owner of the house should be a married man, the entrance of the medeb is closed by a curtain. This apartment takes its name from the medeb, or divan, which is simply a part of the floor raised a foot or so above the rest, about five feet in width, and extending for the whole length of the room. Opposite the medeb is a small alcove, in which is placed the couch of the master of the house. This couch, or "arat," is a stout wooden framework, across which is stretched a network of raw hide

thoughts, an inch or two in width. These contract when drying, and form a tolerably elastic bed.

In warm weather the arat is placed out of doors, and is only covered with a slight cloth roof. One of these outdoor beds may be seen in the illustration No. 2, on page 662.

The floor of the reception room is covered with grass, just as in the olden times even palace floors were strewn with rushes. Whenever a visitor enters, fresh grass is strewn to make a clean seat for him, but no one thinks of removing that which already has become discolored. Consequently, what with the continual washing of hands by pouring water over them, the spilling of beer and mead, and the mud that clings to the horses' feet as they pass to and from their stable, the flooring of the house becomes nothing more or less than a fermenting manure-heap. At last, when even the Abyssinian nose can endure it no longer, the room is cleared, and left empty for a day or two in order to rid it of the intolerable odor which still clings to it.

Round the walls of the reception room are a number of cows' horns by way of pegs, on which are hung the spears, shields, horse-acoutrements, drinking-horns, and other property of the owner.

The store-houses contain huge earthenware jugs, the mouths of which nearly reach the roof of the house, though their bases are sunk a yard or so in the ground. The Abyssinians value these jars highly, inasmuch as they are evidences of wealth.

As to the other two provinces, Shoa and Amhara, there is so little difference between them and Tigré that there is no need to occupy space with them. Practically they form one kingdom, just as England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and there is among them a very strong provincial jealousy, analogous to that which still prevails among the uneducated members of our own United Kingdom. Even Mr. Parkyns could not resist the feeling, and was a strenuous admirer of Tigré, considering the Amharas as ferocious and overbearing boors, and despising the Shoas altogether.

The province of Shoa, however, is by no means a despicable one, as may be seen from the following description of the great annual feast which is given by the king or prince at Easter. This hospitable banquet is on a truly royal scale, and is continued for a whole week, so that every free man who can attend the capital may have an opportunity of taking part in it.

The banqueting room is a very large and lofty chamber, having on one side a curtained alcove, in which the prince sits. Fresh grass is daily strewn on the floor, and round the room are set the tables, which are low, circular pieces of wickerwork. It is only in such houses that the tables are uni-

form in shape or size. Behind the tables and ranged along the wall are the body guards of the prince, armed with shields and a sword much resembling the old Roman weapon. Troops of servants are in waiting, and before the banquet begins they bring in the bread in piles, and place it on the tables. Sometimes as many as thirty loaves will be placed for each guest, the finest bread being always at the top and the coarsest below.

The object of this arrangement is to suit the different ranks of the party. Those of highest rank come first, and eat the finest, using the second-class bread as table-napkins. When they have finished, the guests of the next rank come in, eat the second-class bread, and wipe their fingers on the third-class bread, and so on until the whole is consumed.

Round the room are hung rows of shields, lion skins, and mantles of honor to be conferred by the prince on his subjects, while above them is a wide carpet, on which are depicted lions, camels, horses, and other animals.

All being ready, the guests assemble, and the prince takes his seat in the alcove, where he gives audience. Professional musicians enliven the scene with their instruments, and professional dancers aid their efforts. In the mean time, the guests are eating as fast as they can, the servants carrying meat from one guest to the other, and making up neat little sausages of meat, bread, and pepper, which they put adroitly into the mouths of the guests. As in more civilized lands, it is always better to propitiate the servants, because they can give the best parts of the meat to those whom they like, and reserve the gristle and toughest parts for those who displease them.

The politer guests, having by means of two or three pounds of meat, a pile of bread, and a gallon or so of mead, taken the edge off their own appetites, make up similarly seasoned balls, and put them into their neighbors' mouths. This is done with such rapidity that a man who happens to have made himself agreeable to his right and left hand neighbors is nearly choked by the haste with which etiquette requires that he shall despatch the highly-spiced morsels.

After this preliminary portion of the feast, in which cooked mutton is mostly employed, acting as a provocative to the real banquet which is to follow, the servants bring in raw meat still warm with life, and cut from a cow that has been slaughtered at the door while the mutton and bread has been consumed.

The giver of the feast sits in his alcove, and below him are the armed guards. The guests sit at wickerwork tables, using their curved swords with the national adroitness, and servants wait on the guests carrying great pieces of raw beef about. The liquids, by the way, are drunk from horns, which are

always served by women. In the centre are the musicians, playing the curious fiddle and harp of Shoa, and a little further on are the dancers.

As to the other tribes which are either in or about Abyssinia, a very few words must suffice for them.

There is one curious and very wild tribe, known by the name of BAREA. They are inborn marauders, executing their raids with marvellous rapidity and skill. So clever are they at concealing themselves, that even on an open plain, where there is not the least cover, they manage to dispose of themselves in such a way as to deceive an eye unpractised in their arts.

Once Mr. Parkyns was passing through a district over which one of the bush fires had swept, when he was astonished by the exclamation of his guide, that Barea were in sight, pointing at the same time to a dead tree, standing on an eminence at a distance of several hundred yards, and charred black by last year's fires. "All I saw was a charred stump of a tree, and a few blackened logs or stones lying at its foot. The hunter declared that neither the tree nor the stones were there the last time that he passed, and that they were simply naked Barea, who had placed themselves in that position to observe us, having no doubt seen us for some time, and prepared themselves.

"I could scarcely believe it possible that they should remain so motionless, and determined to explore a little. The rest of the party advised me to continue quietly in the road, as it was possible that, from our presenting a rather formidable appearance, we should pass unmolested; but, so confident was I of his mistake, that, telling the rest to go on slowly as if nothing had happened, I dropped into the long grass and stalked toward them. A shot from my rifle, at a long distance (I did not venture too close), acted on the tree and stones as promptly as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect, for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me, ran in the opposite direction.

"I was never more surprised in my life, for so complete was the deception, that even up to the time I fired I could have declared the objects before me were vegetable or mineral—anything but animal. The fact was that the cunning rascals who represented stones were lying flat, with their little round shields placed before them as screens."

Some of the wild tribes of India act in the same manner. There is a well-known story of an officer on the march, who was so completely deceived that he stood close by one of these metamorphosed men for some time, and at last hung his helmet on a projecting bough. This was nothing more than a





(1.) BUFFALO DANCE. (See page 671.)



(2.) BEDOUIN CAMP. (See page 662.)  
(670)

leg of the dark savage, who was standing on his head, with his limbs fantastically disposed to represent the branches of an old tree-stump, the illusion being heightened by the spear-shafts, which did duty for the smaller branches. This mark of confidence was too much for the gravity of the savage, who burst into a shriek of laughter, turned head-over-heels, and disappeared into the jungle, the helmet still attached to his leg.

These clever and withal amusing marauders are very thorns in the side of the Abyssinians, who never know when the Barea may not be upon them. In many respects they resemble the warlike tribes of the Red Indians, though they are certainly superior to them in size and strength. They will follow a travelling party for days, giving not an indication of their presence, and speaking to one another wholly by signs, of which they have an extensive vocabulary. But they will never show themselves until the

time comes for striking the long-meditated blow, when they will make their attack, and then vanish as mysteriously as they had come. On one occasion nearly two hundred Barea came overnight to the outskirts of a village, and there lay in wait. In the early morning, two of the principal men of the village, one a man who was celebrated for his majestic and somewhat pompous demeanor, took a walk toward their cotton-fields, and found themselves in the midst of the Barea, who captured them, and carried them off to be sold as slaves to the Arabs, who would probably sell them again to the Turks.

When the Barea encamp round a village, they keep themselves warm for the night by the ingenious plan of each man digging a hole in the ground, making a small fire in it, and squatting over it enveloped in his cloth, so as to retain the heat and to prevent the fire from being seen.

## THE GALLAS.

SURROUNDING a very considerable portion of Abyssinia proper are various tribes of the fierce and warlike GALLAS.

The Galla men are a fine and even handsome race, extremely variable in the hue of their skin, as may be supposed from the very large extent of ground which is inhabited by their tribes. Moreover, they have mixed considerably with the Abyssinians proper, and are often employed as slaves by them. Female Galla slaves are frequently kept in the households of Abyssinians, and the consequence is, that a mixed progeny has sprung up which partakes of the characteristics of both parents. This has taken place considerably in Shoa, where the Galla element is very conspicuous among the population. As a rule, however, they are much darker than the Abyssinians, a circumstance which has induced Mr. Johnstone to derive their name from the word "calla," or black. Their language is a dialect of the Amhara tongue, but varied, like their skins, according to the precise locality of the tribe.

The features of the Gallas have none of the negro characteristics, such as the length of the skull, the contracted (though not receding) forehead, and the full development of the lips and jaws. The hair resembles that of the Abyssinians, and is dressed in various modes. Sometimes it is formed into long, narrow plaits, hanging nearly to the shoulders, and in others it is frizzed out into tufts. The most singular way of dressing the hair is to collect it into three divisions, one occupying the top of the head, and one crossing each temple. The divided tresses being then combed and frizzed to the greatest possible extent, the whole head

has a most comical aspect, and has been likened to the ace of clubs.

The young women are bold and handsome, but are anything but good-looking when they grow old. Three old women who visited Mr. Johnstone, and evidently acted as spies, were remarkable for their ugliness. They wore the hair in the usual multitudinous plaits, which they had connected by means of threads, so as to form them into a continuous curtain, and had been exceedingly lavish of butter. They wore a sort of soft leather petticoat, and had on their feet a simple sandal of ox-hide, fastened to the foot by a lap passing over the great toe, and a thong over the instep. They came ostensibly to sell tobacco and ropes. The latter articles they made even while they were bargaining, a bundle of hemp being fastened to their girdles in front, and the ropes, as fast as they were twisted, being coiled round their waists.

The Gallas are a warlike race, and far more courageous than the Abyssinians, who are more given to vamping than fighting. When they return home after a victory they celebrate a curious and violent dance, called the Buffalo Dance. A head and the attached skin of a buffalo is laid on the ground, and the men assemble round it armed as if for war, with their spears and crooked swords. They then dance vigorously round the buffalo skin, leaping high in the air, striking with their swords, and thrusting with their spears, and going through all the manoeuvres of killing the animal. The women take an active part in the dance. It is illustrated in the engraving No. 1, on the preceding page.

## THE DANKALLI AND SOMAULI.

THEN there are the Dankalli and Somauli tribes, each of them subdivided into a number of smaller tribes, and having some traits peculiar to themselves, and others common to the Abyssinians proper. Indeed, Mr. Johnstone remarks that he has no doubt that, although they are now distinct nations, they are derived from a common origin.

The Somaulis are a warlike people, and, instead of the spears and shields which are almost the universal weapons through this part of Africa, they carry light bows and large quivers, which hang under the left arm by a broad strap passed over the same shoulder. The bow, though light, is very strong, and is much after the classical or Cupid's bow form. In consequence of this shape, when the arrow is discharged, the string comes quickly against the handle, and if the archer be inexpert his thumb gets a violent blow.

The quiver is made of an emptied gourd, the mouth of which is closed with a cover like that which is represented on several of the African quivers mentioned in this work. It contains about a dozen arrows, about a foot in length, and made of a hollow reed. Each is armed with a head of blue steel, shaped something like the ace of spades, and having its neck lengthened into a spike about an inch and a half long; this is not attached to the arrow, but is loose, and when wanted for use the spike is simply slid into the unfeathered end of the hollow shaft. Of course, when the weapon strikes its object, the shaft falls off, and the head, which is poisoned, remains in the wound, and soon causes death.

Instead of the sword, they carry a knife with a blade about eight inches in length, the handle being merely a piece of wood

rounded, and slightly hollowed to give a firmer grasp.

The dress of the men consists of a "fotah," or waist cloth, and a robe called the "sarree." Differing in use, these cloths are of exactly the same shape and size, i. e. about eleven feet in length. The fotah is wound twice round the waist, the end being tucked in behind, and the whole garment made secure by the broad belt which holds the knife. The sarree is worn in robe fashion, round the body, and a man of taste disposes it so as to show off the two broad stripes of blue or scarlet at the end.

The women also wear the fotah, over which, when out of doors, they wear a long blue skirt without sleeves, and very open down the front. This is laid aside in the house, where nothing but the fotah is worn. The mode of dressing the hair into a continuous veil has been already mentioned, and Mr. Johnstone was fortunate enough to witness the process of dressing "this entangled mass, which reminded me of the hair of Samson, interwoven with the web of the loom. The lady whose hair was to be operated upon sat upon a stone in the court beneath one of our windows, and behind her, on her knees, was a stout slave-girl, who held in both hands a long-handled wooden fork-like comb, having four very strong prongs, which she dragged through the woolly, greasy, and black hair of her mistress, with the force of a groom currying a horse's tail."

The particular sub-tribe to which the people belong is denoted by sundry incised marks, which are cut with a fragment of obsidian, and are formed into patterns which sometimes extend over the whole back and breast.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

### NUBIANS AND HAMRAN ARABS.

TINT OF THE NUBIAN SKIN—DRESS AND WEAPONS OF THE MEN—PECULIAR SWORD AND SHIELD—  
DRESS OF THE WOMEN—RĀHAT, OR THONG APRON—AMULETS—NUBIAN ARCHITECTURE—THE  
HAMRAN ARABS—WEAPONS OF THE MEN—CARE TAKEN OF THE WEAPONS—ELEPHANT HUNT-  
ING—ADMIRABLE HORSEMANSHIP—CATCHING BABOONS—HUNTING THE LION—CATCHING A  
BUFFALO BY THE TAIL—HARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

INASMUCH as, in spite of the continual contact with civilization, caused by their locality on the Nile bank, the Nubians have preserved their ancient style of dress and much of their ancient manners, they deserve a place in this work.

In color the Nubians are mostly black, some being of quite a jetty hue, while others are of much lighter color. Even in the blackest Nubian, however, the tint of the skin is not that of the tropical negro, but there is a certain transparency about it, which, in the sunbeams, gives a sort of amber hue to the limbs. Besides being a fine and well-built race, the Nubians possess pleasing features, the only fault being that the lower part of the face is somewhat apt to project.

While young the boys wear no clothing whatever, but when adult they wear short trousers, a shirt, and a kind of large scarf which passes over the left shoulder, and is fastened by a girdle round the waist. Being Mahometans, they shave the hair except one tuft on the crown, and cover their bare heads with a white cotton cap.

The Nubian men mostly go armed according to their ability. The usual weapons are the sword, dagger, spear, and shield. The sword is shaped somewhat like that of the Abyssinian, but the curve is not so abrupt. The general style of the weapon, however, and the shape of the handle, proclaim a common origin. With some of the Nubians the favorite weapon is the straight sword, like that of the Hamran Arabs, which will be described in a future page.

Perhaps on account of the facility which the Nile affords for travelling into South Central Africa, they wear a dagger fastened to the left arm just above the elbow, exactly as do several of the tribes that are found near the sources of the Nile. This dagger is short and crooked, and is kept in a red leathern sheath, and, on account of its position on the arm, is covered by the garments. The spear is simply the ordinary wooden shaft with an iron head, and has nothing about it specially worthy of notice.

The shield, however, is remarkable for its structure. It is generally made of the hide of the hippopotamus or of crocodile skin, and is easily known by the projecting boss in the centre. The hide is stretched on a wooden framework, and the boss is made of a separate piece of skin. The Nubians value these shields very highly, and, in consequence, it is extremely difficult to procure them.

The women are dressed after the usual African manner. As girls they wear nothing but a little apron of leathern thongs called a rāhat. This apron is about nine inches or a foot in width, and perhaps six or seven in depth, and in general appearance resembles that of the Kaffir girl. Instead of being cut from one piece of leather, each thong is a separate strip of hide, scarcely thicker than packthread, and knotted by the middle to the thong which passes round the waist. The apron is dyed of a brick-red color, and, after it has been in use for any time, becomes so saturated with the castor-oil which stands these primitive belles in lieu of clothing, that



the smell is unendurable. Travellers often purchase them from the Nubian girls, who, as a rule, are perfectly willing to sell them; but the buyers are obliged to hang their purchases on the top of the mast for a month or so, before they can be taken into the cabin. One of these aprons in my collection has still the familiar castor-oil odor about it, though many years have passed since it was purchased from a Nubian girl.

Of course they wear as many ornaments as they can procure; and some of these, which are handed down from one generation to another, are of great value. Few characteristics are more striking to an observant traveller than the fact that a Nubian girl whose whole dress may perhaps be worth three-pence, and who really could not afford to wear any clothing at all if it cost sixpence, will yet carry on her neck, her wrists, her ankles, and in her ears, a quantity of gold sufficient to purchase a handsome equipment.

It is rather a remarkable point that these aprons always become narrower toward the left side. The daughters of wealthy parents, though they wear no clothing except the apron, still contrive to satisfy the instinctive love of dress by covering the leathern thongs with beads, white shells, and pieces of silver twisted round them. When the girls marry, they retain the apron, but wear over it a loose garment, which passes over one shoulder, and hangs as low as the knee.

The ornaments with which they profusely decorate their persons are of various materials, according to the wealth of the woman who owns them. Those of the wealthy are of gold and silver, while those of the poorer class are of buffalo horn, brass, and similar materials. The metal amulets are of a crescent shape, and are open at one side, so as to be clasped on the arm or removed, according to the wearer's pleasure.

The hair is dressed in a way that recalls the ancient Egyptian woman to the traveller. It is jetty black and tolerably long, and is twisted with hundreds of small and straight tresses, generally finished off at the tips with little knobs of yellow clay, which look at a distance as if they were little lumps of gold. Amulets of different kinds are woven into the locks, and the whole is so saturated with castor-oil that an experienced traveller who wishes to talk to a Nubian woman takes care to secure the windward side, and not to approach nearer than is absolutely needful. As a rule, the Nubian women are not so dark as the men, but approach nearly to a coffee tint.

"Two beautiful young Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in the little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay, burnished like golden tags, soft deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Iris and Athor. Their very dress and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs, and I felt inclined to ask them how many thou-

sand years old they were." (Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt.")

The same writer well remarks that the whole country is a *palimpsest*, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over the Bible. In the towns the Koran is most visible; in the country, Herodotus.

One of these graceful Nubian girls is represented in the frontispiece to this volume.

The amulets which have been just mentioned are worn by men and women alike, and are sewed up in red leather cases like those of the Bornuans. It is an essential part of their efficacy that their contents should not be known, and if once a case be opened, the enclosed amulet loses its power. The men often wear great numbers of them, tying them on their arms above the elbows.

The houses in which the Nubians live, or rather in which they sleep, are of very simple construction. Residing among the ruins of palaces, the Nubians have never learned to build anything better than a mud hut. These huts are of much the same shape as the old Egyptian buildings, being squared towers, large at the base, and decreasing toward the top, which is square, and in the better class of house answers as a terrace. The roof is covered with palm branches, and every good house possesses a sort of courtyard surrounded by walls, in which the women can pursue their different vocations while sheltered from the sun.

Granaries are seen near every village, and consist of shallow pits sunk in the ground and covered with a sort of white plaster. The villages also possess a shed for the reception of strangers, and each house has a jar of fresh water always kept ready for use.

Fortunately for themselves, the Nubians are both proud and fond of their country; and, although they are despised by the Arabs to such an extent that a Nubian always tries to pass himself off as an Arab whenever he has the opportunity, they are ever boasting of the many perfections of the land which they thus reject.

How long the Nubians may possess this land is doubtful. The Turk, "under whose foot no grass grows," is doing his best to depopulate the country. The men are pressed for soldiers, as many as thirty per cent. having been carried off in one conscription, and they are always being seized for forced labor — i. e. a life somewhat worse than that of plantation slaves. Consequently, as soon as they take alarm, they leave their village and escape into the interior, abandoning their crops and allowing them to perish rather than serve under the hated rule of the Turk. The least resistance, or show of resistance, is punished by death, and several travellers have related incidents of cold-blooded cruelty which seem almost too hor-

rible to tell, but which were taken quite as matters of ordinary occurrence. Taxation, too, is carried out to a simply ruinous extent, and the natural result is fast taking

place, namely, the depopulation of the land, and the gradual lessening of the number of tax-payers.

### THE HAMRAN ARABS.

To describe, however briefly, all the tribes which inhabit the vast district called Arabia, would be a task far beyond the pretensions of this work. Some have advanced very far in civilization, while others have retained, with certain modifications, their pristine and almost savage mode of life. I shall therefore select these latter tribes as examples of the Arab life, and shall briefly describe one or two of the most characteristic examples.

SOUTH of Cassala there is a remarkable tribe of Arabs known as the Hamrans, who are celebrated through all the country for their skill in hunting. They possess the well-cut features and other characteristics of the Arab race, and are only to be distinguished by the style of wearing the hair. They permit the hair to grow to a great length, part it down the middle, and carefully train it into long curls. Each man always carries the only two weapons he cares about, namely, the sword and shield. The latter is of no very great size, is circular in shape, and about two feet in diameter, with a boss in the centre much like that of the Nubian shield already described. It is made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and, being meant for use and not for show, is never ornamented.

As to the sword, it is the chief friend of the Hamran Arab's life, and he looks upon it with a sort of chivalric respect. It is straight, double-edged, and is furnished with a cross-handle, like that of the ancient Crusaders, from whom the fashion seems to have been borrowed. The blades are of European make, and the Arabs are excellent judges of steel, valuing a good blade above everything. They keep both edges literally as sharp as razors, and prove the fact by shaving with them. When a Hamran Arab is travelling and comes to a halt, the first thing he does after seating himself is to draw his sword and examine both edges with the keenest attention. He then sharpens the weapon upon his leathern shield, and when he can shave the hair on his own arm with both edges, he carefully returns the blade into the sheath.

The length of the blade is three feet, and the handle is about six inches long, so that the weapon is a very weighty one, and a fair blow from its keen edge will cut a man in two. Still, it is not serviceable in single combat, as, although its weight renders a successful blow fatal, it prevents

the recovery of the sword after an unsuccessful blow. Sir S. Baker, to whom we are indebted for an account of this remarkable tribe, says that a Hamran Arab, with his sword and shield, would be at the mercy of an ordinary swordsman. He can cut and slash with wonderful energy, but knows nothing of using the point or parrying, so that, if a feint be made at his head, he will instinctively raise the shield, and lay his whole body open to the point of his adversary's sword.

The scabbard in which the sword is carried is very ingeniously made of two strips of soft and elastic wood, slightly hollowed to receive the blade, and covered with leather. The absurd metal scabbards still in use in our army would be scorned by an Arab, who knows the value of a keen edge to his weapon. On the scabbard are fitted two projecting pieces of leather. When the Arab is on the march, he slings the sword on the pommel of his saddle, and passes his leg between these leather projections, so that the sword is held in its place, and does not jump and bang against the sides of the horse.

Armed with merely the sword, these mighty hunters attack all kinds of game, and match themselves with equal coolness against the elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the lion, or the antelope. Their mode of procedure is almost invariably the same. They single out some particular animal, and contrive to cut the tendon of the hind leg with a blow of the sword, thus rendering the unfortunate beast helpless.

When they chase the elephant, they proceed in the following manner. The elephant hunters, or aggageers, as they call themselves, convert their swords into two-handed weapons by wrapping thin cord very closely round the blade, for about nine inches from the handle. The guarded portion of the blade is held in the right hand, and the hilt in the left.

Two hunters generally set out in chase of the elephant. Having selected the bull with the largest tusks, they separate it from its fellows, and irritate it until it charges them. One of the aggageers takes on himself this duty, and draws the attention of the elephant upon himself. The irritated animal makes its furious onset, and goes off at full speed after the aggageer, who carefully accommodates his pace to that of the elephant, so that it always thinks it is going to catch him, and forgets that he has a companion.

Meanwhile, the other aggageer rides close to the side of the elephant, draws his sword, springs to the ground, bounds alongside of the elephant, delivers one tremendous cut on the ankle of the hind foot, and springs again on his horse. As soon as the elephant puts the injured foot on the ground, the joint becomes dislocated, and the foot turns up like an old shoe. The animal is now helpless, and, while its attention is still engaged by the aggageer whom it has been pursuing, the swordsman passes to its other side, slashes the ankle of the remaining leg, and brings the animal to a dead halt. The sword is carefully wiped, sharpened, and returned to the sheath, while the wounded elephant sinks to the ground, and in a short time dies from loss of blood. Thus one man will kill an elephant with two blows of a sword.

It is evident that such hunting as this requires the most perfect horsemanship, and it is accordingly found that the Hamran Arabs are among the best horsemen in the world. They and their steeds seem to be actuated by one spirit, and they sit as if the horse and his rider were but one animal. In his travels in Abyssinia Sir S. Baker gives a very graphic account of their mode of riding.

"Hardly were we mounted and fairly started, than the monkey-like agility of our aggageers was displayed in a variety of antics, that were far more suited to performance in a circus than to a party of steady and experienced hunters, who wished to reserve the strength of their horses for a trying journey.

"Abou Do was mounted on a beautiful Abyssinian horse, a gray; Suleiman rode a rough and inferior-looking beast; while little Jali, who was the pet of the party, rode a gray mare, not exceeding fourteen hands in height, which matched her rider exactly in fire, spirit, and speed. Never was there a more perfect picture of a wild Arab horseman than Jali on his mare. Hardly was he in the saddle, than away flew the mare over the loose shingles that formed the dry bed of the river, scattering the rounded pebbles in the air from her flinty hoofs, while her rider in the vigor of delight threw himself almost under her belly while at full speed, and picked up stones from the ground, which he flung, and again caught as they descended.

"Never were there more complete Centaurs than these Hamran Arabs; the horse and man appeared to be one animal, and that of the most elastic nature, that could twist and turn with the suppleness of a snake; the fact of their separate being was proved by the rider springing to the earth with his drawn sword while the horse was in full gallop over rough and difficult ground, and, clutching the mane, he again vaulted into the saddle with the agility of a monkey, without once checking the speed.

"The fact of being on horseback had suddenly altered the character of these Arabs; from a sedate and proud bearing they had become the wildest examples of the most savage disciples of Nimrod; excited by enthusiasm, they shook their naked blades aloft till the steel trembled in their grasp, and away they dashed, over rocks, through thorny bush, across ravines, up and down steep inclinations, engaging in a mimic hunt, and going through the various acts supposed to occur in the attack of a furious elephant."

This capability of snatching up articles from the ground stands the hunters in good stead. If, for example, they should come across a flock of sheep, each man will dash through the flock, stoop from his saddle, pick up a lamb, and ride off with it. They can even catch far more active prey than the lamb or kid. On one occasion, as the party were travelling along, they came upon a large troop of baboons, who had been gathering gum arabic from the mimosas. "Would the lady like to have a baboon?" asked Jali, the smallest and most excitable of the party.

Three of the hunters dashed off in pursuit of the baboons, and in spite of the rough ground soon got among them. Stooping from their saddles, two of the aggageers snatched each a young baboon from its mother, placed it on the neck of the horse, and rode off with it. Strange to say, the captive did not attempt to escape, nor even to bite, but clung convulsively to the mane of the horse, screaming with fear. As soon as they halted, the hunters stripped some mimosa bark from the trees, bound the baboons, and with their heavy whips inflicted a severe flogging on the poor beasts. This was to make them humble, and prevent them from biting. However, in the course of the next halt, when the baboons were tied to trees, one of them contrived to strangle itself in its struggles to escape, and the other bit through its bonds and made off unseen.

For such work as this, the hunter must be able to stop his horse in a moment, and accordingly the bit must be a very severe one. The saddle is a very clumsy affair, made of wood and unstuffed, while the stirrups are only large enough to admit the great toe.

The rhinoceros gives far more trouble to the hunters than the elephant. It is much swifter, more active, and can turn more rapidly, spinning round as if on a pivot, and baffling their attempts to get at its hind leg. Unlike the elephant, it can charge on three legs, so that a single wound does not disable it. Still the Hamran Arabs always kill the rhinoceros when they can, as its skin will produce hide for seven shields, each piece being worth two dollars, and the horn is sold to the Abyssinians as material for

sword hilts, the best horn fetching two dollars per pound.

Lion-hunting is not a favorite pursuit with the Hamrans, as they gain little if successful, and they seldom come out of the contest without having suffered severely. They always try to slash the animal across the loins, as a blow in that spot disables it instantly, and prevents it from leaping. Sometimes the lion springs on the crupper of the horse, and then a back-handed blow is delivered with the two-edged sword, mostly with fatal effect.

The buffalo, fierce and active as it is, they hunt with the sword. Nothing, perhaps, shows the splendid horsemanship and daring courage of the Hamrans better than a scene which was witnessed by Sir S. Baker.

A large herd of buffaloes was seen and instantly charged by the aggageers, and, while the buffaloes and hunters were mixed together in one mass, the irrepressible little Jali suddenly leaned forward, and seized the tail of a fine young buffalo, some twelve hands high. Two other hunters leaped from their horses, snatched off their belts, and actually succeeded in taking the animal alive. This was a great prize, as it would be sold for a considerable sum at Cassala. Now as Jali was barely five feet three inches in height, and very slightly made, such a feat as seizing and finally capturing a powerful animal like a buffalo bull was really a wonderful one.

They are as active on foot as on horseback. On one occasion, three of them, Jali of course being one, were so excited with the chase of a wounded elephant that they actually leaped from their horses and pursued the animal on foot. The elephant was mad with rage, but seemed instinctively to know that his enemies wanted to get behind him, and always turned in time to prevent them. Active as monkeys, the aggageers managed to save themselves from the charges of the elephant, in spite of deep sand, which impeded them, while it had no effect on the elephant. Time after time he was within a yard or so of one of the hunters, when the other two saved him by dashing upon either flank, and so diverting his attention.

They hunt the hippopotamus as successfully as they chase the elephant, and are as mighty hunters in the water as upon land. In this chase they exchange the sword and shield for the harpoon and lance. The former weapon is made on exactly the same principle as that which has already been described when treating of the hippopotamus hunters of South Central Africa, but it is much lighter. The shaft is a stout bamboo about ten feet in length, and the head is a piece of soft steel about a foot long, sharply pointed at one end and having a single stout barb. One end of a rope, about twenty feet in length, is firmly at-

tached to the head, and to the other end is fastened a float made of a very light wood called ambatch, which is also used for making canoes and rafts.

When the hunter sees a hippopotamus, and means to attack it, he puts on his hunting dress, i. e. he braces a leathern belt round his waist, and takes off all his clothes. He then fixes the iron head on the bamboo shaft, winds the rope round the latter, and boldly enters the water, holding the harpoon in the right hand and the ambatch float in the left. As soon as he comes within striking distance of his victim, the harpoon is hurled, and the hunter tries to find a spot in which the infuriated animal cannot reach him. The wounded hippopotamus dashes about, first in the river, then on the bank, and then in the river again, always trailing after it the rope and float, and so weakening itself, and allowing its enemies to track it. Sooner or later they contrive to seize the end, drag the animal near the bank, and then with their lances put it to death.

Often, when they have brought the hippopotamus to the shore, it charges open-mouthed at its tormentors. Some of them receive it with spears, while others, though unarmed, boldly await its onset, and fling handfuls of sand into its eyes. The sand really seems to cause more pain and annoyance than the spears, and the animal never can withstand it, but retreats to the water to wash the sand out of its eyes. In the mean time, weapon after weapon is plunged into its body, until at last loss of blood begins to tell upon it, and by degrees it yields up its life.

Sir S. Baker gives a most animated description of one of these strange hunts.

One of the old Hamran hunters, named Abou Do—an abbreviated version of a very long string of names—was celebrated as a howarti, or hippopotamus hunter. This fine old man, some seventy years of age, was one of the finest conceivable specimens of humanity. In spite of his great age, his tall form, six feet two in height, was as straight as in early youth, his gray locks hung in thick curls over his shoulders, and his bronze features were those of an ancient statue. Despising all encumbrances of dress, he stepped from rock to rock as lightly as a goat, and, dripping with water, and bearing his spear in his hand, he looked a very Neptune. The hunters came upon a herd of hippopotami in a pool, but found that they were too much awake to be safely attacked.

"About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, I observed, in a small pool just below the rapid, an immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet

above the surface. I pointed out the hippo to old Abou Do, who had not seen it.

"At once the gravity of the old Arab disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly behind the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippo was unconsciously basking, with his ugly head above the surface. Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, but, breasting the powerful current, he landed upon the rocks on the opposite side, and, retiring to some distance from the river, he quickly advanced toward the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. I had a fine view of the scene, as I was lying concealed exactly opposite the hippo, who had disappeared beneath the water.

"Abou Do now stealthily approached the ledge of rock beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal; his long, sinewy arm was raised, with the harpoon ready to strike as he carefully advanced. At length he reached the edge of the perpendicular rock, the hippo had vanished, but, far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude.

"No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river-king, as he stood erect upon the rock with the left foot advanced, and the harpoon poised in his ready right hand above his head, while in the left he held the loose coils of rope attached to the ambatch buoy. For about three minutes he stood like a statue, gazing intently into the clear and deep water beneath his feet.

"I watched eagerly for the reappearance of the hippo; the surface of the water was still barren, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. What river-fend answered to the summons? In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head

and form of the furious hippopotamus, who, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam, and, disdaining the concealment of the deep pool, he charged straight up the violent rapids. (See engraving No. 1, on the next page.) With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream; gaining a footing in the rapids, about five feet deep, he ploughed his way against the broken waves, sending them in showers of spray upon all sides, and upon gaining broader shallows he tore along through the water, with the buoyant float hopping behind him along the surface, until he landed from the river, started at full gallop along the dry shingly bed, and at length disappeared in the thorny nabbuk jungle."

During one of these flights, the hippopotamus took it into his head that the ambatch float was the enemy that was damaging him, and attacked it furiously. Taking advantage of his pre-occupation, two hunters swam across the river, carrying with them a very long and tough rope, and holding one end on each bank and "sweeping," as the sailors say, they soon caught the float in the centre of the rope and brought it ashore. The hippopotamus then made a charge, and the slackened line was immediately coiled round a rock, while two hunters fixed additional harpoons in the animal; and though he made six charges at his foes, bit one of the ropes asunder, and crushed the lance-shafts between his teeth like straws, the hardy hunters got the better of him, and his death was a mere matter of time.

The hippopotamus is nearly as great a prize as the rhinoceros, as it affords an almost unlimited supply of food, and the hide is extremely valuable, being cut into strips two inches in width, which are used in the manufacture of the koorbash, or hide whip, so universally employed throughout Africa.

In the water, the crocodile is even a more dangerous antagonist than the hippopotamus, and yet the Hamrans attack it with their harpoons, boldly entering the water, and caring no more for crocodiles than for so many frogs.



(1.) HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. (See page 678.)



(2.) TRAVELLERS AND THE MIRAGE. (See page 669.)



## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### BEDOUINS, HASSANIYEHs, AND MALAGASY.

**SIGNIFICATION OF THE NAME—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BEDOUINS—THEIR ROBBER NATURE—HOSPITALITY AND ITS DUTIES—LIFE AMONG THE BEDOUINS—THE BEDOUIN WOMEN—SIMPLE MODE OF GOVERNMENT—CONSTANT FEUDS—MODE OF COOKING—THE DATE AND ITS USES—THE HASSANIYEHs—GENERAL APPEARANCE—THEIR VILLAGES—STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—A HASSANIYEH DANCE—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ARABS—THE HAUNTED HOUSE—NOTIONS OF THE MIRAGE—THE INK MIRROR—THE MALAGASY AND THEIR TRIBES—THE FIRST BEEF-EATER—THE HOVA TRIBE—ARCHITECTURE—THE TRAVELLER'S TREE AND ITS USES—TREATMENT OF SLAVES—NOTIONS OF RELIGION—THE BLACKSMITH TRIBE.**

OF all the many tribes which are designated by the common title of Arab, the typical tribes are those which are so well known by the name of BEDOUIN, or BEDAWEEEN. The former is the more familiar mode of spelling the word, and it will therefore be employed. The name is a most appropriate one, being derived from an Arabic word which signifies the desert, and meaning, therefore, a man of the wilderness. The Bedouins are indeed men of the desert. True Ishmaelites, their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. They build no houses, they cultivate no lands, they conduct no merchandise; but are nomad and predatory, trusting chiefly for their living to the milk of their camels, and looking upon their horses and dromedaries as means whereby they can plunder with greater security.

As Mr. Palgrave pithily remarks, while treating of the character of the Bedouin: "The Bedouin does not fight for his home, he has none; nor for his country, that is anywhere; nor for his honor, he has never heard of it; nor for his religion, he owns and cares for none. His only object in war is the temporary occupation of some bit of miserable pasture-land, or the use of a brackish well; perhaps the desire to get such a one's horse or camel into his own possession."

In person the Bedouins are fine specimens of the human race. They are tall, stately, with well-cut features, and have feet and hands that are proverbial for their beauty. Their demeanor in public is grave and haughty, and every man walks as if he were

monarch of the world. While other Arab tribes have lost their distinctive manners by contact with civilization, the Bedouins alone have preserved them, and, even when they visit the cities which they hate so much, they can be at once distinguished by their demeanor. Lady Duff-Gordon was greatly struck with it. "To see a Bedawee and his wife walk through the streets of Cairo is superb. Her hand resting on his shoulder, and scarcely deigning to cover her haughty face, she looks down on the Egyptian veiled woman, who carries the heavy burden and walks behind her lord and master."

The dress of the Bedouins is simple enough. The men wear a sort of a tunic or shirt, covered with a large thick mantle called the *haik*. Another cloth is disposed over the head, and falls on either side of the face so as to shield it from the sun, and is kept in its place by a cord of camel's hair, that is wound several times across the brows. As for the women, they wear a blue shirt, much open at the bosom, and care for no other clothing.

Being a predatory race, the Bedouins are always armed, their chief weapon being the spear, which is of enormous length, and often so weighty that a powerful as well as a practised arm is required to wield it. At the present day those who can afford fire-arms carry guns of such length of barrel that they seem to have been made in emulation of the spear shafts. These weapons are of very indifferent quality, and the Bedouin is never a good marksman, his clumsy weapon taking a long time to load, and the



owner taking a long time to aim, and then aiming very badly.

In consequence of the robber nature of the Bedouins, no one will venture to pass through their districts without being well armed, or protected by a sufficient escort. At the present day, Europeans can travel with comparative safety, as they have a way of fighting when attacked, and of generally hitting their mark when they fire, so that even the wandering Bedouins have conceived a respect for such incomprehensible beings, and would rather receive them as guests than fight them as enemies.

If, however, they come upon a solitary traveller, they pounce upon him, and rob him of everything, even of his clothes. Still, they are not brutal about it, except perhaps in enforcing haste by a menacing gesture with a spear. They seldom accompany robbery with murder, and have been known to take the traveller whom they have robbed into their tents, feed him, give him old clothes instead of the new which they have taken from him, keep him all night, and send him on his journey, even taking the trouble to accompany him for some distance, lest he should lose his way. The robber feels no enmity toward the man, and simply looks on him as a providential benefit cast in his way, and as such rather respects him than otherwise.

The reader will remember that the Bedouin takes the man to his tent *after* he has robbed him. Had he begun operations by allowing the traveller to enter his tent, and partake of his food, he could not have robbed his guest afterward. There is a chivalrous sort of feeling in the Arab mind that the person of a guest is sacred; and if the fiercest Bedouin had received a man under the shadow of his tent, he would be bound to protect that man as if he were his own son. So far is this feeling carried, that instances have been known where a strange Arab has taken refuge in a tent and received protection, though the owner discovered that his guest had killed one of his nearest relations.

The only habitations of the Bedouins are their tents. These tents, on which so much poetry has been lavished, are about as unpoetical as anything can be. Any one can make a Bedouin tent in five minutes. He has only to take a few sticks, some five feet in length, thrust one end into the ground, throw over them a piece of black and very dirty sackcloth, peg the edges to the ground, and there is the tent. Being only some four feet in height in the middle, no one can stand upright in it, and only in the middle can any one even sit upright. But as the tent is not regarded as we regard a house, and is only used as a sort of convenient shelter in which the Arabs can sleep, height is of no importance. The engraving No. 2, on page 670, illustrates a "Bedouin camp."

These low, dark tents are almost invariably pitched in the form of a semicircle, the openings eastward, and just enough space left between each hut for the passage of their camels and horses. The area inclosed between the arms of the crescent is intended for the children, as a place wherein they may disport themselves while still under the mother's eye. When new, the tents are mostly striped in broad bands of two or three feet in width, but the rough usage to which they are subjected soon destroys the color.

Such are the tents of the ordinary Bedouins. The sheikh, or chief of each clan, has a larger and better tent, which is divided into compartments by curtains, so disposed as to leave a set of rooms on the outside, and one or more rooms in the centre. Those on the outside are for the men, and those in the interior for the women belonging to the sheikh's family. A certain amount of privacy is gained, which belongs, however, only to the eye and not to the ear, the partitions being nothing more than curtains, and the Arabs all speaking in the loudest of voices—a bawling nation, as a French traveller described them.

The furniture is suitable to the dwelling, and consists merely of a mat or two and a few pots. Some of the wealthier are very proud of possessing brass mortars in which they pound their coffee, and every morning is heard the musical tinkle of the coffee-maker. Even the men condescend to make coffee, and the sheikh himself may be seen at work in the morning, pounding away at the berries, and rejoicing equally in the musical sound of the pestle and the fragrant odor of the freshly-roasted coffee.

Thus bred entirely in the open air, the only shelter being the tattered sackcloth of the tent, the true Bedouin can endure no other life. He is as miserable within the walls of a town as a wolf in a trap. His eyes, accustomed to range over the vast expanse of desert, are affronted by the walls over which he cannot see. The streets oppress him, and within the atmosphere of a room he can scarcely breathe. Both he and his camel are equally out of their element when among civilized people, and they are ever looking forward to the happy moment when they may again breathe the free air of the desert.

Life among the Bedouins is not pleasant to a European, and is by no means the sort of paradisaical existence that we are often led to think. It is certainly a free life in its way, and has that peculiar charm which is felt by all civilized beings when first allowed to do as they like. But it has its drawbacks, not the least being that every one is equally free; and if a stronger man should choose to assert his freedom by plundering the traveller, he is at perfect liberty to do so.

Then the "Arab maids," who look so picturesque—in a painting—are not quite so pleasant in reality. Dirt, evil odors, screaming voices and detestable manners are not seen in a picture, but in reality force themselves on more senses than one. Even in youth the Bedouin girls are not so handsome as is generally thought. They are tall, well made, and graceful, but are deficient in that gentleness and softness which we naturally associate with the feminine nature. They are fond of tattooing themselves, and cover their arms and chins with blue patterns, such as stars or arabesque figures. Some of them extend the tattoo over the breast nearly as low as the waist. The corners of the eyes are sometimes decorated with this cheap and indestructible ornament. They are fond of ornaments, especially of ear-rings, which can scarcely be too large for them.

Unlike the more civilized Mahometans, they care little about veiling their faces, and, in fact, pass a life nearly as free as that of the men. Even the women's apartment of the tent is thrown open by day for the sake of air, and any one can see freely into it.

Feminine beauty differs as much among the Arabs as among other people. Mr. Palgrave says wittily that if any one could invent an instrument which could measure beauty—a kalometer, as he calls it—the Bedouin would be "represented by zero, or at most 1°." A degree higher would represent the female sex of Nejed; above them rank the women of Shomer, who are in their turn surmounted by those of Djowf. The fifth or sixth degree symbolizes the fair ones of Hasa; the seventh those of Katâr; and lastly, by a sudden rise of ten degrees at least, the seventeenth or eighteenth would denote the pre-eminent beauties of Oman.

"Arab poets occasionally languish after the charmers of Hejaz; I never saw anyone to charm *me*, but then I only skirted the province. All bear witness to the absence of female loveliness in Yamen; and I should much doubt whether the mulatto races and dusky complexions of Hadramout have much to vaunt of. But in Hasa a decided improvement in this important point is agreeably evident to the traveller arriving from Nejed, and he will be yet further delighted on finding his Calypsos much more conversible, and having much more too in their conversation, than those he left behind him in Sedeys and Aared."

It is popularly thought that Arab manners are like those of the Turk,—grave, polite, and majestic. The fact is far different. Though, like the American Indian, the Arab has a proud and stately walk, and knows well enough how to assume a regally indifferent demeanor on occasion, he is by nature lively and talkative, not caring very much what he talks about; and fond of sing-

ing Arab songs in that curious mixture of high screaming falsetto and guttural intonation which he is pleased to consider vocal music.

Then the general manners are by no means dignified, even when the Bedouins want to do special honor to a guest. Mr. Palgrave spent much time among them, and has drawn a vivid picture of life in a Bedouin encampment. It is no unfavorable one, the inmates being described as "ajaweed," or gentlemen—though the author remarks rather wickedly that, if they were gentlemen, he very much wondered what the blackguards were like.

"The chief, his family (women excepted), his intimate followers, and some twenty others, young and old, boys and men, came up, and, after a kindly salutation Bedouin-wise, seated themselves in a semicircle before us. Every man held a short crooked stick for camel-driving in his hand, to gesticulate with in speaking, or to play with in the intervals of conversation; while the younger members of society, less prompt in discourse, politely employed their leisure in staring at us, or in pinching up dried pellets of dirt from the sand, and tossing them about.

"But how am I to describe their conversation, their questions and answers, their manners and jests? 'A sensible person in this city is like a man tied up among a drove of mules in a stable,' I once heard from a respectable stranger in the Syrian town of Homs, a locality proverbial for the utter stupidity of its denizens. But among Bedouins in the desert, where the advantages of the stable are wanting, the guest rather resembles a man in the middle of a field among untied mules, frisking and kicking their heels in all directions around him.

"Here you may see human nature at its lowest stage, or very nearly. One sprawls stretched out on the sand, another draws unmeaning lines with the end of his stick, a third grins, a fourth asks purposeless or impertinent questions, or cuts jokes meant for wit, but in fact only coarse in the extreme. Meanwhile the boys thrust themselves forward without restraint, and interrupt their elders (their betters I can hardly say) without the smallest respect or deference.

"And yet, in all this, there is no real intention of rudeness, no desire to annoy—quite the reverse. They sincerely wish to make themselves agreeable to the new comers, to put them at their ease, nay, to do them what good service they can, only they do not exactly know how to set about it. If they violate all laws of decorum or courtesy, it is out of sheer ignorance, not *malice prepense*. And, amid the aimlessness of an utterly uncultivated mind, they occasionally show indications of considerable tact and shrewdness; while, through all the fickleness proper to man accustomed to no

moral or physical restraint, there appears the groundwork of a manly and generous character, such as a Persian, for instance, seldom offers.

"Their defects are inherent in their condition, their redeeming qualities are their own—they have them by inheritance from one of the noblest races of earth, from the Arabs of inhabited lands and organized governments. Indeed, after having travelled much and made pretty intimate acquaintance with many races, African, Asiatic, and European, I should hardly be inclined to give the preference to any over the genuine unmixed clans of Central and Eastern Africa. Now these last-mentioned populations are identical in blood and tongue with the myriads of the desert, yet how immeasurably inferior! The difference between a barbarous Highlander and an English gentleman, in 'Rob Roy' or 'Waverley,' is hardly less striking."

The resemblance between the gipsy and the Bedouin is almost too evident to need mention, and the author of this passage has here drawn attention to the singular resemblance between the Bedouin and the Highlander, as described by Scott. There is, however, in the "Legend of Montrose," a passage which is worthy of being quoted in this place, so strangely close is the parallel. It occurs in the scene where the wounded Mac-Eogh is dying in prison, and is giving his last commands to his grandson. "Keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down. Son of the Mist, be free as thy forefathers. Own no land—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—inclose no pasture—sow no grain. . . . Begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or war." Shift the scene from Scotland to Arabia, and no more appropriate words could have been put into the mouth of a dying Bedouin chief.

With characters so impatient of control, it is evident that there can be no government worthy of the name. Like the Son of the Mist, they acknowledge no lord, and there is no one who bears even by courtesy the title of King of the Bedouins. Each clan is governed by its own sheikh, and occasionally a few clans unite for some raid under the presidency of the eldest or most important sheikh, and remain united for some time. But his rule only lasts as long as the others choose to obey him, and instead of being a sovereign, or even a commander-in-chief, he is but *primus inter pares*.

The clans themselves vary exceedingly in numbers, and, as a general rule, each clan consists of one family, gathered together after the patriarchal system. Then if one of the men should happen to excel his fellows

he is sure to get together a band of followers, to separate in time from his family, and found a clan of his own.

In consequence of this insubordinate nature, war, as we understand it, is impossible, simply because discipline cannot be maintained. If, for example, several clans unite under the presidency of one of their number, should one of the confederated sheikhs feel dissatisfied with the commander, he will go off together with his people, and probably join another who is more to his mind.

Though war is unknown, the Bedouins live in a chronic state of feud, no one knowing whether his encampment may not be assailed by another clan, all his little property—dress included—torn from him, if he submits, and his throat very probably cut if he resists. No one ever thinks of giving notice of attack, or of fighting anything like equal numbers. Should they not be far superior in numbers, they contrive to project their assault secretly, and to take their victims by surprise, and the man who is most ingenious in planning such raids, and the most active and courageous in carrying them out, is sure to be the man who will rise to a sort of eminence in his own clan, and finish by founding one of his own. The only object of such a raid is the acquisition of property; and even a handsome horse, or a remarkably swift dromedary, will cause the destruction of a whole clan.

Living in the desert, and only travelling from one fertile spot to another, they cannot be expected to be very delicate in regard to provisions, nor to possess any great skill in cookery. Their greatest luxury is a feast on boiled mutton and the whole process of cooking and serving is almost ludicrously simple. The body of a sheep is cut up and thrown into a pot, together with a sufficiency of water. The pot is then placed on the fire, and in process of time it boils. When it is about two-thirds cooked, according to our ideas, the hungry Bedouins can wait no longer; it is all turned into a large wooden bowl, and the guests assemble round it. Their hands are plunged into the bowl, the scalding and half-raw meat is quickly torn to pieces, and in five minutes nothing is left but the cleanly picked bones. No vegetables are added to it, and no condiments are thought needful. Water is then passed round in another bowl or pail, a deep draught is taken, and the feast is over.

The bread of the Bedouin is as simple as the cookery. The baker pours a few handfuls of flour upon a circular piece of leather, pours a little water upon it, and kneads it into dough. Another man has in the mean time been preparing a fire, and, as soon as it burns up, the dough is patted into a thin circular cake, about one inch thick and six inches diameter. This is laid on the fire and covered with embers, and after being

turned once or twice, and the ashes brushed off, it is taken from the fire, broken up and eaten as it is — "half-kneaded, half-raw half-roasted, and burnt all round." Were it not eaten while still hot, it would become so tough and leathery that not even a Bedouin could eat it. In fact, it very much resembles the rough-and-ready bread of the Australian shepherds, which is so well known under the name of "damper." One advantage of this style of bread is, that it can be readily cooked on a journey, and, on special occasions, a camel-rider can even bake his bread while on the back of his dromedary.

The date is, however, the chief resource of the Bedouin, and on that fruit alone he can exist for a long time, even through the many hardships which he has to endure in his journeying through the desert. In England we do not know what the date really is, nor can we understand the rich lusciousness of the fruit before it is dried and preserved. In the latter state it is very heating to a European, and slightly so even to a native, whereas in its fresh state it has no such evil qualities. It contains a marvellous amount of nourishment, and when fresh does not cloy the palate, as is always the case when it is dried.

In consequence of this nourishing property of the fruit, the date tree is not only valued, but absolutely honored. The Arab addresses it as his mother, and treats it with as much reverence as if it were really his parent. A single date tree is a valuable property among all Arab tribes, and, although the genuine Bedouins own none, they reverence it as much as their more stationary brethren. Cutting down the date trees of an enemy is looked upon as the last extremity of cruelty, while planting the trees on a new piece of ground is a sign of peace and prosperity.

The date is eaten in various ways. It is usually preferred while fresh and full of its own sweet juices, but, as it cannot be kept fresh very long, it is dried, pressed together, and so stored for future use. When the dried date forms a portion of a feast, the fruit is served in a large wooden bowl, in the middle of which is a cup containing melted butter. Each guest then picks out the dates singly from the mass, and dips each slightly into the butter before eating it.

There are many qualities of dates, and the best, which grow at Kaseem, are in great estimation, and are largely imported to the non-producing parts of Arabia. At Kaseem, the date-palm is cultivated to a great extent, and probably owes its peculiar excellence to the constant presence of water

six or seven feet below the surface of the ground. The ripening season corresponds with our autumn, extending through the latter part of August and the beginning of September.

Some connoisseurs, however, prefer the Khalas date. It grows only in Hasa, and fully deserves its name, which signifies quintessence. It is smaller than the Kaseem date, semi-transparent, and of a rich amber color. The sale of this particular date brings in a large income to Hasa, the fruit being exported as far as Bombay and Zanzibar.

Of religion, the genuine Bedouin has not the least idea. He is nominally a Mahometan, and will repeat certain formulæ with perfect accuracy. He will say his Bismillahs, and Mashallahs, and other pious ejaculations as well as any one, but he has not the least idea who Allah may be, neither does he care. As far as Mr. Palgrave could ascertain, their only idea of Allah was that of a very great sheikh, who would have about the same authority over them in the next world as their own sheikh in this sphere. That is to say, they consider that they will be quite as independent after death as before, and that they will acknowledge allegiance to this great sheikh as long as they choose, and no longer.

Like all men who are ignorant of religion, they are superstitious in proportion to their ignorance. Profoundly illiterate themselves, they have the greatest reverence for book-learning, and any one who can read a book is respected, while he who can write as well as read is regarded with a curious mixture of admiration, envy, and fear. The latter feeling is excited by his presumed ability of writing saphies, or charms, which are mostly sentences from the Koran, and are supposed to possess every imaginable virtue.

Before leaving the Bedouin Arabs, a few words must be said about the Arab and his horse. Many tales are told of the love that exists between the animal and its master, of the attention which is lavished on a favorite mare, and how she and her colt inhabit the tent together with the children, and are all dayfellows together. This certainly may be the case occasionally, but not invariably. That they are brought up in close contact is true enough, and that the animal thereby acquires an intelligence which it never could possess under less sociable treatment. But the Arab has no more real affection for his steed than has many an English gentleman for his favorite horse; and, if he be angered, he is capable of treating the animal with the same cruelty.

## THE HASSANIYEH.

WE are come to a branch of the Arabs called the Hassaniyeh, who inhabit a large tract of land south of Khartoum. They are paler in complexion than those of whom we have already treated, having a decided tinge of yellow in their skins. They are slight, tall, and straight-featured. The men part their hair in the middle, plait it into long braids, and fasten it at the back of the head, so that they have rather a feminine aspect.

The villages of the Hassaniyeh are mere assemblages of slight huts, circular in shape, and having conical roofs, with a hole in the centre by way of a chimney. The walls are made of sticks and reeds, and the roofs of straw, and at a little distance the huts look more like tents than houses. Each hut is surrounded with a fence of thorns.

As among other Arab tribes, the sheikh's house is much larger and better than those of the commonalty, and is divided into several chambers. Sometimes a sort of second hut is placed in the interior, is made of fine yellow grass, and is inhabited by the women. Now and then a sheikh has his tent covered with camel's-hair cloth, and one of them, seen by Mr. Bayard Taylor, was thirty feet in length, and contained two inner chambers. The walls were covered with skins, gourds, and similar articles; the principal chamber contained a large bedstead or angarep; and the cloth roof was decorated with great quantities of cowrie shells, sewed upon it in crosses, stars, and other patterns.

The people have some very strange customs, among which is one that is almost peculiar to themselves, though an analogous custom prevails in one or two parts of the world. A woman when she marries does not merge her identity entirely in that of her husband, but reserves to herself one-fourth of her life. Consequently, on every fourth day she is released from her marriage vows; and, if she happens to take a fancy to any man, the favored lover may live with her for four-and-twenty hours, during which time the husband may not enter the hut. With this curious exception, the Hassaniyeh women are not so immoral as those of many parts of the world. When a traveller passes through the country, they are bound to fulfil the rites of hospitality by assigning him a house during the time of his visit, and lending him a wife for the same period. Mr. Taylor suggests that if the Hassaniyeh would also lend him a family of children their generosity would be complete.

When a stranger of rank visits their domains, they perform a curious dance of welcome by way of salutation. Mr. Bayard Taylor has well described one of these dances which he witnessed on his voyage to Khartoum. He had won the hearts of the people by presenting them with a hand-

ful of tobacco and fourpence in copper. "In a short time I received word that the women of the village would come to perform a dance of welcome and salutation, if I would allow them. As the wind was blowing strongly against us and the sailors had not finished skinning the sheep, I had my carpet spread on the sand in the shade of a group of mimosas, and awaited their arrival.

"Presently we heard a sound of shrill singing and the clapping of hands in measured beat, and discerned the procession advancing slowly through the trees. They came two by two, nearly thirty in all, singing a shrill, piercing chorus, which sounded more like lamentation than greeting.

"When they had arrived in front of me, they ranged themselves into a semicircle, with their faces toward me, and, still clapping their hands to mark the rhythm of the song, she who stood in the centre stepped forth, with her breast heaved almost to a level with her face, which was thrown back, and advanced with a slow undulating motion, till she had reached the edge of my carpet. Then, with a quick jerk, she reversed the curve of her body, throwing her head forward and downward, so that the multitude of her long twists of black hair, shining with butter, brushed my cap. This was intended as a salutation and sign of welcome; I bowed my head at the same time, and she went back to her place in the ranks.

"After a pause the chorus was resumed and another advanced, and so in succession, till all had saluted me, a ceremony which occupied an hour. They were nearly all young, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and some were strikingly beautiful. They had the dark-olive Arab complexion, with regular features, teeth of pearly whiteness, and black, brilliant eyes. The coarse cotton robe thrown over one shoulder left free the arms, neck, and breasts, which were exquisitely moulded. Their bare feet and ankles were as slender as those of the Venus of Cleomenes."

All the women took their part successively in this curious dance, and by far the most beautiful and graceful of them was the wife of the sheikh, a young woman barely twenty years old, with features compared by Mr. Taylor to those of Guido's Cleopatra, the broad round forehead, full oval face, and regal bearing all adding to the resemblance. Her hair was plaited into at least fifty braids, and was thickly plastered with butter, and upon her head was a diadem of white beads. She moved with a stately grace down the line, and so charmed were the guests with her mode of performing the curious salutation, that she repeated it several times for their gratification.

Even the men took part in the dance, and one of them, a splendid example of the purest Arab blood, possessed so perfect a form, and moved in the dance with such entire and absolute grace, that he even drew away the traveller's attention from the women.

WE now come to some of the manners and customs of the Arabs, which are not restricted to certain tribes, but are characteristic of the Arab nature. Some of them are remarkable for the fact that they have survived through many centuries, and have resisted the influence of a comparatively new religion, and the encroachments of a gradually advancing civilization.

As may be expected, their superstitions have undergone but little change, and the learned and most civilized Arab acknowledges their power in his heart as well as the ignorant and half-savage Arab who never saw a book or entered a house. He will not openly admit that he believes in these superstitions, but he does believe in them very firmly, and betrays his belief in a thousand ways. Educated though he be, he has a lingering faith in the efficacy of written charms; and if he should happen to see in the possession of another man a scrap of paper covered with characters he does not understand, he will feel uneasy as often as the mysterious writing occurs to him. Should he get such a piece of paper into his own possession, he cherishes it fondly, and takes care to conceal it from others.

In consequence of this widely-diffused superstition, travellers have passed safely through large tracts of country, meeting with various tribes of Arabs, all at variance with each other, in true Arab fashion, and yet have managed to propitiate them by the simple process of writing a sentence or two of any language on a scrap of paper. One favorite form of the "saphîes," as these written charms are called, exhibits a curious mixture of medicine and literature. A man who is ill, or who wants a charm to prevent him from being ill, brings to the saphîe writer a smooth board, a pen and ink. The saphîe is written on the board, and the happy possessor takes it home, washes off every vestige of the writing, and then drinks the blackened water.

Even at the present day, the whole of the Arabian tribes have the full and implicit belief in the Jinns, Efreets, Ghouls, and other superhuman beings, that forms the chief element in the "Arabian Nights." This belief is inbred with them, and no amount of education can drive it out of them. They do not parade this belief, nor try to conceal it, but accept the existence of these beings as an acknowledged fact which no one would dream of disputing.

According to their ideas, every well has its peculiar spirit, mostly an efreet or semi-

evil genius, and every old tower is peopled with them, and there is scarcely a house that has not at least one spirit inmate. Many of the Arabs say that they have seen and conversed with the efreets, and relate very curious adventures. Generally, the efreet is harmless enough, if he be only let alone, but sometimes he becomes so troublesome that strong measures must be used. What was done in the way of exorcism before the discovery of fire-arms is not known, but in the present day, when an efreet can be seen, he can be destroyed by a bullet as if he were a human being.

Mr. Lane relates a most curious story of such an encounter. It is so interesting, and is so well told, that nothing but our very limited space prevents its insertion. The gist of it, however, is as follows:—

An European lady had been looking after a house in Cairo, and at last had found a very handsome one, with a large garden, for a very low rent—scarcely more than £12 per annum. She took the house, which pleased her well enough, though it did not have the same effect on the maid-servants, all of whom left it as soon as possible. At last the reason came out. The house was haunted by an efreet, which lived mostly in the bath, and at night used to go about the house, banging at the doors, knocking against the walls, and making such a perpetual riot that he had frightened tenant after tenant out of it, and kept the house to himself. The family had heard the noises, but attributed them to the festivities which had been going on for some time at the next house.

In spite of the change of servants, the noises continued, and rather increased than decreased in violence. "Very frequently the door of the room in which we were sitting, late in the evening within two or three hours of midnight, was violently knocked at many short intervals. At other times it seemed as if something very heavy fell upon the pavement, close under the windows of the same room or one adjoining; and, as these rooms were on the top of the house, we imagined at first that some stones or other things had been thrown by a neighbor, but we could find nothing outside after the noise I have mentioned. The usual sounds continued during the greater part of the night, and were generally varied with a heavy tramping, like the walking of a person in large clogs, varied by knocking at the doors of many of the apartments, and at the large water-jars, which are placed in recesses in the galleries."

During the fast of Ramadhan the house was free from noises, as efreets are supposed to be imprisoned during that season, but as soon as it was over they recommenced with added violence. After a while, the efreet began to make himself visible, and a new door-keeper was greatly amazed by hearing and seeing

the gallery. He begged to be allowed to fire at it, and at last he was permitted to do so, provided that he only used blank cartridge. The man, however, not only put balls into his pistol, but loaded it with two bullets and a double charge of powder. Just about midnight the report of the pistol rang through the house, followed by the voice of the door-keeper, crying out, "There he lies, the accursed!" and accompanied by sounds as of a wounded creature struggling and gasping for breath.

The man continued to call to his fellow-servants to come up, and the master of the house ran at once to the spot. The door-keeper said that the efreet had appeared in his usual shape, a tall white figure, and on being asked to leave the house, refused to do so. He then passed as usual down the passage, when the man fired at him and struck him down. "Here," said he, "are the remains." So saying, he picked up, under the spot where the bullets had entered the wall, a small mass of something that looked like scorched leather, perforated by fire in several places, and burnt to a cinder. This, it appears, is always the relic which is left when an efreet is destroyed. Ever afterward the house was free from disturbance.

The reader will notice the curious resemblance to the efreet stories in the "Arabian Nights," more especially to the story of the Second Calender, in which the efreet and the princess who fought him were both reduced to ashes. The idea, too, of the wells being inhabited by efreets repeatedly occurs in those wonderful tales.

Another curious tale of the efreet was told to Mr. Taylor by an Arab of some rank. He was walking one night near Cairo, when he saw a donkey near him. The animal seemed to be without an owner, and, as he happened to be rather tired, he mounted, and rode on his way pleasantly. In a short time, however, he became startled by finding that the donkey was larger than it was when he mounted it, and no sooner had he made this discovery than the animal increased rapidly in size, and in a few minutes was as large as a camel. Of course he was horribly frightened, but he remembered that a disguised efreet could be detected by wounding him with a sharp instrument. Accordingly, he cautiously drew his dagger, and was about to plunge it into the animal's back. The efreet, however, was too clever for him, and, as soon as he saw the dagger, suddenly shrunk to his former size, kicked off his rider, and vanished with a peal of laughter and the exclamation, "Oh, you want to ride, do you?"

According to the Arab belief, the spirit of man is bound to pass a certain time on earth, and a natural death is the token of reaching that time. Should he be killed by violence, his spirit haunts the spot where his body was buried, and remains there until

the term on earth has been fulfilled. The same Arab told Mr. Taylor that for many years, whenever he passed by night over the place where Napoleon defeated the Mamelukes, the noise of battle was heard, the shouts of the soldiers, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. At first the sounds were loud, as of a multitude; but year by year they gradually decreased, as the time of earthly sojourn expired, and at the time when he told the story but few could be heard.

Among some of the tribes they have a rather odd superstition. A traveller was struck with the tastefulness of a young girl's headdress, and wanted to buy it. She was willing enough to sell it for the liberal price which was offered, but her father prohibited the sale, on the ground that from the headdress could be made a charm which would force the girl to fly to the possessor, no matter in what part of the world he might be.

It is not wonderful that, saturated as they are with these ideas, many of the wonders of nature appear to them to be of supernatural origin. Chief among them is that extraordinary phenomenon, the mirage, in which a place far below the horizon is suddenly made visible, and appears to be close at hand. Even in our own country we have had examples of the mirage, though not in so striking a manner as is often seen among the sandy plains of Arabia. Water is a favorite subject of the mirage, and the traveller, as he passes over the burning plains, sees before him a rolling river or a vast lake, the palm trees waving on its edge and reflected on its surface, and the little wavelets rippling along as driven by the wind. Beasts as well as men see it, and it is hardly possible to restrain the thirsty camels from rushing to the seeming water.

The Arabs call the mirage, "Water of the Jinns," and believe that it is an illusion caused by the jinns — our old friends the geni of "The Arabian Nights." A very vivid account of this phenomenon is given in St. John's "Egypt and Nubia":—

"I had been riding along in a reverie, when, chancing to raise my head, I thought I perceived, desertward, a dark strip on the far horizon. What could it be? My companion, who had very keen sight, was riding in advance of me, and, with a sudden exclamation, he pulled up his dromedary and gazed in the same direction. I called to him, and asked him what he thought of yonder strip, and whether he could make out anything in it distinctly. He answered that water had all at once appeared there; that he saw the motion of the waves, and tall palms and other trees bending up and down over them, as if tossed by a strong wind. An Arab was at my side, with his face muffled up in his burnous; I roused his attention, and pointed to the object of our inquiry. 'Mashallah!' cried the old man, with a face



as if he had seen a ghost, and stared with all his might across the desert.

"All the other Arabs of the party evinced no less emotion; and our interpreter called out to us, that what we saw was the evil spirit of the desert, that led travellers astray, luring them farther and farther into the heart of the waste, ever retreating before them as they pursued it, and not finally disappearing till its deluded victims had irrecoverably lost themselves in the pathless sands. This, then, was the mirage. My companion galloped toward it, and we followed him, though the Arabs tried to prevent us, and ere long I could with my own eyes discern something of this strange phenomenon. It was, as my friend reported, a broad sheet of water, with fresh green trees along its banks; and yet there was nothing actually before us but parched yellow sand. The apparition occasioned us all very uncomfortable feelings, and yet we congratulated ourselves in having seen for once the desert wonder.


"The phenomenon really deserves the name the Arabs give it, of Goblin of the Desert; an evil spirit that beguiles the wanderer from the safe path, and mocks him with a false show of what his heated brain paints in glowing colors. Whence comes it that this illusion at first fills with uneasiness—I might even say with dismay—those even who ascribe its existence to natural causes? On a spot where the bare sands spread out for hundreds of miles, where there is neither tree nor shrub, nor a trace of water, there suddenly appeared before us groups of tall trees, proudly girdling the running stream, on whose waves we saw the sunbeams dancing. Hills clad in pleasant green rose before us and vanished; small houses, and towns with high walls and ramparts, were visible among the trees, whose tall boles swayed to and fro in the wind like reeds.

"Far as we rode in the direction of the apparition, we never came any nearer to it; the whole seemed to recoil step by step with our advance. We halted, and remained long in contemplation of the magic scene, until whatever was unpleasant in its strangeness ceased by degrees to affect us. Never had I seen any landscape so vivid as this seeming one, never water so bright, or trees so softly green, so tall and stately. Everything seemed far more charming there than in the real world; and so strongly did we feel this attraction that, although we were not driven by thirst to seek for water where water there was none, still we would willingly have followed on and on after the phantom; and thus we could well perceive how the despairing wanderer, who with burning eyes thinks he gazes on water and human dwellings, will struggle onward to his last gasp to reach them, until his fearful, lonely doom befalls him." This singular illusion and its effect

upon travellers is well illustrated by the artist, on the 679th page.

"We returned slowly to our Arabs, who had not stirred from the spot where we left them. Looking back once more into the desert, we saw the apparition gradually becoming fainter, until at last it melted away into a dim land, not unlike a thin mist sweeping over the face of a field (Hochländer). It was probably this phenomenon, which is beheld as well in Hadramaut and Yemen as in the deserts of Egypt, which gave rise to the fable of the Garden of Irem, described in the story of the Phantom Camel, in the 'Tales of the Ramad'han.'

I cannot part from the Arab superstitions without mentioning one which is of very great antiquity, and which has spread itself widely over the world. I allude to the celebrated ink-mirror of the Arab magicians, in which they see, through the eyes of another, the events of the future and the forms of persons far distant.

The mirror is made as follows:—The magician calls a very young boy, not old enough, according to their ideas, to be tainted with sin, and makes him sit on the ground. The magician sits opposite him, holding the boy's opened right hand in his, and after repeating prayers, and burning incense, he draws a crossed square on the palm of the hand—thus —writes cabalistic words in all the angles, and pours about a spoonful of ink into the centre. More prayers and suffumigations follow, and the boy is then directed to look closely into the ink. Should he be really pure, and a fit subject for the magic art, he sees a series of figures, always beginning with a man sweeping the ground, and ending with a camp, with the sultan's tent and flag in the centre. These vanish, and the mirror is left clear for any figure which may be invoked.

All parties seem to have the most implicit belief in the proceeding; and though several boys in succession may fail to see anything but the reflection of their own faces, the failure is set down to their bad moral character, and others are tried until one is found who possesses the requisite vision. It is a curious fact that the magician himself never pretends to this inner sight, the sins which he has committed being an effectual hindrance. Educated Europeans have often witnessed this curious ceremony, and have given different accounts of it. With some it has been an utter failure, the boy evidently trying to deceive, and inventing, according to his ability, scenes which are supposed to be represented in the mirror. With others it has been as singular a success, European scenes and persons have been described accurately by the boy, though the greatest care was taken that no clue should be given either to the magician or the boy.



## MADAGASCAR.

WE complete the account of African tribes with a brief notice of some of the tribes which inhabit the island of Madagascar. For my information I am chiefly indebted to Ellis's well-known work, and to a valuable paper read by Lieutenant Oliver, R. A., before the Anthropological Society of London, on March 3, 1868.

The name of Madagascar is entirely of European invention, the native name for this great island being *Nosindambo*, i.e. the island of wild hogs. The inhabitants are known by the general name of *Malagasy*, and they are divided into several tribes. These tribes differ from each other in their color, mode of dress, and other particulars, and may be roughly divided according to their color into the fair and the dark tribes, each consisting of four in number, and ranging through almost every shade of skin, from the light olive of the *Hovas* to the black tribes of the south. According to Ellis the entire population is only three millions, while Lieutenant Oliver, who gives the approximate numbers of each tribe, estimates them at five millions.

The origin of the *Malagasy* is rather obscure, and, although so close to the continent of Africa, they have scarcely anything in common with the African races. The hypothesis which has been generally accepted is that they are of Malay origin, their ancestors having been in all probability blown out to sea in their canoes, and eventually landed on the island. That they are not of African origin has been argued from several points, while they have many habits belonging to the oceanic race. For example, although they are so close to Africa, they have never adopted the skin dresses which are generally found throughout the savage races of the continent, but, on the contrary, make use of the hibiscus bark beaten out exactly after the fashion of the *Polyne-sians*.

"It is evident," writes Lieutenant Oliver, "that the *Malagasy* have never deteriorated from any original condition of civilization, for there are no relics of primæval civilization to be found in the country. Yet the *Malagasy* seem to have considerably advanced themselves in the art of building houses, and originating elaborate fortifications, which they have themselves modified to suit their offensive and defensive weapons, previous to any known intercourse with civilized people. They had domesticated oxen, and pigs, and made advances in the cultivation of rice, yams, &c.; but whether by their own unaided intellect, or by external example, we cannot say."

With regard to the domestication of cattle, they themselves refer it to a very recent date, and even state that the use of beef was

accidentally discovered during the last century. A chief named *Rabiby* was superintending the planting of his rice, when he noticed that one of his men was remarkable for his increase in strength and corpulence, and interrogated him on the subject. The man told him that some time previously he happened to kill a bullock, and had the curiosity to cook some of the meat. Finding it to be remarkably good, he continued to kill and eat, and so improved his bodily condition. *Rabiby* very wisely tried the experiment for himself, and, finding it successful, had a bullock killed, and gave a feast to his companions. The general impression was so favorable that he gave orders for building folds in which the cattle might be collected, and he further extended the native diet by the flesh of the wild hog. The original folds built by his orders are still in existence.

Chief among the *Malagasy* are the *HOVA* tribe, who have gradually extended themselves over a considerable portion of the island, and are now virtually its masters. They are the lightest in color of all the tribes, and have more of the Spanish than the negro expression. The hair is black, long, and abundant, and is worn in several fashions. The men usually cut the hair rather short, and arrange it over the forehead and temples much after the style that was prevalent in the days of the Regency. The women spend much time over their hair, sometimes frizzing it out until they remind the spectator of the *Fiji* race, and sometimes plaiting it into an infinity of braids, and tying them in small knots or bunches all over the head.

Their dress has something of the *Abyssinian* type. Poor people wear little except a cloth twisted round their loins, while the more wealthy wear a shirt covered with a mantle called a *lamba*. This article of apparel is disposed as variously as the *Abyssinian's* *tobe*. The *Hovas* are distinguished by having their *lambas* edged with a border of five broad stripes. Their houses, to which allusion has already been made, are formed exclusively of vegetable materials. The walls are formed by driving rows of posts into the ground at unequal distances, and filling in the spaces with the strong leaf-stalks of the "traveller's tree." Each leaf-stalk is about ten feet in length, and they are fixed in their places by flat laths. The roof is thatched with the broad leaves of the same tree, tied firmly on the very steep rafters. The eaves project well beyond the walls, so as to form a veranda round the house, under which the benches are placed. The floor is covered with a sort of boarding made of the traveller's tree. The bark is stripped off and beaten flat, so as to form boards of twenty feet or so in length, and fifteen inches in width. These boards are laid on the floor,





TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

(See page 663.)

and, although they are not nailed, they keep their places firmly.

This traveller's tree is one of the most useful plants in Madagascar. It is a sort of palm, and its broad leaves, besides supplying thatch and walls for the houses, furnish a copious supply of fresh water. The water is found in the hollow formed by the manner in which the base of the leaf-stem embraces the trunk from which it springs, and the liquid is obtained by piercing the leaf-stem with a spear. A full quart of water is obtained from each leaf, and it is so pure that the natives will rather walk a little distance to a traveller's tree, than supply themselves with water from a stream at their feet.

The Malagasy have some knowledge of musical sounds, and have invented some instruments which are far superior to those of the African tribes. One of the best is the violin. It is played with a bow equally rude in character, and, although the sounds which it produces are not particularly harmonious to English ears, they are at all events quite as agreeable as those produced by the stringed instruments of China, Japan, or Turkey.

Slavery exists among the Malagasy, but is not of a very severe character, and may possibly, through the exertions of the missionaries, become extinguished altogether. The slaves do all the hard work of the place, which is really not very hard; and, as they take plenty of time over everything that they do, their work would be thought very light by an ordinary English laborer. Drawing water is perhaps the hardest labor the female slaves undergo, and it is not such very hard work after all. They draw the water by means of cows' horns tied to ropes, and pour it into ingenious pails made of bamboo. The hardest work which the men do is acting as bearer to their master's hammock or litter, and, as the roads often lie through uncleared forests, and are very rough and rocky, they have a fatiguing task. These litters are very convenient, and are covered with a roof to shield the occupant from the sun. They are rather unwieldy, and sometimes as many as twenty or thirty men are attached to each litter, some bearing the poles on their shoulders, and others dragging it by ropes, while the whole proceedings are directed by a superintendent. The engraving on the preceding page illustrates the mode of travelling in Madagascar.

Within the last few years, Christianity has made wonderful progress among the Malagasy, although at first missionaries were driven out, and the native converts put to death with frightful tortures. The old superstitions, however, still remain, but they are of a more harmless character than is generally the case with the superstitions

of a people who are only beginning to emerge out of the savage state. All reptiles, especially snakes, are regarded with great veneration. Whether any of the serpents are poisonous is not clearly ascertained, though the natives deny that venomous snakes are found on the island. Be this as it may, they never kill a snake, and, even if a large serpent should come into their house, they merely guide it through the doorway with sticks, telling it to go away.

They do not appear to possess idols, though Mr. Ellis found certain objects to which a sort of worship was paid. These were simply "pieces of wood about nine feet high, not square and smooth at the base, but spreading into two or three branches at about five feet from the ground, and gradually tapering to a point." Near them was a large basaltic stone, about five feet high, and of its natural prismatic form, and near it was another stone, smooth and rounded, and about as large as a man's head. The natives said that blood was poured on one stone, and fat burned on the other, but they were very averse to any conversation on the subject, and very probably did not tell the truth.

Some of their domestic superstitions — if we may use such a term — are rather curious. Mr. Ellis had noticed that on several occasions a spot of white paint had been placed on the forehead, or a white circle drawn round the eye. One morning, he found these marks adorning nearly the whole of his bearers. On inquiring into the cause of this decoration, he found that it was a charm to avert the consequences of bad dreams. As, however, they had partaken copiously of beef on the preceding evening, the cause of the bad dreams was clearly more material than spiritual.

Partly connected with their superstitious ideas is the existence of a distinct class, the Zanakumbony. They are hereditary blacksmiths, and are exempt from forced labor except in their own line, so that, as Lieutenant Oliver writes, they will make a spade, but cannot be compelled to use it. They have the right of carrying deceased kings to the grave, and building monuments over them. They are very proud, and behave most arrogantly to other clans, refusing to associate with them, to eat with them, or even to lend them any article to be defiled by the touch of plebeian hands. As they will not even condescend to the ordinary labor of their countrymen, and think that even to build a house is a degradation, they are very poor; as they refuse to associate with others, they are very ignorant, but they console themselves for their inferiority in wealth and learning by constantly dwelling on their enormous superiority in rank.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### AUSTRALIA.

THE NATIVE AUSTRALIANS—THE GENERAL CONFORMATION OF THE HEAD AND FEATURES—THEIR AVERAGE STATURE AND FORM—THE WOMEN AND THEIR APPEARANCE—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—THEIR THIEFISH PROPENSITIES—THEIR CUNNING, AND POWER OF DISSIMULATION—A PAIR OF CLEVER THIEVES—THE “GOOD NATIVE”—A CLEVER OLD WOMAN—INCENTIVES TO ROBBERY—HIDEOUS ASPECT OF THE OLD WOMEN—A REPULSIVE SUBJECT FOR AN ARTIST—YOUNGER WOMEN OF SAME TRIBE—THEIR STRANGE DRESS—THE CIRCULAR MAT CLOAK AND ITS USES—THE NATIVE BASKET—TREACHEROUS CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—MR. RAINES’S NARRATIVE—THE OUTRIGGER CANOE OF NORTH AUSTRALIA, AND ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN—PIPE, AND MODE OF SMOKING—THE MAMMALS OF AUSTRALIA, AND THEIR MARSUPIAL CHARACTER—CONFUSION OF NOMENCLATURE—EFFECT OF THE ANIMALS ON THE HUMAN INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY—PRIMARY USE OF WEAPONS.

FOLLOWING up the principle of taking the least civilized races in succession, we naturally pass to the great continent of Australia and its adjacent islands.

This wonderful country holds a sort of isolated position on the earth, owing to the curious contrast which reigns between it and all the lands with which we are familiar. It is situated, as my readers will see by reference to a map, just below the equator, and extends some forty degrees southward, thus having at its northern extremity a heat which is tropical, and at its southern point a climate as cold as our own. But there is perhaps no country where the temperature is so variable as Australia, and there is one instance recorded where the thermometer registered a change of fifty degrees in twenty-five minutes. This sudden change is owing to the winds, which if they blow from the sea are cool, but if they blow toward the coast, after passing over the heated sand-wastes of the interior, raise the temperature in the extraordinary manner which has been mentioned. Still, the climate, changeable though it be, is a pleasant one; and the colonists who visit England nearly always grumble at the damp climate of the mother country, and long to be back again in Australia. Both the animal and vegetable products of this country are strangely unlike those of other lands, but, as we shall have occasion to describe them in the course of the following pages, they will not be mentioned at present; and we will proceed

at once to the human inhabitants of Australia.

It is exceedingly difficult, not to say impossible, to treat of the aborigines of Australia with much accuracy of system. Differing as do the tribes with which we are acquainted in many minor particulars, they all agree in general characteristics; and, whether a native be taken from the north or south of the vast Australian continent, there is a similitude of habits and a cast of features which point him out at once as an Australian.

The plan that will be adopted will therefore be to give a general sketch of the natives, together with an account of those habits in which they agree, and then to glance over as much of Australia as travellers have laid open to us, and to mention briefly the most interesting of the manners and customs which exist in the several tribes.

In color the Australians are quite black, as dark indeed as the negro, but with nothing of the negro character in the face. The forehead does not recede like that of the negro; and though the nose is wide, the mouth large, and the lips thick, there is none of that projection of jaw which renders the pure negro face so repulsive. The eye is small, dark, and, being deeply sunken, it gives to the brows a heavy, overhanging sort of look. The hair is by no means close and woolly, like that of the negro, but is plentiful, rather long, and disposed to curl, mostly

## PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

undulating, and sometimes even taking the form of ringlets. In texture it is very coarse and harsh, but cannot be described as wool.

The beard and moustache are very thick and full, and the men take a pride in these ornaments, sometimes twisting the beard into curious shapes. Indeed, as a rule they are a hairy race. There is now before me a large collection of photographs of native Australians, in many of which the men are remarkable for the thickness of the beard, and some of them have their faces so heavily bearded that scarcely the nose is perceptible among the mass of hair that covers the cheeks nearly up to the eyes. Several of the elder men are very remarkable for the development of the hair, which covers the whole of the breast and arms with a thick coating of pile, and looks as if they were clothed with a tightly-fitting fur garment. The illustration No. 1, on the 698th page, will give a good idea of the features of the Australian. It is exactly copied from photographic portraits; and although the subjects have disfigured themselves by putting on European dress, and the woman has actually combed her hair, the general cast of the features is well preserved.

In stature the Australian is about equal to that of the average Englishman—say five feet eight inches, although individuals much below and above this height may be seen. The bodily form of the Australian savages is good, and their limbs well made. There are several well-known drawings of Australians, which have been widely circulated on account of their grotesqueness, and which have been accepted as the ordinary form of this curious people, and they have given the idea that the native Australian is distinguished by a very large head, a very small body, and very long and attenuated limbs; in fact, that he is to the European what the spider-monkey is to the baboon.

Such drawings are, however, only taken from exceptional cases, and give no idea of the real contour of the native Australian. Indeed, Mr. Pickering, who traversed the greater part of the world in search of anthropological knowledge, writes in very strong terms of the beautiful forms which can be seen among these natives. "The general form, though sometimes defective, seemed on the average better than that of the negro, and I did not find the undue slenderness of limb which has been commonly attributed to the Australians. Strange as it may appear, I would refer to an Australian as the finest model of human proportions I have ever met with, in muscular development combining perfect symmetry, activity, and strength; while his head might have compared with an antique bust of a philosopher."

Those of my readers who happened to see the native Australians that came over to England as cricketers and athletes in general must be

for which some of the men were remarkable, while all were possessed of great elegance of limb.

The disadvantageous effect of European clothing on the dark races was well shown in these men, who seemed to undergo a positive transformation when they laid aside their ordinary clothes for a costume which represented, as far as possible, the light and airy apparel of the native Australian. Dressed in gray, or clad in the cricketer's costume, there was nothing remarkable about them, and in fact they seemed to be very ordinary persons indeed. But with their clothes they threw off their commonplace look, and, attired only in tight "fleshings," dyed as nearly as possible the color of their black skins, with a piece of fur wrapped round their loins and a sort of fur cap on their heads, they walked with a proud, elastic step that contrasted strangely with their former gait.

It may perhaps be said that this change of demeanor was only the natural result of removing the heavy clothing and giving freedom to the limbs. This was not the case, for several professional English athletes contended with the Australians, and, when they came to run or leap, wore the usual light attire of the professional acrobat. In them, however, no such improvement took place, and, if anything, they looked better in their ordinary dress.

The women are, as a rule, much inferior to the men in appearance. Even when young, although they possess symmetrical forms, their general appearance is not nearly so pleasing as that of the young African girl, and, when the woman becomes old, she is, if possible, even more hideous and hag-like than the African. This deterioration may partly be due to the exceedingly hard life led by the women, or "gins"—in which word, by the way, the *g* is pronounced hard as in "giddy." That they have to do all the hard work, and to carry all the heavy weights, including the children, while their husbands sit or sleep, or, if on the march, burden themselves with nothing more weighty than their weapons, is to be expected, as it is the universal practice among natives. But it is not so much the hard work as the privation which tells upon the woman, who is treated with the same contemptuous neglect with which a savage treats his dog, and, while her husband, father, or brother, is feasting on the game which she has cooked, thinks herself fortunate if they now and then toss a nearly cleaned bone or a piece of scorched meat to her.

Like most savages, the Australian natives are adroit and daring thieves, displaying an amount of acuteness in carrying out their designs which would do honor to the most expert professional thief of London or Paris. In his interesting work entitled "Savage

lated several anecdotes respecting this propensity.

"Leaving Rivoli Bay, we fell in with two very droll natives, the only ones who had made bold to approach our camp; both were in a state of nudity. One of these fellows was a perfect supplejack; he danced and capered about as though he were filled with quicksilver. We mounted them on horses, from which they were continually tumbling off, and they travelled with us all day.

"When we encamped at an old resting-place, near Lake Howden, they, by signs, requested permission to remain by our fires, which we allowed them to do, and gave them for supper the head and refuse of a sheep that was just killed and hung up to a tree near the tents. They showed great surprise on seeing our various utensils and articles of cookery. So modest and well-behaved did these artful gentlemen appear, that they would not touch the slightest article of food without first asking permission by signs; and they so far gained our confidence that one of them was adorned with a tin plate, suspended round his neck by a string, on which was inscribed 'Good Native.'

"In the dead of the night we were alarmed by the unusual barking of the dogs. At first it was supposed that the wild dogs were 'rushing' the sheep; but as the tumult increased, the Sergeant-Major unwrapped his opossum rug, and looked around for his hat, to go and ascertain the cause of the disturbance. To his surprise, he found that his hat had vanished. The hat of his companion, who lay next him near the fire, was also nowhere to be found; and, casting his eyes to the spot where the sheep hung suspended from the tree, he saw in a moment that our fond hopes for to-morrow's repast were blighted, for the sheep too had disappeared. The whole camp was roused, when it was ascertained that forks, spoons, and the contents of the Governor's canteen, pannikins and other articles, were likewise missing, and that our two remarkably docile natives had left us under cover of the night.

"A council of war was held. Black Jimmy protested that it was useless to follow their tracks until the morning, and that from the nature of the country they had doubtless taken to the swamps, walking in the water, so that pursuit was in vain. We had been completely duped by these artful and clever fellows, who probably had a large party of their colleagues lying in ambush amid the surrounding swamps, ready to assist in carrying away the stolen property. Retaliation was useless; and we contented ourselves by giving utterance to our imprecations and commenting on the audacity and cunning of the rogues until daybreak."

Another instance of theft — in this case single-handed — occurred not long before the robbery which has just been recorded. While the exploring party was on the march,

they fell in with a number of natives who were cooking their food.

"At our approach, they flew down the descent, and hid among the bulrushes; but one old woman, unable to escape as speedily as the rest, finding flight useless, began to chatter very loud and fast, pointing to her blind eye, and her lean and withered arms, as objects of commiseration. Damper was given to her and she continued in terror to chew it very fast without swallowing any, until she was almost choked; when suddenly she got hold of Gisborne's handkerchief and made off with it. With a vigorous leap she plunged into the mud and reeds beneath, effecting her escape by crawling into the swamp and joining her wild companions, to whom she doubtless recounted her adventures that night over a dish of fried tadpoles."

The dish of fried tadpoles, to which allusion has been made, is quite a luxury among this wretched tribe, and, when the exploring party pushed on to the spot where the people had been cooking, it was found that they had been engaged in roasting a dish of water-beetles over a fire.

It is impossible to withhold admiration for the skill displayed by these sable thieves in stealing the property which they coveted, and, in excuse for them, it must be remembered that the articles which were stolen were to the blacks of inestimable value. Food and ornaments are coveted by the black man as much as wealth and titles by the white man, and both these articles were ready to hand. The temptation to which these poor people was exposed seems very trifling to us, but we must measure it, not from our own point of view, but from theirs.

The strange visitors who so suddenly appeared among them possessed abundance of the very things which were dearest to them. There was a whole sheep, which would enable them to enjoy the greatest luxury of which they could form any notion, *i. e.* eating meat to repletion; and there was store of glittering objects which could be worn as ornaments, and would dignify them forever in the eyes of their fellows. The happy possessor of a spoon, a fork, or a tin plate, which would be hung round the neck and kept highly polished, would be exalted above his companions like a newly ennobled man among ourselves, and it should not be expected that such an opportunity, which could never again be looked for, would be allowed to pass. The temptation to them was much as would be a title and a fortune among ourselves, and there are many civilized men who have done worse than the savage Australian when tempted by such a bait.

Reference has been made to the haggard appearance of the old woman who so ingeniously stole the handkerchief, the love of fiery overcoming the dread of the white man in spite of her age and hideous aspect, which would only be made more repulsive







(1.) AUSTRALIAN MAN AND WOMAN.

(See page 686.)



(2.) WOMEN AND OLD MAN OF THE LOWER MURRAY AND THE LAKES.

(See page 690.)

by any attempt at ornament. It is scarcely possible to imagine the depths of ugliness into which an Australian woman descends after she has passed the prime of her life. As we have seen, the old woman of Africa is singularly hideous, but she is quite passable when compared with her aged sister of Australia.

The old Australian woman certainly does not possess the projecting jaws, the enormous mouth, and the sausage-like lips of the African, but she exhibits a type of hideousness peculiarly her own. Her face looks like a piece of black parchment strained tightly over a skull, and the mop-like, unkempt hair adds a grotesque element to the features which only makes them still more repulsive. The breasts reach to the waist, flat, pendent, and swinging about at every movement; her body is so shrunk that each rib stands out boldly, the skin being drawn deeply in between them, and the limbs shrivel up until they look like sticks, the elbows and knees projecting like knots in a gnarled branch.

Each succeeding year adds to the hideous look of these poor creatures, because the feebleness of increasing years renders them less and less useful; and accordingly they are neglected, ill-treated, and contemptuously pushed aside by those who are younger and stronger than themselves, suffering in their turn the evils which in their youth they carelessly inflicted on those who were older and feebler.

Mr. Angas has among his sketches one which represents a very old woman of the Port Fairy tribe. They had built their rude huts or *mitam-miams* under some gum-trees, and very much disgusted the exploring party by their hideous appearance and neglected state. There was one old woman in particular, who exemplified strongly all the characteristics which have just been described; and so surpassingly hideous, filthy, and repulsive was she, that she looked more like one of the demoniacal forms that Callot was so fond of painting than a veritable human creature. Indeed, so very disgusting was her appearance, that one of the party was made as ill as if he had taken an emetic.

Not wishing to shock my readers by the portrait of this wretched creature, I have introduced on page preceding, two younger females of the same tribe.

The remarkable point about this and one or two other tribes of the same locality and the neighborhood, is the circular mat which is tied on their backs, and which is worn by both sexes. The mat is made of reeds twisted into ropes, coiled round, and fastened together very much as the archer's targets of the present day are made. The fibres by which the reed ropes are bound together are obtained from the chewed roots of the bulrush. The native name for this

mat is *paingkoont*. One of the women appears in her ordinary home dress, i. e. wearing the *paingkoont* and her baby, over whose little body she has thrown a piece of kangaroo skin. The mat makes a very good cradle for the child, which, when awake and disposed to be lively, puts its head over the mat and surveys the prospect, but when alarmed pops down and hides itself like a rabbit disappearing into its burrow. The old woman, whose portrait is withheld, was clothed in the *paingkoont*, and wore no other raiment, so that the full hideousness of her form was exposed to view.

The woman standing opposite is just starting upon a journey. She is better clad than her companion, having beside the *paingkoont* a rude sort of petticoat. On her back she has slung the net in which she places the roots which she is supposed to dig out of the ground, and thrust through the end which ties it, she carries the digging-stick, or *katta*, which serves her for a spade. She has in her hand the invariable accompaniment of a journey,—namely, the fire-stick, smouldering amid dry grass between two pieces of bark, and always ready to be forced into a flame by whirling it round her head.

Behind them is seated an old man, also wearing the mat-cloak, and having by his side one of the beautifully constructed native baskets. These baskets are made, like the mat, of green rushes or reeds, and are plaited by the women. One of these baskets is illustrated in an engraving on the 722d page. The reader will doubtless observe that the mode of plaiting it is almost identical with that which is employed by the natives of Southern Africa, the rushes being twisted and coiled upon each other and bound firmly together at short intervals by strong fibrous threads. They are rather variable in shape; some, which are intended to stand alone, being flat-bottomed, and others, which are always suspended by a string, ending in a point.

In common with other savage races, the Australians are apt to behave treacherously to the white man when they find themselves able to do so with impunity. This behavior is not always the result of ferocity or cruelty, though an Australian can on occasion be as fierce and cruel as any savage. Oftentimes it is the result of fear, the black people standing in awe of the white stranger and his deadly weapons, and availing themselves of their native cunning to deprive him of his unfair advantages as soon as possible.

Ignorant of the object of travel, and having from infancy been accustomed to consider certain districts as the property of certain tribes, and any man who intruded into the district of another as an enemy, it is but natural that when they see, especially for the first time, a man of different color from

themselves travelling through the country, such strangers must necessarily be enemies, come for the purpose of using against the aborigines the weapons which they possess. Again, a feeling of acquisitiveness has much to do with the treachery.

Add to their ideas of the inimical character of the strangers the cupidity that must be excited by the sight of the valuable property brought into their country by those whom they consider as enemies delivered into their hand, and there is no reason for wonder that they should take both the lives and the property of the strangers, and thus secure the valued trophies of war at the same time that they rid their country of strange and powerful enemies, and attain at one stroke an amount of wealth which they could not hope to gain through the labors of a life.

This phase of their character is well shown by Mr. T. Baines, in a letter which he has kindly allowed me to transfer to these pages. He was one of an exploring expedition, which had also undertaken to convey a number of sheep and horses. "While making the inner passage along the coast, we fell in with several canoes, some of very rude construction, being in fact mere logs capable of carrying a couple of men, who, perhaps in terror of the telescopes pointed at them, did not approach us.

"Others were of greater size and power, being large hollowed logs, very straight and narrow, and steadied on either side by other logs, pointed at the ends, and acting as outriggers, neatly enough attached by pegs driven into them through a framing of bamboo. Others again were strictly double canoes, two of the narrow vessels being connected by a bamboo platform so as to lie parallel to each other at some little distance apart.

"They were manned by crews of from six to twelve, or even more in number, all tolerably fine fellows, perfectly naked, with shock heads of woolly hair and scanty beards. They were ornamented with scars and raised cicatrices tastefully cut on their shoulder and elsewhere. They were armed with long spears, some of them tipped with wood, others with bone, and having from one to four points. They also had bows and arrows, as well as their curious paddles, the looms of which were barbed and pointed, so as to be useful as spears. When these weapons were thrown at a fish, the owner always plunged into the water after his weapon, so as to secure the fish the moment that it was struck.

"Their arrival caused various emotions among our party. One gentleman ruined his revolver by hurriedly trying to load it, while a little girl, so far from being afraid of them, traded with them for almost everything they had in their canoes. Just as they dropped astern after reaching us, the cap-

tain's little daughters were being bathed in a tub on the main-hatch, and, naturally enough, jumped out of their bath, and ran aft wet and glistening in the sunlight, to hide themselves from the strange black fellows who were stretching themselves to look over our low bulwarks at the little naked white girls.

"We bought spears, bows, arrows, tortoise-shell, &c., for hats, handkerchiefs, and other things; and they were greatly interested in the white baby, which, at their express request, was held up for them to look at."

Up to this point we find the natives mild and conciliatory, but we proceed with the letter, and find an unexpected change in their demeanor.

"We had here an instance of the capriciousness of the natives. We met about a dozen on shore, and endeavored by all friendly signs to induce them to come to terms with us. We showed them that we had no guns, but our attempts were useless. They fell into regular battle array, with their long spears ready shipped on the throwing sticks, six standing in front, and the rest acting as supports behind. As it was unsafe to parley longer, we mounted our horses, and again tried to make them understand that we wished to be on friendly terms. It was all useless, and the only thing that we could do was to ride straight at them. They ran like antelopes, and gained the thick bush where we could not follow them. B—— wanted to shoot one of them, but I would not allow it.

The prospect of killing and eating our horses seemed to be their great temptation. They made constant war upon our stud for a fortnight or three weeks, in my camp at Depot Creek, and I had to patrol the country with B—— daily, to keep them from ringing the horses round with fire.

"The character of the Australian canoe-men is variously spoken of, some reporting them as good-natured and peaceable, while others say that they are treacherous and savage. Both speak the truth from their own experience. A fellow artist, who generally landed from a man-of-war's boat, with the ship in the offing, found them peaceable enough, but poor Mr. Strange, the naturalist, was murdered on one of the islands.

"While we were on board our vessels, they were quite friendly; and even during my boat's voyage of 750 miles, while we had a dashing breeze and the boat well under command, we found the groups we met with civil enough. But when we were helplessly becalmed at the entrance of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and supposed by the natives to be the unarmed survivors of some vessel wrecked in Torres Straits, we were deliberately and treacherously attacked.

"We watched the preparations for nearly an hour through the telescope, and refrained

from giving them the slightest ground even to suspect that we looked on them otherwise than as friends. As soon as they thought they had us in their power, they began to throw spears at us, so I put a rifle-bullet through the shoulder of the man who threw at us, to teach him the danger of interfering with supposed helpless boats, but did not fire again. The wounded man was led on shore by one of his mates, and we were not molested again.

"These people are very capricious. They have the cunning and the strong passions of men, but in reason they are only children. Life is not held sacred by them, and, when their thirst for blood is raised, they revel in cruelty."

These Australian canoes, with outriggers attached, indicate a Polynesian origin, as indeed do the bows and arrows, which will be fully described on a future page. The tobacco pipes in use in that part of Australia are curious. One form consists of a hollow tube as thick as a man's arm, stopped at the ends and having one hole near the bottom into which is introduced the stem of a pipe, and another hole near the top through which the smoke is imbibed. Their use of the pipe is rather singular. When a party desires to smoke, the chief man lights the pipe, places his mouth to the orifice, and continually inhales until the interior of the hollow stem is filled with smoke. The bowl is then removed, and the aperture stopped with a plug which is kept in readiness. The first smoker closes with his thumb the hole through which he has been imbibing the smoke, and passes the pipe to his neighbor, who applies his lips to the hole, fills his lungs with smoke, and then passes the pipe to the next man. In this way, the tobacco is made to last as long as possible, and the greatest possible amount of enjoyment is got out of the least possible amount of material. The exterior of the stem is generally carved into the simple patterns which are found on nearly all Australian weapons and implements.

BEFORE proceeding further with the character and habits of the natives, we will cast a glance at the country which they inhabit, and the peculiarities which have contributed toward forming that character.

It is a very strange country, as strange to us as England would be to a savage Australian. Its vegetable and animal productions are most remarkable, and are so strange that when the earlier voyagers brought back accounts of their travels they were not believed; and when they exhibited specimens of the flora and fauna, they were accused of manufacturing them for the purpose of deception.

In the first place, with a single exception, the mammalia are all marsupials, or eden-

The solitary exception is the dingo,

or native dog, an animal which somewhat resembles the jackal, but is altogether a handsomer animal. Whether it be indigenous, or a mere variety of the dog modified by long residence in the country, is rather doubtful, though the best zoologists incline to the latter opinion, and say that the marsupial type alone is indigenous to this strange country. Of course the reader is supposed to know that the young of a marsupial animal is born at a very early age, and attains its full development in a supplementary pouch attached to the mother, into which pouch the teats open.

The animal which is most characteristic of Australia is the kangaroo. Of this singular type some forty species are known, varying in size from that of a tall man to that of a mouse. Some of them are known as kangaroos, and others as kangaroo-rats, but the type is the same in all. As their form implies, they are made for leaping over the ground, their enormously long legs and massive development of the hind quarters giving them the requisite power, while their long tails serve to balance them as they pass through the air.

Nearly all the so-called "rats" of Australia belong to the kangaroo tribe, though some are members of other marsupial families. Here I may mention that the nomenclature of the colonists has caused great perplexity and labor to incipient zoologists. They are told in some books that the dingo is the only Australian animal that is not a marsupial or an edentate, and yet they read in books of travel of the bear, the monkey, the badger, the wolf, the cat, the squirrel, the mole, and so forth. The fact is, that, with the natural looseness of diction common to colonists all over the world, the immigrants have transferred to their new country the nomenclature of the old. To the great trouble of index-searchers, there is scarcely a part of the world inhabited by our colonists where London, Oxford, Boston, and fifty other places are not multiplied. The first large river they meet they are sure to call the Thames, and it is therefore to be expected that natural history should suffer in the same way as geography.

Thus, should, in the course of this account of Australia, the reader come across a passage quoted from some traveller in which the monkey or bear is mentioned, he must remember that the so-called "monkey" and "bear" are identical, and that the animal in question is neither the one nor the other, but a marsupial, known to the natives by the name of koala, and, as if to add to the confusion of names, some travellers call it the sloth.

The so-called "badger" is the wombat, probably called a badger because it lives in holes which it burrows in the ground. The Australian "wolf" is another marsupial, belonging to the *Dasyures*, and the "cat"

belongs to the same group. The "squirrels" are all marsupials, and by rights are called phalangists, and it is to this group that the koala really belongs. As to the "hedgehog," it is the spiny ant-eater or echidna, and the "mole" is the celebrated duck-bill or ornithorhynchus.

With few exceptions these animals are not easily captured, many of them being nocturnal, and hiding in burrows or hollow trees until the shades of night conceal their movements; while others are so shy, active, and watchful, that all the craft of the hunter must be tried before they can be captured. Much the same may be said of the birds, the chief of which, the emu, is nearly as large as an ostrich, and is much valued by the natives as food. It is evident, therefore, that the existence of these peculiar animals must exercise a strong influence on the character of the natives, and must make them more active, wary, and quicksighted than the creatures on which they live.

Possessing, as he does, the most minute acquaintance with every vegetable which can afford him food, and even knowing where to obtain a plentiful supply of food and water in a land where an European could not find a particle of anything eatable, nor discover a drop of moisture in the dry and parched expanse, the Australian native places his chief reliance on animal food, and supports himself almost entirely on the creatures which he kills. His appetite is very indiscriminate; and although he prefers the flesh of the kangaroo and the pigeon, he will devour any beast, bird, reptile, or fish, and will also eat a considerable number of insects. Consequently the life of the Australian savage is essentially one of warfare, not against his fellow-man, but against the lower animals, and, as the reader will see in the course of the following pages, the primary object of his weapons is the hunt, and war only a secondary use to which they are directed.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES—DRESS AND ORNAMENTS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA—MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR—THE “DIBBI-DIBBI”—TATTOOING AND CICATRIZING—PATTERN OF THE SCARS—SIGNIFICATION OF THE VARIOUS PATTERNS—POMF AND VANITY—THE NOSE-BONE—NECKLACES—THE GIRDLE AND TASSEL—TATTOOS AND SCARS AMONG THE WOMEN—THE TURTLE SCAR—HIGH SHOULDERS OF THE AUSTRALIANS—INDIFFERENCE TO DRESS—THEIR FUR MANTLES, AND THEIR USES—THE SEA-GRASS MANTLE—FOOD OF THE AUSTRALIANS—VEGETABLE FOOD—MODE OF PROCURING ROOTS—THE BIYU—THE NARDOO PLANT AND ITS USES—THE “BURKE AND WILLS” EXPEDITION—THE BULBUSH ROOT, ITS USE FOR FOOD AND ROPE MAKING—SUBTERRANEAN WATER STORES—MOLLUSCS, AND MODE OF COLLECTING THEM—HARD WORK FOR THE WOMEN—DIVING FROM THE RAFT—RELAXATION WHEN THEY RETURN HOME—COOKING THE MOLLUSCS AND CRUSTACEA—FISH CATCHING WITH LINE, NET, AND SPEAR—INSECT FOOD—THE BEE CATCHERS—TREE AND EARTH GRUBS, AND MODE OF CATCHING THEM—THE PILEYAH—THE DUGONG—ITS LOCALITIES, AND MODES OF TAKING AND COOKING IT—CAPTURING AND COOKING THE GREEN TURTLE—CURIOUS USE OF THE SUCKING FISH—TAMING THE TURTLE—THE HAWKSBILL TURTLE, AND MODE OF CATCHING IT—TURTLE OIL AND DRIED FLESH—SALE OF TORTOISE-SHELL—TWO FORMS OF AUSTRALIAN OVENS—COOKING AND EATING SNAKES—CATCHING THE SNAKE ALIVE—THE CLOAK AND THE SHIELD—THE DUGONG, AND ITS CAPTURE—SMALL TENACITY OF LIFE—A SAVORY FEAST.

WE will now proceed to the various manners and customs of the Australians, not separating them into the arbitrary and fluctuating distinctions of tribes, but describing as briefly as is consistent with justice, the most interesting of their habits, and mentioning those cases where any particular custom seems to be confined to any one tribe or district.

We have in the illustration No. 1, on page 707, a good example of a native of North Western Australia. The sketch was kindly made by Mr. T. Baines. A profile of the man is given, in order to show the peculiar contour of the face, which, as the reader may see, has nothing of the negro character about it; the boldly prominent nose, the full beard, and the long hair fastened up in a top-knot being the distinguishing features. The man carries in his belt his provisions for the day, namely, a snake and one of the little kangaroo-rats, and having these he knows no care, though of course he would prefer larger game.

Round his neck may be seen a string. This supports an ornament which hangs upon his breast. Several forms of this ornament, which is called in the duplicative

Australian language a “dibbi-dibbi,” are employed, and there are in my collection two beautiful specimens made from the shell of the pearl-oyster. The ordinary dibbi-dibbi is fan-shaped, and does not depart very much from the original outline of the shell. There is, however, one kind of dibbi-dibbi which is valued exceedingly, and which is shaped like a crescent. The specimen in my possession is almost as large as a cheese plate, and must have been cut from an enormous shell, economy, whether of material or time, not being understood by these savages. Owing to the shape of the shell, it is slightly convex, and was worn with the concave side next the body.

Not being satisfied with the natural smooth polish of the nacre, the native has ornamented the dibbi-dibbi with a simple but tolerably effective pattern. Along the margin of the scooped edge he has bored two parallel rows of small and shallow holes about half an inch apart, and on either side of each row he has cut a narrow line. From the outer line he has drawn a series of scalloped patterns made in a similar fashion; and, simple as this pattern is, its effect is

really remarkable. The man has evidently begun a more elaborate pattern on the broad surface of the shell, but his mind seems to have misgiven him, and he has abandoned it. The cord by which it is suspended round the neck is nearly an inch wide, and is made of string and a sort of rattan plaited together.

On the shoulder of the man may be seen a number of raised marks. These are the scars of wounds with which the Australians are in the habit of adorning their bodies, and which they sometimes wear in great profusion. The marks are made by cutting deeply into the skin, and filling the wounds with clay and other substances, so that when the wound heals an elevated scar is made. These scars are made in patterns which partly differ according to the taste of the individual, and partly signifying the district to which the tattooed person belongs. For example, the scars as shown in the illustration are the mark of a Northern Australian; and, although he may have plenty other scars on his body and limbs, these will always appear on his shoulder as the distinguishing mark of his tribe.

In my photographs, which represent natives from various parts of the continent, these scars are very prominent, and there is not an individual who does not possess them. Some have them running longitudinally down the upper arm, while others have them alternately longitudinal and transverse. They occasionally appear on the breast, and an old man, remarkable for the quantity of hair which covered his breast and arms, has disposed them in a fan shape, spreading from the centre of the body to the arms. He has evidently spent a vast amount of time on this adornment, and suffered considerable pain, as scars, although not so large as in many other instances, are exceedingly numerous; the man has adorned his arms and shoulders with little scars of the same character arranged in regular lines.

In some parts of Australia the scars assume a much more formidable appearance, being long and heavy ridges. One chief, who was very proud of his adornments,—as well he might be, seeing that their possession must nearly have cost him his life,—was entirely covered from his neck to his knees with scars at least an inch broad, set closely together, and covering the whole of the body. The front of the chest and stomach was adorned with two rows of these scars, each scar being curved, and reaching from the side to the centre of the body, where they met. The man was so inordinately proud of this ornament that nothing could induce him to wear clothing of any kind, and he stalked about in his grandeur, wearing nothing but his weapons. The photograph of this man has a very singular aspect, the light falling on the polished

ridge of the scars having an effect as if he were clad in a suit of some strange armor.

By way of adding to the beauty of their countenances, they are in the habit of perforating the septum of the nose, and of thrusting through it a piece of bone or stick, the former being preferred on account of its whiteness. It is almost impossible to describe the exceedingly grotesque appearance presented by an Australian dandy, who has his body covered with scars, and his face crossed by a wide piece of bone some six inches in length, making his naturally broad nose wider, and seeming as it were to cut his face in half. The hole through which this ornament is thrust is made when a child is a fortnight old.

As to other ornaments, they consist of the usual necklaces, bracelets, and anklets which are common to savage tribes in all parts of the world. Some of these necklaces which are in my collection are really pretty, and some skill is shown in their manufacture. One is made of pieces of yellow reed as thick as quills and almost an inch in length, strung alternately with scarlet reeds; another made entirely of the same reeds, while a third is, in my opinion, the handsomest, though not the most striking of them. At first sight it appears to be made entirely of the reeds already mentioned, but on a closer examination it is seen to be composed entirely of the antennæ of lobsters, cut into short lengths and strung together. To the necklaces is attached a small mother-of-pearl dibbi-dibbi four inches long and one inch wide, and the pieces of lobster antennæ are so disposed that the thinner parts of the antennæ, taken from the extremities, come next to the dibbi-dibbi and hang on the breast, while the larger and thicker parts, taken from the base of the antennæ, come on the neck. The native basket in which these necklaces were kept is more than half filled with bright colored seeds of various hues, that are evidently intended for the manufacture of necklaces.

Girdles of finely twisted human hair are often worn by the men, and the native who is represented in the engraving No. 1, on

707, is wearing one of these girdles. Sometimes, as in the present instance, a small tassel made of the hair of a phalanger or "flying-squirrel," as it is wrongly termed, is hung to the front of the girdle, not by no means as a covering, but as an ornament.

The scars are so highly valued that the women wear them nearly as profusely as the men. In my photographs, there are portraits of many women of all ages, not one of whom is without scars. They do not wear them so large as the men, but seem to be more careful in the regularity of the pattern.

Taking a series of three women, the first has three cuts on the shoulder, showing her

northern extraction, and a row of small horizontal and parallel scars along the front of the body from the breast-bone downward. The second, in addition to the shoulder cuts, has several rows of scars extending from the breast to the collar-bones, together with a central line as already described, and some similar rows of cuts on the ribs and sides. The third woman, a mere girl of fourteen or so, has been very careful in the arrangement of the scars, which descend in regular and parallel rows from the breast downward, and then radiate fan-wise in six rows from the breast upward to the collar bones.

Mr. McGillivray, who accompanied H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* in her voyage, writes as follows concerning the scar ornaments and their uses:—"The Torres Straits islanders are distinguished by a large complicated oval scar, only slightly raised, and of neat construction. This, which I have been told has some connection with a turtle, occupies the right shoulder, and is occasionally repeated on the left. (See engraving at foot of page 722.) At Cape York, however, the cicatrices were so varied that I could not connect any particular style with an individual tribe. At the same time, something like uniformity was noticed among the Katchialaigas, nearly all of whom had, in addition to the horned breast mark, two or three long transverse scars on the chest, which the other tribes did not possess.

"In the remaining people the variety of marking was such that it appeared fair to consider it as being regulated more by individual caprice than by any fixed custom. Many had a simple two-horned mark on each breast, and we sometimes saw upon them a clumsy imitation of the elaborate shoulder mark of the islanders."

Well-shaped as are these women, they have one defect in form, namely, the high and square shoulder, which detracts so much from feminine beauty, and which is equally conspicuous in the child of six, the girl of thirteen or fourteen, and the old woman. The men also exhibit the same defective form.

The reader will have noticed the elaborate manner in which the hair of the Australian savage is sometimes dressed. The style of hair-dressing varies with the locality, and often with the time, fashion having as absolute a reign among the native Australians, and being quite as capricious, as among ourselves. Sometimes the hair is twisted up into long and narrow ringlets, and, if the savage should not happen to have enough hair for this fashion, he straightway makes a wig in imitation of it. Now and then the head is shaved, except a transverse crest of hair, and sometimes the natives will take a fashion of rubbing red ochre and turtle-fat into their heads until they are saturated with the compound, and will then twist up the hair into little strands.

The men of this part of Australia never wear any dress, and the women are often equally indifferent to costume. At Cape York, however, they mostly wear an apology for a petticoat, consisting of a tuft of long grass or split pandanus leaves suspended to the front of the girdle. On great occasions, and especially in their dances, they wear over this a second petticoat mostly made of some leaf, and having the ends woven into a sort of waistband. The material of the petticoat is generally pandanus leaf, but, whatever may be the material, the mode of plaiting it and the general form are the same among all the tribes of Torres Straits. From this useful leaf, the women also make the rude sails for their canoes, which serve the double purpose of sails and coverings under which the natives can sleep in wet weather.

The women have rather a curious mode of wearing one of their ornaments. This is a very long belt, composed of many strands of plaited or twisted fibre, and passed round the body in such a manner that it crosses on the breast like the now abolished cross-belts of the soldier. It is drawn rather tight, and may perhaps be of some service in supporting the bosom. In neither case does clothing seem to be worn as a mode of concealing any part of the body, but merely as a defence against the weather or as an ornament. Even when dress is worn it is of a very slight character, with one or two exceptions. These exceptions are the fur cloaks, with which the women sometimes clothe themselves, and a remarkable garment which presently will be described.

The fur cloaks are made almost universally from the skin of the opossum, and, as the animal is a small one, a considerable number are sewed together to make a single robe. The mode of manufacture is exactly similar to that which was described when treating of the kaross of the Kaffir tribes, the skins being cut to the proper shape, laid side by side, and sewed laboriously together with threads formed of the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, or often with those which are drawn out of the tails of the very creatures which furnish the skin.

Sometimes a piece of kangaroo skin is used for the same purpose, but in neither case does it fulfil the office of a dress according to our ideas. The cloak is a very small one in proportion to the size of the women, and it is worn by being thrown over the back and tied across the chest by a couple of thongs, so as to leave the whole front of the body uncovered. If the garment in question be the skin of the kangaroo, it is slung over one shoulder, and allowed to fall much as it likes, the only object seeming to be that it shall cover the greater part of the back and one shoulder. Occasionally a man wears a fur cloak, but he seems to be very indifferent as to the manner in which it hangs upon his



body, sometimes draping it about his shoulders, sometimes letting it fall to his waist and gathering it about his loins, and sometimes, especially if walking, holding two corners together with his left hand in front of his breast, while his right hand grasps his bundle of weapons.

Mr. Angas mentions one instance of a singularly perfect dress in use among the Australians — the only dress in fact that is really deserving of the name. It is a large cloak made from the *zostera* or sea grass, a plant that is remarkable for being the only true flowering plant that grows in the sea. It has very long grass-like blades, and is found in vast beds, that look in a clear sea like luxuriant hay-fields just before mowing.

The fibre of the *zostera* is long, and wonderfully tough, and indeed the fibre is so good, and the plant so abundant, that the uses to which it is now put, such as packing and stuffing, are far below its capabilities, and it ought to be brought into use for purposes for which a long and strong fibre are needed. Some time ago, when the supply of rags for paper seemed to be failing, there was an attempt made to substitute the *zostera* for rags; and, although it was not a perfectly successful experiment, it had at all events the elements of success in it.

With this long grass the Australian native occasionally makes a large cloak, which will cover the whole body. It is made by laying the fibres side by side, and lashing them together at regular intervals, much as the well-known New Zealand mantle is made from the phormium. Anxious to avoid trouble, the native only fastens together a sufficient quantity to make a covering for his body as low as the knees, the loose ends of the *zostera* being left as a kind of long fringe that edges the mantle all round, and really has a very graceful effect.

The illustration No. 2, on the next page, shows one of those curious mantles, which was sketched while on the body of the wearer. As the manufacture of such a mantle involves much trouble, and the Australian native has the full savage hatred of labor, very few of these cloaks are to be seen. Indeed, nothing but a rather long inclement season will induce a native to take the trouble of making a garment which he will only use for a comparatively short period, and which is rather troublesome to carry about when not wanted.

We now come to the food of the natives. As has already been stated, they eat almost anything, but there are certain kinds of food which they prefer, and which will be specially mentioned.

As to vegetable food, there are several kinds of yams which the more civilized tribes cultivate — the nearest approach to labor of which they can be accused. It is almost exclusively on the islands that cultivation is

found, and Mr. McGillivray states that on the mainland he never saw an attempt at clearing the ground for a garden. In the islands, however, the natives manage after a fashion to raise crops of yams.

When they want to clear a piece of ground, they strew the surface with branches, which are allowed to wither and dry; as soon as they are thoroughly dried, fire is set to them, and thus the space is easily cleared from vegetation. The ground is then pecked up with a stick sharpened at the point and hardened by fire; the yams are cut up and planted, and by the side of each hole a stick is thrust into the ground, so as to form a support for the plant when it grows up. The natives plant just before the rainy season. They never trouble themselves to build a fence round the simple garden, neither do they look after the growth of the crops, knowing that the rains which are sure to fall will bring their crops to perfection.

There are also multitudes of vegetable products on which the natives feed. One of them, which is largely used, is called by them "biyu." It is made from the young and tender shoots of the mangrove tree. The sprouts, when three or four inches in length, are laid upon heated stones, and covered with bark, wet leaves, and sand. After being thoroughly stewed, they are beaten between two stones, and the pulp is scraped away from the fibres. It then forms a slimy gray paste, and, although it is largely eaten, the natives do not seem to like it, and only resort to it on a necessity. They contrive, however, to improve its flavor by adding large quantities of wild yams and other vegetable products.

Perhaps the most celebrated wild food of the Australians is the "nardoo," which has become so familiar to the British reader since the important expedition of Burke and Wills. The nardoo is the produce of a cryptogamous plant which grows in large quantities, but is rather local. The fruit is about as large as a pea, and is cleaned for use by being rubbed in small wooden troughs. It is then pounded into a paste, and made into cakes, like oatmeal.

The nardoo plant is one of the ferns, and those of my readers who are skilled in botany will find it in the genus *Marsilea*. Like many of the ferns, the plant presents a strangely unfernlike aspect, consisting of upright and slender stems, about twelve inches high, each having on its tips a small

fruit, or

the part that is eaten; and it is remarkable for its powers of absorbing water, and so increasing its size. Indeed, when the fruit is soaked in water, it will in the course of a single hour swell until it is two hundred times its former size.

The nardoo is useful in its way, and, when mixed with more nutritious food, is a valu-



(1.) THE HUNTER AND HIS LAYS PROVISIONS.

(See page 704.)



(2.) THE SEA GRASS CLOAK.

(See page 706.)



able article of diet. Taken alone, however, it has scarcely the slightest nutritive powers, and though it distends the stomach, and so keeps off the gnawing sense of hunger, it gives no strength to the system. Even when eaten with fish, it is of little use, and requires either fat or sugar to give it the due power of nourishment. With the wonderful brightness of spirit which Mr. Wills managed to keep up, even when suffering the severest hardships, and feeling himself gradually dying, he gives in his diary a curiously accurate picture of the effects of living for a length of time on an innutritious substance. He liked the nardoo, and consumed considerable quantities of it, but gradually wasted away, leaving a record in his diary that "starvation on nardoo is by no means unpleasant but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to rouse one's self; for as far as appetite is concerned, it gives the greatest satisfaction."

The death of this fine young man affords another proof of the disadvantage at which a stranger to the country is placed while traversing a new land. Many native tribes lived on the route along which the travellers passed, and, from their knowledge of the resources of the country, were able to support themselves; whereas the white travellers seem to have died of starvation in the midst of plenty.

The chief vegetable food, however, is furnished by the bulrush root, which is to the Australians who live near rivers the staff of life. As the task of procuring it is a very disagreeable one, it is handed over to the women, who have to wade among the reeds and half bury themselves in mud while procuring the root.

It is cooked after the usual Australian manner. A heap of limestones is raised, and heated by fire. The roots are then laid on the hot stones, and are covered with a layer of the same material. In order to produce a quantity of steam, a heap of wet grass is thrown on the upper layer of stones, and a mound of sand heaped over all.

As the root, however well cooked, is very fibrous, the natives do not swallow it, but, after chewing it and extracting all the soft parts, they reject the fibres, just as a sailor throws aside his exhausted quid; and great quantities of these little balls of fibre are to be found near every encampment. The same fibre is convertible into string, and is used in the manufacture of fishing lines and nets.

The singular knowledge of vegetable life possessed by the natives is never displayed with greater force than in the power which they have of procuring water. In an apparently desert place, where no signs of water are to be found, and where not even a pigeon can be seen to wing its way through the air, as the guide to the distant water toward which it is flying, the native will

manage to supply himself with both water and food.

He looks out for certain eucalypti or gum-trees, which are visible from a very great distance, and makes his way toward them. Choosing a spot at three or four yards from the trunk, with his katta he digs away at the earth, so as to expose the roots, tears them out of the ground, and proceeds to prepare them. Cutting them into pieces of a foot or so in length, he stands them upright in the bark vessel which an Australian mostly carries with him, and waits patiently. Presently a few drops of water ooze from the lower ends of the roots, and in a short time water pours out freely, so that an abundant supply of liquid is obtained.

Should the native be very much parched, he takes one of the pieces of root, splits it lengthwise, and chews it, finding that it gives as much juice as a water-melon. The youngest and freshest-looking trees are always chosen for the purpose of obtaining water, and the softest-looking roots selected. After the water has all been drained from them, they are peeled, pounded between two stones, and then roasted; so that the eucalyptus supplies both food and drink.

As, however, as has been stated, the chief reliance of the natives is upon animal food and fish, molluscs, crustacea, reptiles, and insects form a very considerable proportion of their food. Collecting the shell-fish is the duty of the women, chiefly because it is really hard work, and requires a great amount of diving. Throughout the whole of this vast continent this duty is given to the women; and whether in the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the extreme north, or in the island of Van Diemen's Land, in the extreme south, the same custom prevails. During Labillardière's voyage in search of La Perouse, the travellers came upon a party of the natives of Van Diemen's Land while the women were collecting shell-fish, and the author gives a good description of the labors to which these poor creatures were subjected:—

"About noon we saw them prepare their repast. Hitherto we had but a faint idea of the pains the women take to procure the food requisite for the subsistence of their families. They took each a basket, and were followed by their daughters, who did the same. Getting on the rocks that projected into the sea, they plunged from them to the bottom in search of shell-fish. When they had been down some time, we became very uneasy on their account; for where they had dived were seaweeds of great length, among which we observed the *fucus pyrifera*, and we feared that they might have been entangled in these, so as to be unable to regain the surface.

"At length, however, they appeared, and convinced us that they were capable of remaining under water twice as long as our

ablest divers. An instant was sufficient for them to take breath, and then they dived again. This they did repeatedly till their baskets were nearly full. Most of them were provided with a little bit of wood, cut into the shape of a spatula, and with these they separated from beneath the rocks, at great depths, very large sea-ears. Perhaps they chose the biggest, for all they brought were of a great size.

"On seeing the large lobsters which they had in their baskets, we were afraid that they must have wounded these poor women terribly with their large claws; but we soon found that they had taken the precaution to kill them as soon as they caught them. They quitted the water only to bring their husbands the fruits of their labor, and frequently returned almost immediately to their diving till they had procured a sufficient meal for their families. At other times they staved a little while to warm themselves, with their faces toward the fire on which their fish was roasting, and other little fires burning behind them, that they might be warmed on all sides at once.

"It seemed as if they were unwilling to lose a moment's time; for while they were warming themselves, they were employed in roasting fish, some of which they laid on the coals with the utmost caution, though they took little care of the lobsters, which they threw anywhere into the fire; and when they were ready they divided the claws among the men and the children, reserving the body for themselves, which they sometimes ate before returning into the water.

"It gave us great pain to see these poor women condemned to such severe toil; while, at the same time, they ran the hazard of being devoured by sharks, or entangled among the weeds that rise from the bottom of the sea. We often entreated their husbands to take a share in their labor at least, but always in vain. They remained constantly near the fire, feasting on the best bits, and eating broiled fucus, or fern-roots. Occasionally they took the trouble to break boughs of trees into short pieces to feed the fire, taking care to choose the dryest.

"From their manner of breaking them we found that their skulls must be very hard; for, taking hold of the sticks at each end with the hand, they broke them over their heads, as we do at the knee, till they broke. Their heads being constantly bare, and often exposed to all weathers in this high latitude, acquire a capacity for resisting such efforts: besides, their hair forms a cushion which diminishes the pressure, and renders it much less painful on the summit of the head than any other part of the body. Few of the women, however, could have done as much, for some had their hair cut pretty short, and wore a string several times round the head; others had only a simple crown of hair. We made the same observa-

tion with respect to several of the children, but none of the men. These had the back, breast, shoulders, and arms covered with downy hair."

Sometimes a party of women will go out on a raft made of layers of reeds, pushing themselves along by means of very long poles. When they arrive at a bed of mussels, they will stay there nearly all day diving from the raft, with their nets tied round their necks, and, after remaining under water for a considerable time, come up with a heavy load of mussels in their nets.

They even manage to cook upon this fragile raft. They make a heap of wet sand upon the reeds, put a few stones on it, and build their fire on the stones, just as if they had been on shore. After remaining until they have procured a large stock of mussels, they pole themselves ashore, and in all probability have to spend several hours in cooking the mussels for the men. The mussels are usually eaten with the bulrush root.

There is a sort of crayfish which is found in the mud-flats of rivers and lakes. These are also caught by the women, who feel for them in the mud with their feet, and hold them down firmly until they can be seized by the hand. As soon as the creatures are taken, the claws are crushed to prevent them from biting, and they are afterward roasted, while still alive, on the embers of the fire. Tadpoles are favorite articles of diet with the Australians, who fry them on grass.

The ordinary limpet, mussel, and other molluscs, are largely eaten by the natives, who scoop them out by means of smaller shells, just as is done by boys along our own coasts—a plan which is very efficacious, as I can testify from personal experience. Sometimes they cook the molluscs by the simple process of throwing them on the embers, but as a general rule they eat them in a raw state, as we eat oysters.

Fish they catch in various ways. The usual method is by a hook and line; the former of which is ingeniously cut out of the shell of the hawkbill turtle. Two of these hooks are now before me, and raise a feeling of wonder as to the fish which could be induced to take such articles into its mouth. It is flat, very clumsily made, and there is no barb, the point being curved very much inward, so as to prevent the fish from slipping off the hook. In fact the whole shape of the hook is almost exactly identical with that of the hook which is found throughout Polynesia and extends to New Zealand.

The hook is fastened to a long and stout line, made by chewing reeds, stripping them into fibres, and rolling them on the thighs. Two of these strings are then twisted together; and the line is complete. My own specimen of a line is about as thick as the fishing lines used on our coasts, and it is very long, having a hook at either end. The hook is lashed to the line by a very firm but

rather clumsy wrapping. Sometimes the line is made of scraped rattan-fibres.

Another mode of fishing is by the net. This requires at least two men to manage it. The net is many feet in length, and about four feet in width. It is kept extended by a number of sticks placed a yard or so apart, and can then be rolled up in a cylindrical package and be taken to the water. One man then takes an end of the net, unrolls it, and with the assistance of his comrade drops it into the water. As soon as the lower edge of the net touches the bottom, the men wade toward the shore, drawing with them the two ends of the net and all the fish that happen to be within its range. As soon as they near the shore, they bring the two ends of the net to the land, fix them there, and are then able to pick up and throw ashore all the fish that are in the net. Some of the more active fish escape by leaping over the upper edge of the net, and some of the mud-loving and crafty wriggle their way under the lower edge; but there is always a sufficiency of fish to reward the natives for their labor.

Like the fishing line, the net is made of chewed reeds, and the labor of chewing and twisting the string belongs exclusively to the women.

A third mode of fishing is by employing certain traps or baskets, ingeniously woven of rattan, and made so that the fish can easily pass into them, but cannot by any possibility get out again. Sometimes fish are speared in the shallow water, the native wading in, and with unerring aim transfixing the fish with his spear. Even the children take part in this sport, and, though armed with nothing better than a short stick, sharpened at one end, contrive to secure their fish. With the same stick they dig molluscs out of the mud, and turn crustacea out of their holes; and when they can do this, they are supposed to be able to shift for themselves, and their parents take no more trouble about feeding them.

They are not more fastidious in the cooking of fish than of crustacea or molluscs, but just throw them on the fire, turn them once or twice with a stick, and when they are warmed through and the outside scorched, they pick them out of the fire, scrape off the burnt scales, and eat them without further ceremony.

Insect food is much used among the Australians. As might be expected, honey is greatly valued by them, and they display great ingenuity in procuring it. When a native sees a bee about the flowers, and wishes to find the honey, he repairs to the nearest pool, selects a spot where the bank shelves very gradually, lies on his face, fills his mouth with water, and patiently awaits the arrival of a bee. These insects require a considerable amount of moisture, as every one knows who has kept them, and the bee-

hunter reckons on this fact to procure him the honey which he desires. After a while a bee is sure to come and drink, and the hunter, hearing the insect approaching him, retains his position and scarcely breathes, so fearful is he of alarming it. At last it alights, and instantly the native blows the water from his mouth over it, stunning it for the moment. Before it can recover itself, he seizes it, and by means of a little gum attaches to it a tuft of white down obtained from one of the trees.

As soon as it is released, the insect flies away toward its nest, the white tuft serving the double purpose of making it more conspicuous and retarding its flight. Away goes the hunter after it at full speed, running and leaping along in a wonderful manner, his eyes fixed on the guiding insect, and making very light of obstacles. (See illustration No. 1, on the 716th page.) Sometimes a fallen tree will be in his way, and if he can he jumps over it; but at all risks he must get over without delay, and so he dashes at the obstacle with reckless activity. Should he surmount it, well and good; but if, as often happens, he should fall, he keeps his eyes fixed, as well as he can, on the bee, and as soon as he springs to his feet he resumes the chase. Even if he should lose sight of it for a moment, he dashes on in the same direction, knowing that a bee always flies in a straight line for its home; and when he nears it, the angry hum of the hampered insect soon tells him that he has recovered the lost ground.

The reader will see that this mode of tracking the bee to its home is far inferior to that of the American bee-hunters, and is rather a business of the legs than of the head. The Australian bee-hunter waits until a bee happens to come to the spot where he lies; the American bee-hunter baits an attractive trap, and induces the insect to come to the spot which he selects. Then the Australian bee-hunter only runs after the single bee; whereas the American bee-hunter economizes his strength by employing two bees, and saving his legs.

He puts honey on a flat wooden slab, having drawn a circle of white paint round it. The bee alights on the honey, and, after filling its crop, crawls through the white paint and sets off homeward. The hunter follows the "bee-line" taken by the insect, and marks it by scoring or "blazing" a few trees. He then removes his honeyed trap to a spot at an angle with his former station and repeats the process. There is no need for him to race after the flying bee, and to run considerable risk of damaging himself more or less seriously; he simply follows out the lines which the two bees have taken, and, by fixing on the point at which they meet, walks leisurely up to the nest.

Having found his bee nest, the Australian loses no time in ascending to the spot,

whether it be a cleft in a rock, or, as is usually the case, a hole in a tree. This latter spot is much favored by the bees, as well as by many of the arboreal mammals, of which there are so many in Australia. The sudden and violent tempests which rage in that part of the world tear off the branches of trees and hurl them to the ground. During succeeding rainy seasons, the wet lodges in the broken branch, and by degrees rots away the wood, which is instantly filled with the larvæ of beetles, moths, flies, and other insects that feed upon decaying wood. Thus, in a few years, the hollow extends itself until it burrows into the tree itself, and sometimes descends nearly from the top to the bottom, thus forming an admirable locality for the bees.

Taking with him a hatchet, a basket, and a quantity of dry grass or leaves, the native ascends, lights the grass, and under cover of the smoke chops away the wood until he can get at the combs, which he places in the basket, with which he descends. Should he be too poor to possess even a basket, he extemporizes one by cutting away the bark of the tree; and should the nest be a very large one, he is supplied by his friends from below with a number of vessels, and passes them down as fast as they are filled.

Perhaps some of my readers may remark that honey cannot be rightly considered as insect food, and that it ought to have been ranked among the vegetable productions. The Australian, however, does not content himself with extracting the honey from the comb, but eats it precisely in the state in which it is brought from the nest. As the bees are not forced, as amongst English bee-masters, to keep their honey-cells distinct from those which contain the hoard and the "bee-bread," each comb contains indiscriminately bee-bread, young bee-grubs, and honey, and the Australian eats all three with equal satisfaction.

Another kind of insect food is a grub which inhabits the trunks of trees, and of which the natives are inordinately fond. They have a wonderful faculty of discovering the presence of this grub, and twist it out of its hole with an odd little instrument composed of a hook fastened to the end of a slender twig. This implement is carried in the hair so as to project over the ear, like a clerk's pen, and for a long time puzzled travellers, who thought it to be merely an ornament, and could not understand its very peculiar shape.

The larva is the caterpillar of a moth which is closely allied to the goat-moth of our own country, and has the same habit of burrowing into the wood of living trees. The hooked instrument which is used for drawing them out of their holes is called the "pileyah," and is employed also --- hooking beetles, grubs, and other insects out of their holes in the ground. When the

pileyah is used for extracting grubs from the earth, the ground is first loosened by means of a wooden scoop that looks something like a hollowed waddy. The pileyah is then tied to the end of a polygonum twig of sufficient length, and by such means can be introduced into the holes.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the various insect banquets in which the Australians delight is that which is furnished by the bugong moth, as the insect is popularly, but wrongly, called. Instead of belonging to the moth tribe, it is one of the butterflies, and belongs to the graceful family of the Heliconiæ. Its scientific name is *Euplaea hamata*. The bugong is remarkable for the fact that its body, instead of being slender like that of most butterflies, is very stout, and contains an astonishing amount of oily matter. The color of the insect is dark brown, with two black spots on the upper wings. It is a small insect, measuring only an inch and a half across the wings.

It is found in the New South Wales district, and inhabits a range of hills that are called from the insect the Bugong Mountains. The Australians eat the bugong butterflies just as locusts are eaten in many parts of the world, and, for the short time during which the insect makes its appearance, feast inordinately upon it, and get quite fat. The following account is given by Mr. G. Bennett:—

"After riding over the lower ranges, we arrived a short distance above the base of the Bugong Mountain, tethered the horses, and ascended on foot, by a steep and rugged path, which led us to the first summit of the mountain: at this place, called Ginandery by the natives, enormous masses of granite rock, piled one upon another, and situated on the verge of a wooded precipice, excited our attention. An extensive and romantic view was here obtained of a distant, wooded, mountainous country.

"This was the first place where, upon the smooth sides or crevices of the granite blocks, the bugong moths congregated in such incredible multitudes; but, from the blacks having recently been here, we found but few of the insects remaining. At one part of this group of granite rocks were two pools, apparently hollowed naturally from the solid stone, and filled with cool and clear water; so, lighting a fire, we enjoyed a cup of tea previous to recommencing our further ascent. On proceeding we found the rise more gradual, but unpleasant, from the number of loose stones and branches of trees strewn about; several of the deserted bark huts of the natives (which they had temporarily erected when engaged in collecting and preparing the bugong) were scattered around. Shrubs and plants were numerous as we proceeded, but, with few exceptions, did not differ from those seen in other parts of the colony.

"Near a small limpid stream a species of *Lycopodium* grew so dense as to form a carpet over which we were able to walk. The timber trees towered to so great an elevation that the prospect of the country we had anticipated was impeded. At last we arrived at another peculiar group of granite rocks in enormous masses and of various forms; this place, similar to the last, formed the locality where the bugong moths congregate, and is called 'Warrogong' by the natives. The remains of recent fires apprised us that the aborigines had only recently left the place for another of similar character a few miles further distant.

"Our native guides wished us to proceed and join the tribe, but the day had so far advanced that it was thought more advisable to return, because it was doubtful, as the blacks removed from a place as soon as they had cleared it of the insects, whether we should find them at the next group, or removed to others still further distant.

"From the result of my observations it appears that the insects are only found in such multitudes on these insulated and peculiar masses of granite, for about the other solitary granite rocks, so profusely scattered over the range, I did not observe a single moth, or even the remains of one. Why they should be confined only to these particular places, or for what purpose they thus collect together, is not a less curious than interesting subject of inquiry. Whether it be for the purpose of emigrating, or any other cause, our present knowledge cannot satisfactorily answer.

"The bugong moths, as I have before observed, collect on the surfaces, and also in the crevices, of the masses of granite in incredible quantities. To procure them with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath these rocks about which they are collected, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushfuls at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner.

"A circular space is cleared upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects to be prepared; on it a fire is lighted and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed, and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and winnowed to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies; they are then eaten, or placed into a wooden vessel called 'walbum,' or 'calibum,' and pounded by a piece of wood into masses or cakes resembling lumps of fat, and may be compared in color and consistence to dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat.

"The bodies of the moths are large and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses (with which the 'netbuls,' or 'talabats,' of the native tribes are loaded during the season of feasting upon the bugong) will not keep more than a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used by the native tribes, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced, but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

"These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. It is not only the native blacks that resort to the bugong, but crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and the aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares: so the stronger decides the point; for, when the crows (called 'arabul' by the natives) enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance and kill them as they fly out; and they afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich bugong. So eager are the feathered blacks or arabuls after this food that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lay in wait for the arabuls with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use them as food."

REPTILES form a very considerable part of an Australian's diet, and he displays equal aptitude in capturing and cooking them. Turtle is an especial favorite with him, not only on account of its size, and of the quantity of meat which it furnishes, but on account of the oil which is obtained from it.

On the coast of Australia several kinds of turtle are found, the most useful of which are the ordinary green turtle and the hawk-bill. They are caught either in the water, or by watching for them when they come on shore for the purpose of laying their eggs, and then turning them on their backs before they can reach the sea. As, however, comparatively few venture on the shore, the greater number are taken in the water. Along the shore the natives have regular watchtowers or cairns made of stones and the bones of turtles, dugongs, and other creatures. When the sentinel sees a turtle drifting along with the tide, he gives the alarm, and a boat puts out after it. The canoe approaches from behind, and paddles very cautiously so that the reptile may not hear it. As soon as they come close to it, the chief hunter, who holds in his hand one end of a slight but tough rope, leaps on the back, and clings to it with both



hands on its shoulders. The startled reptile dashes off, but before it has got very far the hunter contrives to upset it, and while it is struggling he slips the noose of the rope over one of its flippers. The creature is then comparatively helpless, and is towed ashore by the canoe.

In some districts the turtle is taken by means of a harpoon, which is identical in principle with that which is used by the hippopotamus hunters of Africa. There is a long shaft, into the end of which is loosely slipped a movable head. A rope is attached to the head, and a buoy to the other end of the rope. As soon as the reptile is struck, the shaft is disengaged, and is picked up by the thrower; while the float serves as an indication of the turtle's whereabouts, and enables the hunters to tow it toward the shore.

One of the natives, named Gi'om, told Mr. McGillivray that they sometimes caught the turtle by means of the remora, or sucking-fish. One of these fish, round whose tail a line has been previously made fast, is kept in a vessel of water on board the boat, and, when a small turtle is seen, the remora is dropped into the sea. Instinctively it makes its way to the turtle, and fastens itself so firmly to the reptile's back that they are both hauled to the boat's side and lifted in by the fishermen. Only small turtles can be thus taken, and there is one species which never attains any great size which is generally captured in this curious manner.

The hawksbill turtle is too dangerous an antagonist to be chased in the water. The sharp-edged scales which project from its sides would cut deeply into the hands of any man who tried to turn it; and even the green turtle, with its comparatively blunt-edged shell, has been known to inflict a severe wound upon the leg of the man who was clinging to its back. The native, therefore, is content to watch it ashore, and by means of long, stout poles, which he introduces leverwise under its body, turns it over without danger to himself.

When the Australians have succeeded in turning a turtle, there are great rejoicings, as the very acme of human felicity consists, according to native ideas, in gorging until the feasters can neither stand nor sit. They may be seen absolutely rolling on the ground in agony from the inordinate distension of their stomachs, and yet, as soon as the pain has abated, they renew their feasting. Mostly they assemble round the turtle, cook it rudely, and devour it on the spot; but in Torres Straits they are more provident, and dry the flesh in order to supply themselves with food during their voyages. They cut up the meat into thin slices, boil the slices, and then dry them in the sun.

During the process of cooking, a considerable amount of oil rises to the surface, and is skimmed off and kept in vessels made of

bamboo and turtles' bladders. The cook, however, has to exercise some vigilance while performing his task, as the natives are so fond of the oil that, unless they are closely watched, they will skim it off and drink it while in an almost boiling state. The boiling and subsequent drying render the flesh very hard, so that it will keep for several weeks; but it cannot be eaten without a second boiling.

The shell of the hawksbill turtle is doubly valuable to the natives, who reserve a little for the manufacture of hooks, and sell the rest to shippers or traders, who bring it to Europe, where it is converted into the "tortoise-shell" with which we are so familiar. There is in my collection a beautiful specimen of one of these scales of tortoise-shell as it was purchased from the natives. It is about eleven inches in length and seven in width, and has a hole at one end by which they string the scales together. There are the scars of eight large limpet shells upon it, showing the singular appearance which the animal must have presented when alive.

The cooking of turtle is a far more important process than that of boiling fish, and a sort of oven is required in order to dress it properly. In principle the oven resembles that which is in use in so many parts of the world, and which has been already described when showing how the hunters of South Africa cook the elephant's foot. Instead, however, of digging a hole and burning wood in it, the Australian takes a number of stones, each about the size of a man's fist, and puts them into the fire. When they are heated, they are laid closely together, and the meat placed upon them. A second layer of heated stones is arranged upon the meat, and a rim or bank of tea-tree bush, backed up with sand or earth, is built round this primitive oven. Grass and leaves are then strewn plentifully over the stones, and are held in their places by the circular bank. The steam is thus retained, and so the meat is cooked in a very effectual manner.

In some parts of the country, however, a more elaborate oven is used. It consists of a hole some three feet in diameter and two feet in depth, and is heated in the following manner:—It is filled to within six inches of the top with round and hard stones, similar to those which have already been described, and upon them a fire is built and maintained for some time. When the stones are thought to be sufficiently heated, the embers are swept away, and the food is simply laid upon the stones and allowed to remain there until thoroughly cooked.

This kind of oven is found over a large range of country, and Mr. McGillivray has seen it throughout the shores of Torres Straits, and extending as far southward as Sandy Cape on the eastern side.

Although the idea of snake eating is so repugnant to our id





(1.) BEE HUNTING.  
(See page 711.)



(2.) COOKING A SNAKE  
(See page 717.)

not eat eels because they look like snakes, the Australian knows better, and considers a snake as one of the greatest delicacies which the earth produces. And there is certainly no reason why we should repudiate the snake as disgusting while we accept the turtle and so many of the tortoise kind as delicacies, no matter whether their food be animal or vegetable. The Australian knows that a snake in good condition ought to have plenty of fat, and to be well flavored, and is always easy in his mind so long as he can catch one.

The process of cooking (see page 716) is exactly like that which is employed with fish, except that more pains are taken about it, as is consistent with the superior character of the food. The fire being lighted, the native squats in front of it and waits until the flame and smoke have partly died away, and then carefully coils the snake on the embers, turning it and recoiling it until all the scales are so scorched that they can be rubbed off. He then allows it to remain until it is cooked according to his ideas, and eats it deliberately, as becomes such a dainty, picking out the best parts for himself, and, if he be in a good humor, tossing the rest to his wives.

Snake hunting is carried on in rather a curious manner. Killing a snake at once, unless it should be wanted for immediate consumption, would be extremely foolish, as it would be unfit for food before the night had passed away. Taking it alive, therefore, is the plan which is adopted by the skilful hunter, and this he manages in a very ingenious way.

Should he come upon one of the venomous serpents, he cuts off its retreat, and with his spear or with a forked stick he irritates it with one hand, while in his other he holds the narrow wooden shield. By repeated blows he induces the reptile to attack him, and dexterously receives the stroke on the shield, flinging the snake back by the sudden repulse. Time after time the snake renews the attack, and is as often foiled; and at last it yields the battle, and lies on the ground completely beaten. The hunter then presses his forked stick on the reptile's neck, seizes it firmly, and holds it while a net is thrown over it and it is bound securely to his spear. It is then carried off, and reserved for the next day's banquet.

Sometimes the opossum-skin cloak takes the place of the shield, and the snake is allowed to bite it.

The carpet snake, which sometimes attains the length of ten or twelve feet, is favorite game with the Australian native, as its large size furnishes him with an abundant supply of meat, as well as the fat in which his soul delights. This snake mostly lives in holes at the foot of the curious grass-tree, of which we shall see several figures in the course of the following pages, and in many places it is so plentiful that there is scarcely a grass-tree without its snake.

As it would be a waste of time to probe each hole in succession, the natives easily ascertain those holes which are inhabited by smearing the earth around them with a kind of white clay mixed with water, which is as soft as putty. On the following day they can easily see, by the appearance of the clay, when a snake has entered or left its hole, and at once proceed to induce the reptile to leave its stronghold. This is done by putting on the trunk of the tree immediately over the hole a bait, which the natives state to be honey, and waiting patiently, often for many hours, until the serpent is attracted by the bait and climbs the tree. As soon as it is clear of the hole, its retreat is cut off, and the result of the ensuing combat is a certainty. The forked spear which the native employs is called a bo-bo.

All the tribes which live along the eastern coast, especially those which inhabit the northern part of the country, are in the habit of capturing the dugong. This animal is very fond of a green, branchless, marine alga, and ventures to the shore in order to feed upon it. The natives are on the watch for it, and, as soon as a dugong is seen, a canoe puts off after it.

Each canoe is furnished with paddles and a harpooner, who is armed with a weapon very similar to that which is used by the turtle catchers, except that no buoy is required. It is composed of a shaft some twelve or fifteen feet in length, light at one end, and heavy at the other. A hole is made at the heavy end, and into the hole is loosely fitted a kind of spear head made of bone, about four inches in length, and covered with barbs. One end of a stout and long rope is made fast to this head, and the other is attached to the canoe.

As soon as he is within striking distance, the harpooner jumps out of the boat into the water, striking at the same time with his weapon, so as to add to the stroke the force of his own weight. Disengaging the shaft, he returns to the canoe, leaving the dugong attached to it by the rope. The wounded animal dives and tries to make its way seaward. Strange to say, although the dugong is a large animal, often eight feet in length, and very bulky in proportion to its length, it seldom requires to be struck a second time, but rises to the surface and dies in a few minutes from a wound occasioned by so apparently insignificant a weapon as a piece of bone struck some three inches into its body. When it is dead, it is towed ashore, and rolled up the bank to some level spot, where preparations are at once made for cooking and eating it.

Those who are acquainted with zoölogy are aware that the dugong is formed after the manner of the whale, and that it is covered first with a tough skin and then with a layer of blubber over the muscles. This structure, by the way, renders its suc-

cumbing to the wound of the harpoon the more surprising. The natives always cut it up in the same manner. The tail is sliced much as we carve a round of beef, while the body is cut into thin slices as far as the ribs, each slice having its own proportion of meat, blubber, and skin. The blubber is esteemed higher than any other portion of the animal, though even the tough skin can be rendered tolerably palatable by careful cooking.

Of all Australian animals, the kangaroo is most in favor, both on account of the excellent quality of the flesh, and the quantity which a single kangaroo will furnish. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that with the Australian, as with other savages, quantity is considered rather than quality. A full grown "boomah" kangaroo will, when standing upright, in its usual attitude of defence, measure nearly six feet in height, and is of very considerable weight. And, when an Australian kills a kangaroo, he performs feats of gluttony to which the rest of the world can scarcely find a parallel, and certainly not a superior. Give an

Australian a kangaroo and he will eat until he is nearly dead from repletion; and he will go on eating, with short intervals of rest, until he has finished the entire kangaroo.

Like other savage creatures, whether human or otherwise, he is capable of bearing deprivation of food to a wonderful extent; and his patient endurance of starvation, when food is not to be obtained, is only to be excelled by his gluttony when it is plentiful. This curious capacity for alternate gluttony and starvation is fostered by the innately lazy disposition of the Australian savage, and his utter disregard for the future. The animal that ought to serve him and his family for a week is consumed in a few hours; and, as long as he does not feel the pain of absolute hunger, nothing can compel the man to leave his rude couch and go off on a hunting expedition. But when he does make up his mind to hunt, he has a bulldog sort of tenacity which forbids him to relinquish the chase until he has been successful in bringing down his game.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

WEAPONS OF THE AUSTRALIANS, THEIR FORMS AND USES—THE CLUB OR WADDY, AND ITS VARIOUS FORMS—USES OF THE WADDY—A DOMESTIC PANACEA—AN AUSTRALIAN DUEL—THICK SKULLS OF THE NATIVES—LOVE OF THE NATIVE FOR HIS WADDY—THE BLACK POLICE FORCE—THE MISSILE WADDY—THE KATTA, OR DIGGING-STICK, AND ITS VARIED USES—HOW AN AUSTRALIAN DIGS A HOLE—THE STONE TOMAHAWK AND ITS USE—THE ASCENT OF TREES—HOW AN AUSTRALIAN KNOWS WHETHER AN ANIMAL IS IN A TREE—SMOKING OUT THE PREY—THE BLACK-BOY GUM—THE GRASS-TREE OF AUSTRALIA—THE AUSTRALIAN SAW.

As in the course of the following pages all the weapons of the Australian will have to be mentioned, we will take the opportunity of describing them at once, without troubling ourselves as to the peculiar locality in which each modification is found.

We will begin with the club, the simplest of all weapons. Several examples of the club are to be seen in the illustration entitled "Australian Clubs," on the 722d page. All the figures are drawn from actual specimens, some belonging to my own collection, some being sketched from examples in the British Museum, and others being taken from the fine collection of Colonel Lane Fox.

The simplest form of Australian club is that which is known by the name of "waddy," and which is the favorite weapon of an Australian savage, who never seems to be happy without a waddy in his hands, no matter what other weapons he may happen to carry. One of these waddies may be seen at fig. 4, and another at fig. 5. The latter is a specimen in my own collection, and affords a very good example of the true Australian waddy. It is made of the tough and heavy wood of the gum-tree, and is really a most effective weapon, well balanced, and bears marks of long usage. The length is two feet eight inches, and, as the reader may see from the illustration, it is sharpened at the point, so that in close combat it can be used for stabbing as well as for striking. It weighs exactly twenty-one ounces.

Four deep grooves run along the waddy, from the point to the spot where it is grasped, and seem to be intended as edges whereby a blow may cut through the skin as well as inflict a bruise. Besides these grooves, there are sundry carvings which the native evidently has thought to be ornamental. On two of the sides the pattern is merely the double-headed T seen in the illustration, but on the other two sides the pattern is varied. In every case the top figure is the double T; but on one side there is first a T, then a cross with curved arms, then a T, and then a pattern that looks something like a key, having a bow at each end. The fourth side is evidently unfinished, there being only two patterns on it; the second, evidently an attempt to imitate the letter B, showing that the maker had some acquaintance with civilization.

With this waddy the native is better armed than most men would be with the keenest sword that ever was forged, and with it he strikes and stabs with marvellous rapidity, seeming to be actuated, when in combat, by an uncontrollable fury. He can use it as a missile with deadly effect; and if, as is generally the case, he has several of these waddies in his hand, he will hurl one or two of them in rapid succession, and, while the antagonist is still attempting to avoid the flying weapon, precipitate himself upon the and attack him with the waddy which he has reserved for hand-to-hand combat.

The waddy is the Australian panacea for

domestic troubles, and if one of his wives should presume to have an opinion of her own, or otherwise to offend her dusky lord, a blow on the head from the ever-ready waddy settles the dispute at once by leaving her senseless on the ground. Sometimes the man strikes the offender on a limb, and breaks it; but he does not do this unless he should be too angry to calculate that, by breaking his slave's arm or leg, he deprives himself of her services for a period.

With the Australian man of honor the waddy takes the place which the pistol once held in England and the United States, and is the weapon by which disputes are settled. In case two Australians of reputation should fall out, one of them challenges the other to single combat, sending him a derisive message to the effect that he had better bring his stoutest waddy with him, so that he may break it on the challenger's head.

Thickness of skull—a reproach in some parts of the world—is among the Australians a matter of great boast, and one Australian can hardly insult another in more contemptuous words than by comparing his skull to an emu's egg-shell. I have examined several skulls of Australian natives, and have been much surprised by two points: the first is the astonishing thickness and hardness of the bone, which seems capable of resisting almost any blow that could be dealt by an ordinary weapon; and the second is the amount of injury which an Australian skull can endure. Owing to the thickness of the skull, the Australian puts his head to strange uses, one of the oddest of which is his custom of breaking sticks on his head instead of snapping them across the knee.

In due time the combatants appear on the ground, each bearing his toughest and heaviest waddy, and attended by his friends. After going through the usual gesticulations and abuse which always precede a duel between savages, the men set definitely to work.

The challenged individual takes his waddy, and marches out into the middle of the space left by the spectators. His adversary confronts him, but unarmed, and stooping low, with his hands on his knees, he offers his head to the opponent. The adversary executes a short dance of delight at the blow which he is going to deal, and then, after taking careful aim, he raises his waddy high in the air, and brings it down with all his force on the head of his foe.

The blow would fell an ordinary ox; but the skull of an Australian is made of sterner stuff than that of a mere ox, and the man accordingly raises himself, rubs his head, and holds out his hand to his nearest friend, who gives him the waddy, which he is about to use in his turn. The challenged man now takes his turn at stooping, while the challenger does his best to smash the skull of

the antagonist. Each man, however, knows from long experience the hardest part of his own skull, and takes care to present it to the enemy's blow. In this way they continue to exchange blows until one of them falls to the ground, when the victory is decided to remain with his antagonist.

In consequence of the repeated injuries to which the head of a native Australian is subjected, the skull of a warrior presents, after death, a most extraordinary appearance, being covered with dents, fractures, and all kinds of injuries, any one of which would have killed an European immediately, but which seems to have only caused temporary inconvenience to the Australian.

So fond is the Australian of his waddy, that even in civilized life he cannot be induced to part with it. Some of my readers may be aware that a great number of captives are now enrolled among the police, and render invaluable service to the community, especially against the depredations of their fellow-blacks whom they persecute with a relentless vigor that seems rather surprising to those who do not know the singular antipathy which invariably exists between wild and tamed animals, whether human or otherwise. In fact, the Australian native policeman is to the colonist what the "Totty" of South Africa is to the Dutch and English colonists, what the Ghoorka or Sikh of India is to the English army, and what the tamed elephant of Ceylon or India is to the hunter.

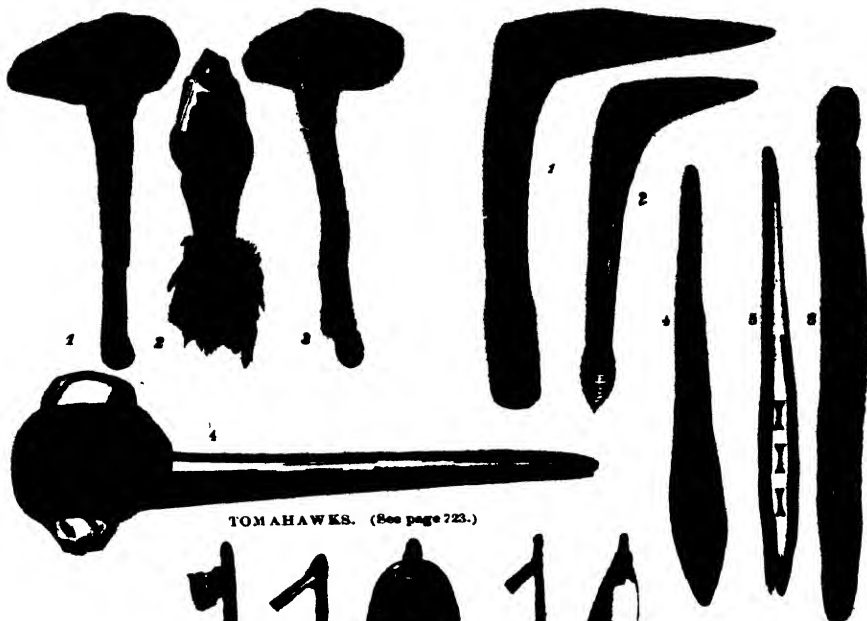
These energetic "black fellows" are armed with the ordinary weapons of Europeans, and are fully acquainted with their use. But there is not one of them who thinks himself properly armed unless he has his waddy; and, when he enters the bush in search of native thieves, he will lay aside the whole of his clothing, except the cap which marks his office, will carry his gun with him, buckle his cartouch-pouch round his naked waist, and will take his waddy as a weapon, without which even the gun would seem to him an insufficient weapon.

This form of waddy (fig. 4), although it is often used as a missile, is not the one which the native prefers for that purpose. His throwing waddy or "wadna," is much shorter and heavier, and very much resembles the short missile club used so effectively by the Polynesians. Two other forms of waddy are shown at figs. 3 and 5, the latter of which is generally known by the name of "piccaninny waddy," because it is generally smaller and lighter than the others, and can be used by a child.

Nos. 1 and 2 are also clubs, but are made in a different form, and used in a different manner. If the reader will refer to the account of the Abyssinian curved sword, or shotel, he will see that in general form it much resembles this club, the long pointed







TOMAHAWKS. (See page 723.)

AUSTRALIAN CLUBS.  
(See page 719.)



TATTOOING CHISELS. (See page 601.)



AUSTRALIAN SAW. (See page 726.)



MAN OF TORRES STRAIT. (See page 708.)



BASKET. (See page 690.)

head of each being equally useful in striking downward over a shield. This weapon is not only used in combat, but is employed in the native dances to beat time by repeated strokes on the shield.

The reader will notice that many of these clubs have the ends of the handles pointed. This formation is partly for the purpose of increasing their efficiency as offensive weapons, and partly for another object. As was the case with the warriors of the *Iliad*, both combatants will occasionally rest, and give each other time to breathe, before renewing the fight. During these intervals the Australian combatants squat down, dig up the earth with the handle of the club, and rub their hands with the dusty soil, in order to prevent the weapons from slipping out of their grasp.

This club is made in a very ingenious way, the artificer taking advantage of some gnarled branch, and cutting it so that the grain of the wood follows the curve, or rather the angle of the head, which adds greatly to its strength. A club of almost the same shape, and cut similarly from the angle of a branch, is used in New Caledonia, and, but for the great superiority of the workmanship, might easily be mistaken for the angular club of the Australian.

This particular form of club has a tolerably wide range, and among the tribes which inhabit the shores of Encounter Bay is called *Marpangye*.

In many parts of Australia the natives have a curious weapon which much resembles a sword. It is from three to four feet in length, is flat, about three inches in width, and has the outer edge somewhat sharpened. Being made of the close-grained wood of the *Acacia*, it is very heavy in proportion to its size, and in practised hands is a most formidable weapon.

The Australian women carry an instrument which is sometimes thought to be a spear, and sometimes a club, but which in the hands of a woman is neither, though a man will sometimes employ it for either purpose. It is simply a stick of variable length, sharpened at one end and the point hardened by fire. It is called by the natives the "*katta*," and is popularly known by the appropriate name of the digging-stick.

With this stick the natives contrive to dig up the ground in a most astonishing manner, and an English "*navvy*," with his pick, and barrow, would feel considerably surprised at the work which is done by the naked black, who has no tools except a pointed stick. Let, for example, a *navvy* be set to work at the task of digging out an echidna from its hole, and he would find his powers of digging baffled by the burrowing capabilities of the animal, which would make its way through the earth faster than could the *navvy*. In order to sink some six feet deep into the ground, the white man would

be obliged to make a funnel-shaped hole of very large size, so as to allow him to work in it, and to give the pick and spade free play as he threw out the soil.

The black man, on the contrary, would have no such difficulty, but knows how to sink a hole without troubling himself to dig a foot of needless soil. This he does by handling the *katta* precisely as the *Bosjesman* handles his digging-stick, i. e. by holding it perpendicularly, jobbing the hardened point into the ground, and throwing out with his hands the loosened earth.

In digging out one of the burrowing animals, the black hunter pushes a long and flexible stick down the hole, draws it out, measures along the ground to the spot exactly above the end of the burrow, replaces the stick, and digs down upon it. By the time that he has reached it, the animal has gone on digging, and has sunk its burrow still further. The stick is then pushed into the lengthened burrow, and again dug down upon; and the process is repeated until the tired animal can dig no more, and is captured. The *katta* also takes the part of a weapon, and can be wielded very effectively by a practised hand, being used either for striking or thrusting.

We now come to a curious instrument which is often thought to be a weapon, but which, although it would answer such a purpose very well, is seldom used for it. This is the tomahawk, or hammer, as it is generally called. Three varieties of the tomahawk are given in the illustration "*Tomahawks*" on the 722d page. In all of them the cutting part is made of stone and the handle of wood, and the head and the handle are joined in several different ways, according to the fashion of the locality in which the instrument is made. The simplest plan is that which is shown in fig. 1. In this instrument, a conveniently shaped piece of stone has been selected for a head, and the handle is made of a flexible stick bent over it, and the two ends firmly lashed together, just as the English blacksmith makes handles for his punches and cold chisels. This weapon was made in New South Wales.

At fig. 3 is shown a tomahawk of a more elaborate construction. Here the stone head has been lashed to the shaft by a thong, which is wrapped over it in a way that exactly resembles the lashing employed by the New Zealander or the Dyak for the same purpose. The tomahawk at fig. 4 is, however, the best example of the instrument, and is taken from a specimen in the British Museum. The handle and head are shaped much like those of fig. 3, but the fastening is much more elaborate.

In the first place, the head is held to the handle by lashings of sinews, which are drawn from the tail of the kangaroo, and always kept in readiness by the Australian savage. The sinews are steeped in hot

water, and pounded between two stones, in order to separate them into fibres; and, while still wet and tolerably elastic, they are wrapped round the stone and the handle. Of course, as they dry, they contract with great force, and bind the head and handle together far more securely than can be done with any other material. Even raw hide does not hold so firmly as sinew.

When the sinew lashing is perfectly dry, the native takes a quantity of the peculiar substance called "black-boy" wax, and kneads it over the head and the end of the handle, so as to bind everything firmly together.

Another instrument is shown at fig. 2, in which the combination of stone and vegetable is managed in another way. The blade is formed from a piece of quartz about as long as a man's hand, which has been chipped into the form of a spear-head. The handle, instead of being a piece of wood, is simply a number of fibres made into a bundle. The base of the stone head has been pushed among the loose ends of the fibres, and then the whole has been bound firmly together by a lashing of string made of reeds. This is a sort of dagger; and another form of the same instrument is made by simply sharpening a stick about eighteen inches in length, and hardening the sharpened end in the fire. It is, in fact, a miniature katta, but is applied to a different purpose.

These axes and daggers have been mentioned together, because they are used for the same purpose, namely, the ascent of trees.

Active as a monkey, the Australian native can climb any tree that grows. Should they be of moderate size, he ascends them, not by clasping the trunk with his legs and arms (the mode which is generally used in England), and which is popularly called "swarming." Instead of passing his legs and arms round the tree-trunk as far as they can go, he applies the soles of his feet to it in front, and presses a hand against it on either side, and thus ascends the tree with the rapidity of a squirrel. This mode of ascent is now taught at every good gymnasium in England, and is far superior to the old fashion, which has the disadvantage of slowness, added to the certainty of damaging the clothes.

Those who have seen our own acrobats performing the feat called *La Perche*, in which one man balances another on the top of a pole, or the extraordinary variations on it performed by the Japanese jugglers, who balance poles and ladders on the soles of their feet, will be familiar with the manner in which one of the performers runs up the pole which is balanced by his companion. It is by this method that the Australian ascends a tree of moderate dimensions, and, when he is well among the boughs, he traverses them with perfect certainty and quick-

Trees which will permit the man to ascend after this fashion are, however, rather scarce in the Australian forests, and, moreover, there is comparatively little inducement to climb them, the hollows in which the bees make their nests and the beasts take up their diurnal abode being always in the branch or trunk of some old and decaying tree. Some of these trees are so large that their trunks are veritable towers of wood, and afford no hold to the hands; yet they are ascended by the natives as rapidly as if they were small trees.

By dint of constant practice, the Australian never passes a tree without casting a glance at the bark, and by that one glance he will know whether he will need to mount it. The various arboreal animals, especially the so called opossums, cannot ascend the tree without leaving marks of their claws in the bark. There is not an old tree that has not its bark covered with scratches, but the keen and practised eye of the native can in a moment distinguish between the ascending and descending marks of the animal, and can also determine the date at which they were made.

The difference between the marks of an ascending and descending animal is easy enough to see when it has once been pointed out. When an animal climbs a tree, the marks of its claws are little more than small holes, with a slight scratch above each, looking something like the conventional "tears" of heraldry. But, when it descends, it does so by a series of slippings and catchings, so that the claws leave long scratches behind them. Nearly all arboreal animals, with the exception of the monkey tribe, leave marks of a similar character, and the bear hunter of North America and the possum hunter of Australia are guided by similar marks.

Should the native hunter see an ascending mark of more recent date than the other scratches, he knows that somewhere in the tree lies his intended prey. Accordingly, he lays on the ground everything that may impede him, and, going to the tree-trunk, he begins to deliver a series of chopping blows with his axe. These blows are delivered in pairs, and to an Englishman present rather a ludicrous reminiscence of the postman's double rap. By each of these double blows he chops a small hole in the tree, and manages so as to cut them alternately right and left, and at intervals of two feet or so.

Having cut these notches as high as he can reach, he places the great toe of his left foot in the lowermost hole, clasps the tree with his left arm, and strikes the head of the tomahawk into the tree as high as he can reach. Using the tomahawk as a handle by which he can pull himself up, he lodges the toe of his right foot in the second hole, and is then enabled to shift the toe of the left foot into the third hole. Here he waits for a moment, holding tightly by both his feet and

the left hand and arm, while he cuts more notches; and, by continuing the process, he soon reaches the top of the tree.

When he reaches the first branch, he looks carefully to find the spot toward which the tell-tale scratches are directed, and, guided by them alone, he soon discovers the hole in which the animal lies hidden. He tests the dimensions of the hollow by tapping on the trunk with the axe, and, if it should be of moderate depth, sets at work to chop away the wood, and secure the inmate.

Should, however, the hollow be a deep one, he is obliged to have recourse to another plan. Descending the tree by the same notches as those by which he had climbed it, he takes from his bundle of belongings a fire-stick, *i. e.* a sort of tinderlike wood, which keeps up a smouldering fire, like that of the willow "touchwood" so dear to schoolboys. Wrapping up the fire-stick in a bundle of dry grass and leaves, he reascends the tree, and, when he has reached the entrance of the burrow, he whirls the bundle round his head until the fire spreads through the mass, and the grass bursts into flame.

As soon as it is well inflamed, he pushes some of the burning material into the burrow, so as to fall upon the enclosed animal, and to rouse it from the heavy sleep in which it passes the hours of daylight. He also holds the rest of the torch at the entrance of the burrow, and manages to direct the smoke into it. Did he not rouse the animal by the burning leaves, he would run a chance of suffocating it in its sleep. This may seem to be a very remote contingency, but in fact it is very likely to happen. I have known a cat to be baked alive in an oven, and yet not to have awaked from sleep, as was evident by the attitude in which the body of the animal was found curled up, with its chin on its paws, and its tail wrapped round its body. Yet the slumber of a domesticated cat, which can sleep as often as it likes in the day or night, is not nearly so deep as that which wraps in oblivion the senses of a wild animal that is abroad all night, and whose whole structure is intended for a nocturnal life.

The chopping holes, and getting the toes into them, seems in theory to be rather a tedious business, but in practice it is quite the contrary, the native ascending almost as quickly as if he were climbing a ladder. As the large trees are so capable of containing the animals on which the Australians feed, there is scarcely one which does not exhibit several series of the notches that denote the track of a native. Strange to say, the Australian hunters will not avail themselves of the notches that have been made by other persons, but each man chops a new series of holes for himself every time that he wants to ascend a tree.

Sometimes a man sees the track of an

animal or the indication of a bee's nest on a tree when he happens not to have an axe in hand. In such a case he is still able to ascend the tree, for he can make use of the dagger which has been already described, punching holes in the bark, and pulling himself up exactly as if he had a tomahawk, the only difference being that the holes are smaller and the work is harder.

When the hunter has once found the entrance of the burrow, the capture of the inmate is simply a matter of time, as the heat and smoke are sure to force it into the air, where it has the double disadvantage of being half-choked with smoke and being blind with the flame and the daylight, to which its eyes are unaccustomed. A blow on the head from the tomahawk, or a stab from the dagger, renders it senseless, when it is flung on the ground, and the successful hunter proceeds to traverse the tree in case some other animal may be hidden in it.

The skill of the natives in tree climbing is also exercised for another purpose besides hunting for bees and animals. The well-known cabbage-palm grows to a very great height, and, like other palms, never grows quite straight, but has always a bend in the trunk. After the manner of the palm-tribe, it grows by a succession of buds from the top, and this bud, popularly called the "cabbage," is a favorite article of food. It has been called the prince of vegetables, and one enthusiastic traveller declares that it must have been the ambrosia of the Olympic gods. The removal of the bud causes the death of the tree, and for that reason the vegetable is forbidden in civilized regions under penalty of a heavy fine. The savage, however, who has no idea of care for the morrow, much less of looking forward to future years, takes the bud wherever he meets it, caring nothing for the death of the useful tree. He ascends by means of a little wooden dagger, or warpoo, or makes use of the tomahawk. The quartz dagger which was shown in a previous illustration would not be used for tree climbing, unless the owner could not procure a tomahawk or warpoo. Its chief use is as a weapon, and it can be also employed as a knife, by means of which the savage can mutilate a fallen enemy, after the manner which will be described when we come to treat of warfare in Australia.

The "black-boy" gum, which plays so large a part in the manufacture of Australian weapons and implements, is obtained from the grass-tree, popularly called the "black boy," because at a distance it may easily be mistaken for a native, with his spear and cloak. It is very tenacious in its own country, but when brought to England it becomes brittle, and is apt to break away from the weapon in fragments, just as does a similar preparation called "kurumanni" gum, which is made by the natives of Gul-

ana. It is quite black, and when dry is extremely hard.

The grass-tree is one of the characteristic plants of Australia, and partakes of the strange individuality of that curious country. The trunk is cylindrical, and looks like that of a palm, while an enormous tuft of long leaves starts from the top and droops in all directions, like a gigantic plume of feathers. The flower shoots up straight from the centre; and the long stalk becomes, when dried, so hard, tough, and light, that it is made into spear shafts.

There is in my collection an Australian saw (illustrated on page 722), in the manufacture of which the black-boy gum takes a considerable part. No one would take it for a saw who did not know the implement, and indeed it looks much more like a rude dagger than a saw. It is made from a piece of wood usually cut from a branch of the gum-tree, and about as thick as a man's finger at the thickest part, whence it tapers gradually to a point. The average length of the saw is fourteen inches, though I have seen them nearly two feet long.

Along the thicker end is cut a groove, which is intended to receive the teeth of the saw. These teeth are made from chips of quartz or obsidian, the latter being preferred; and some makers, who have been brought in contact with civilization, have taken to using fragments of glass bottles. A number of flat and sharp-edged chips are selected as nearly as possible of the same

size, and being on an average as large as a shilling. These the natives insert into the groove with their sharp edges uppermost. A quantity of black-boy wax is then warmed and applied to them, the entire wood of the saw being enveloped in it, as well as the teeth for half their depth, so as to hold them firmly in their places. As the chips of stone are placed so as to leave little spaces between them, the gaps are filled in with this useful cement.

For Australian work this simple tool seems to answer its purpose well enough. Of course it is very slow in its operation, and no great force can be applied to it, lest the teeth should be broken, or twisted out of the cement. The use of this saw entails great waste of material, time, and labor; but as the first two of these articles are not of the least value to the natives, and the third is of the lightest possible kind, the tool works well enough for its purpose. A perfect specimen of this saw is not often seen in this country, as the black-boy wax flakes off, and allows the teeth to drop out of their place. Even in my own specimen, which has been carefully tended, the wax has been chipped off here and there, while in instruments that have been knocked about carelessly scarcely a tooth is left in its place. Owing to the pointed end of the handle, the saw can be used after the fashion of a dagger, and can be employed, like the war-poo, for the ascent of trees.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

### AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

THE AUSTRALIAN SPEAR AND ITS MANY FORMS—THE THROWING-SPEAR OR JAVELIN—A GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN SPEARS—THE LIGHTNESS OF THE SHAFT—THE MANY-POINTED FISH-SPEAR—INGENIOUS MODE OF TIPPING THE POINTS WITH BONE, AND FASTENING THEM TO THE SHAFT—ELASTICITY OF THE POINTS—DOUBLE USE AS PADDLE AND SPEAR—AN ELABORATELY-MADE WEAPON—FLINT-HEADED SPEARS—EXCELLENCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN AS A THROWER OF MISSILES—THE CLUB, THE STONE, AND THE "KANGAROO-RAT"—THE THROW-STICK, MIDLAH, OR WUMMERAH—PRINCIPLE ON WHICH IT IS CONSTRUCTED—MODES OF QUIVERING THE SPEAR—DISTANCE TO WHICH IT CAN BE THROWN—THE UNDERHAND THROW—ACCURACY OF AIM—SPEARING THE KANGAROO—THE BOW AND ARROW—STRENGTH OF THE BOW—THE RATTAN STRING AND INGENIOUS KNOT—CAREFUL MANUFACTURE OF THE ARROWS—PRESUMED ORIGIN OF THE WEAPONS—THE BOOMERANG AND ITS VARIOUS FORMS—MODE OF THROWING THE WEAPON—ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN—STRUCTURE OF THE BOOMERANG—THE AUSTRALIAN SHIELD, ITS FORMS AND USES—THE WOODEN AND THE BARK SHIELDS.

WE now come to the various forms of the spears which are used by the native Australians.

The usual weapon is slight, and scarcely exceeds in diameter the assagai of Southern Africa. It is, however, considerable longer, the ordinary length being from nine to eleven feet. As a general rule, the spear is constructed after a very rude fashion, and the maker seems to care but little whether the shaft be perfectly straight, so that the weapon be tolerably well balanced. There are several specimens of Australian spears in my collection, one of which (a weapon that has evidently been a favorite one, as it shows marks of long usage) is twice bent, the second bend counteracting the former, and so bringing the weapon tolerably straight.

The butt of the Australian spear, like that of the South African assagai, is very slight, the shaft tapering gradually from the head, which is about as large as a man's finger, to the butt, where it is hardly thicker than an artist's pencil. This, being one of the common spears, is simply sharpened at the end, and a few slight barbs cut in the wood. I have, however, specimens in which there is almost every variety of material, dimensions, and structure that can be found in Australia.

Some of these are made on the same principle as that which has just been described, from it in having a separate head,

made of hard and heavy wood. This is deeply cut with barbs; so that the weapon is a more formidable one than that which is made simply from one piece of wood. The head of one of these spears is shown at fig. 7 in the illustration "Heads of Spears," on page 731.

Several of the spears are perfectly plain, being simply long sticks, pointed at the larger end. These, however, have been scraped very carefully, and seem to have had more pains bestowed upon them than those with more elaborate heads. These spears are about eight feet in length.

Then there are other spears with a variable number of heads, and of variable dimensions. The commonest form of multiheaded spears has either three or four points; but in every other respect, except number, the spear heads are constructed in the same manner. One of these spears, now before me, has a shaft about nine feet in length, and rather more than an inch in diameter at the thickest part, which, as is usual with Australian spears, is just below the head. The wood of which it is made is exceedingly light and porous; but this very quality has unfortunately made it so acceptable to the *ptilinus* beetles that they have damaged it sadly, and rendered it so brittle that a very slight shock would snap it. Indeed, the shaft of one of them was broken into three pieces, by a little child stumbling against it while coming down stairs.

The four points which constitute the head are cut from the gum-tree, the wood of which is hard and durable, and can be trimmed to a very sharp point without danger of breakage. Each of them is twenty inches in length, and they are largest in the middle, tapering slightly at one end so as to permit of their being fastened to the shaft, and being scraped to a fine point at the other end.

On examination I find that the large end of the shaft has been cut into four grooves, in each of which is placed the butt end of one of the points, which is fixed temporarily by black-boy gum. Wedgelike pegs have then been pushed between the points, so as to make them diverge properly from each other, and, when they have assumed the proper position, they have been tightly bound together with cord. A layer of black-boy gum has then been kneaded over the string, so as to keep all firmly together.

So much for the mode of putting on the points, the end of one of which may be seen at fig. 3 in the illustration. My own specimen, however, is better made than that from which the sketch has been taken. The reader will perceive that there is a barb attached to the point, and lashed in its place by string. In my specimen the barb is made of a piece of bone about as long as a skewer, and sharply pointed at both ends. In the example shown in the illustration, the barb merely projects from the side of the point, whereas in my specimen the bone answers the purpose both of point and barb. In order to enable it to take the proper direction, the top of the wooden point is bevelled off, and the piece of bone lashed to it by the middle, so that one end becomes the point of the weapon, and the other end does duty for the barb. Wishing to see how this was done, I have cut away part of the lashings of one of the four points, and have been much struck with the ingenuity displayed by the maker in fastening the bone to the point, so as to make it discharge its double duty. The barbs are all directed inward, so that, when the native makes a stroke at a fish, the slippery prey is caught between the barbs, and held there just as is an eel between the prongs of the spear. The elasticity of the four long points causes them to diverge when they come upon the back of a fish, and to contract tightly upon it, so that the points of the barbs are pressed firmly into its sides.

This spear also stands the native instead of a paddle, and with it he contrives to guide his fragile bark with moderate speed. How he manages to stand erect in so frail a vessel, to paddle about, to strike the fish, and, lastly, to haul the struggling prey aboard, is really a marvel. The last-mentioned feat is the most wonderful, as the fish are often of considerable size, and the mere leverage of their weight at the end of a

ten-foot spear, added to the violent struggles which the wounded fish makes, seems sufficient to upset a far more stable vessel.

Yet the natives manage to pass hour after hour without meeting with an accident, and in one of their tiny boats, which seem scarcely large enough to hold a single European, even though he should be accustomed to the narrow outrigger skiff, or the comparatively modern canoe, two men will be perfectly comfortable, spearing and hauling in their fish, and even cooking them with a fire made on an extemporized hearth of wet sand and stones in the middle of the canoe.

Night is the favorite time for fish spearing, and then the sight of a number of natives engaged in the watery chase is a most picturesque one. They carry torches, by means of which they see to the bottom of the water, and which have also the advantage of dazzling the fish; and the effect of the constantly moving torches, the shifting glare on the rippled water, and the dark figures moving about, some searching for fish, others striking, and others struggling with the captured prey, is equally picturesque and exciting. The torches which they use are made of inflammable bark; and the whole scene is almost precisely like that which is witnessed in "burning the water," in North America, or, to come nearer home, "leistering" in Scotland.

In the daytime they cannot use the torch, and, as the slightest breeze will cause a ripple on the surface of the water that effectually prevents them from seeing the fish, they have an ingenious plan of lying flat across the canoe, with the upper part of the head and the eyes immersed in the water, and the hand grasping the spear ready for the stroke. The eyes being under the ripple, they can see distinctly enough.

I have often employed this plan when desirous of watching the proceedings of sub-aquatic animals. It is very effectual, though after a time the attitude becomes rather fatiguing, and those who are not gymnasts enough to be independent as to the relative position of their heads and heels are apt to find themselves giddy from the determination of blood to the head.

Another spear, also used for fishing, and with an elaborate head, is seen at fig. 8. In this spear one point is iron, and the other two are bone. The weapon is remarkable for the manner in which the shaft is allowed to project among the points, and for the peculiar mode in which the various parts are lashed together. This specimen comes from the Lower Murray River.

There is in my collection a weapon which was brought from Cape York. It is a fishing spear, and at first sight greatly resembles that which has just been described. It is, however, of a more elaborate character, and deserves a separate description. It is seven feet in length, and very slender, the

thickest part of the shaft not being more than half an inch in diameter. It has four points, two of which are iron and without barbs, the iron being about the thickness of a crow-quill, and rather under three inches in length. The two bone points are made from the flat tail-bone of one of the rays, and, being arranged with the point of the bone in front, each of these points has a double row of barbs directed backward, one running along each edge.

At fig. 6 of the same illustration is seen a very formidable variety of the throwing-spear. Along each side of the head the native warrior has cut a groove, and has stuck in it a number of chips of flint or quartz, fastened in their places by the black-boy gum, just as has been related of the saw. The workmanship of this specimen is, however, far ruder than that of the saw. The pieces of flint not being the same size, nor so carefully adjusted. Indeed, it seems as if the saw maker laid aside the fragments of flint which he rejected for the tool, and afterward used them in arming the head of his spear. One of these weapons in my collection is armed on one side of the head only, along which are arranged four pieces of obsidian having very jagged edges, and being kept in their places by a thick coating of black-boy gum extending to the very point of the spear.

At figs 4 and 5 of the same illustration are seen two spear heads which remind the observer of the flint weapons which have of late years been so abundantly found in various parts of the world, and which belonged to races of men now long extinct. The spear heads are nearly as large as a man's hand, and are made of flint chipped carefully into the required shape. They are flat, and the maker has had sufficient knowledge of the cleavage to enable him to give to each side a sharp and tolerably uniform edge. It will be observed that fig 5 is much darker than fig. 4. This distinction is not accidental, but very well expresses the variety in the hue of the material employed, some of the spear heads being pale brown, and some almost black. The weapons are, in fact, nothing but elongations of the dagger shown in fig. 2, of the "tomahawks," on page 722.

If the reader will look at figs. 1 and 2 of the illustration, he will see that there are two heads of somewhat similar construction, except that one is single and the other double. These spears were brought from Port Essington.

Specimens of each kind are in my collection. They are of great size, one being more than thirteen feet in length, and the other falling but little short of that measurement. In diameter they are as thick as a man's wrist; and, however light may be the wood of which they are made, they are exceedingly weighty, and must be very in-

ferior in efficiency to the light throwing-spears which have already been described. Of course such a weapon as that is meant to be used as a pike, and not as a missile. Besides these, I have another with three heads, and of nearly the same dimensions as the two others.

In every case the head and the shaft are of different material, the one being light and porous, and the other hard, compact, and heavy. Instead of being lashed together with the neatness which is exhibited in the lighter weapons, the head and shaft are united with a binding of thick string, wrapped carefully, but yet roughly, round the weapon, and not being covered with the coating of black-boy gum, which gives so neat a look to the smaller weapons. In the three-pointed spear, the maker has exercised his ingenuity in decorating the weapon with paint, the tips of the points being painted with red and the rest of the head white, while the lashing is also painted red.

In his wild state the Australian native never likes to be without a spear in his hand, and, as may be expected from a man whose subsistence is almost entirely due to his skill in the use of weapons, he is a most accomplished spear thrower. Indeed, as a thrower of missiles in general the Australian stands without a rival. Putting aside the boomerang, of which we shall presently treat, the Australian can hurl a spear either with his hand or with the "throw-stick," calling his short club with unerring aim, and, even should he be deprived of these missiles, he has a singular faculty of throwing stones. Many a time, before the character of the natives was known, has an armed soldier been killed by a totally unarmed Australian. The man has fired at the native, who, by dodging about, has prevented the enemy from taking a correct aim, and then has been simply cut to pieces by a shower of stones, picked up and hurled with a force and precision that must be seen to be believed. When the first Australian discoverer came home, no one would believe that any weapon could be flung and then return to the thrower, and even at the present day it is difficult to make some persons believe in the stone-throwing powers of the Australian. To fling one stone with perfect precision is not so easy a matter as it seems, but the Australian will hurl one after the other with such rapidity that they seem to be poured from some machine; and as he throws them he leaps from side to side, so as to make the missiles converge from different directions upon the unfortunate object of his aim.

In order to attain the wonderful skill which they possess in avoiding as well as in throwing spears, it is necessary that they should be in constant practice from childhood. Accordingly, they are fond of get-



ting up sham fights, armed with shield, throw-stick, and spear, the latter weapon being headless, and the end blunted by being split and scraped into filaments, and the bushy filaments then turned back, until they form a soft fibrous pad. Even with this protection, the weapon is not to be despised; and if it strike one of the combatants fairly, it is sure to knock him down and if it should strike him in the ribs, it leaves him gasping for breath. This mimic spear goes by the name of "matamoodlu," and is made of various sizes according to the age and capabilities of the person who uses it.

There is one missile which is, I believe, as peculiar to Australia as the boomerang, though it is not so widely spread, nor of such use in war or hunting. It is popularly called the "kangaroo-rat," on account of its peculiar leaping progression, and it may be familiar to those of my readers who saw the Australian cricketers who came over to England in the spring of 1868. The "kangaroo-rat" is a piece of hard wood shaped like a double cone, and having a long flexible handle projecting from one of the points. The handle is about a yard in length, and as thick as an artist's drawing-pencil, and at a little distance the weapon looks like a huge tadpole with a much elongated tail. In Australia the natives make the tail of a flexible twig, but those who have access to the resources of civilization have found out that whalebone is the best substance for the tail that can be found.

When the native throws the kangaroo-rat, he takes it by the end of the tail and swings it backward and forward, so that it bends quite double, and at last he gives a sort of underhanded jerk and lets it fly. It darts through the air with a sharp and menacing hiss like the sound of a rifle ball, its greatest height being some seven or eight feet from the ground. As soon as it touches the earth, it springs up and makes a succession of leaps, each less than the preceding, until it finally stops. In fact, it skims over the ground exactly as a flat stone skims over the water when boys are playing at "ducks and drakes." The distance to which this instrument can be thrown is really astonishing.

I have seen an Australian stand at one side of Kennington Oval, and throw the "kangaroo-rat" completely across it. Much depends upon the angle at which it first takes the ground. If thrown too high, it makes one or two lofty leaps, but traverses no great distance; and, if it be thrown too low, it shoots along the ground, and is soon brought up by the excessive friction. When properly thrown, it looks just like a living animal leaping along, and those who have been accustomed to traverse the country say that its movements have a wonderful resemblance to the long leaps of a kangaroo-rat fleeing in alarm, with its long tail trailing as a balance behind it.

A somewhat similarly shaped missile is used in Fiji, but the Fijian instrument has a stiff shaft, and it is propelled by placing the end of the forefinger against the butt, and throwing it underhanded. It is only used in a game in which the competitors try to send it skimming along the ground as far as possible.

To return to our spears. It is seldom that an Australian condescends to throw a spear by hand, the native always preferring to use the curious implement called by the aborigines a "wummerah," or "midlah," and by the colonists the "throw-stick." The theory of the throw-stick is simple enough, but the practice is very difficult, and requires a long apprenticeship before it can be learned with any certainty.

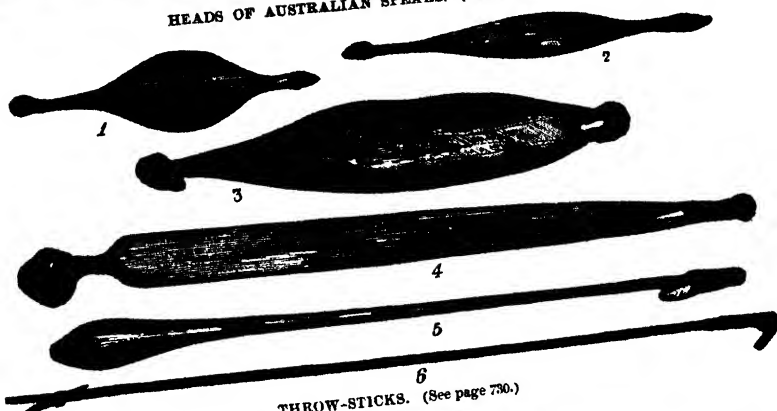
The principle of this implement is that of the sling; and the throw-stick is, in fact, a sling made of wood instead of cord, the spear taking the place of the stone. So completely is the throw-stick associated with the spear, that the native would as soon think of going without his spear as without the instrument whereby he throws it. The implement takes different forms in different localities, although the principle of its construction is the same throughout. In the illustration entitled "Throw-sticks," on page 731, the reader may see every variety of form which the throw-stick takes. He will see, on inspecting the figures, that it consists of a stick of variable length and breadth, but always having a barblike projection at one end. Before describing the manner in which the instrument is used, I will proceed to a short notice of the mode of its construction, and the various forms which it takes.

In the first place, it is always more or less flattened; sometimes, as in fig. 3, being almost leaf-shaped, and sometimes, as in fig. 6, being quite narrow, and throughout the greater part of its length little more than a flattened stick. It is always made of some hard and elastic wood, and in many cases it is large and heavy enough to be serviceable as a club at close quarters. Indeed, one very good specimen in my collection, which came from the Swan River, was labelled, when it reached me, as an Indian club. This form of the throw-stick is shown at fig. 3.

This particular specimen is a trifle under two feet in length, and in the broadest part it measures four inches and a half in width. In the centre it is one-sixth of an inch in thickness, and diminishes gradually to the edges, which are about as sharp as those of the wooden sword already mentioned. Toward the end, however, it becomes thicker, and at the place where the peg is placed it is as thick as in the middle. Such a weapon would be very formidable if used as a club—scarcely less so, indeed, than the well-known "merai" of New Zealand.



HEADS OF AUSTRALIAN SPEARS. (See page 727.)



THROW-STICKS. (See page 730.)



BOOMERANGS. (See page 732.)



That it has been used for this purpose is evident from a fracture, which has clearly been caused by the effect of a severe blow. The wood is split from one side of the handle half along the weapon, and so it has been rendered for a time unserviceable. The careful owner has, however, contrived to mend the fracture, and has done so in a singularly ingenious manner. He has fitted the broken surfaces accurately together, and has then bound them with the kangaroo-tail sinews which have already been mentioned. The sinews are flat, and have been protected by a thick coating of black-boy gum. Perhaps the reader may be aware that, when catgut is knotted, the ends are secured by scorching them, which makes them swell into round knobs. The sinew has the same property, and the native has secured the ends precisely as an English artisan would do.

The wood is that of the tough, hard, wavy-grained gum-tree. Whether in consequence of much handling by greasy natives, or whether from other causes, I do not know, but I cannot make a label adhere to it. To each of the specimens in my collection is attached a catalogue number, and though I have tried to affix the label with paste, gum, and glue, neither will hold it, and in a few days the label falls off of its own accord. This specimen has been cut from a tree which has been attacked by some boring insect, and the consequence is, that a small hole is bored through it edgewise, and has a very curious appearance. The hole looks exactly like that of our well-known insect, the great *Sirex*.

The peculiarly-shaped handle is made entirely of black-boy gum, and, with the exception of a tendency to warp away from the wood, it is as firm as on the day when it was first made. The peg which fits into the butt of the spear is in this case made of wood, but in many throw-sticks it is made of bone. Figs. 1 and 2 are examples of this flattened form of midlah, and were drawn from specimens in Southern Australia. At figs. 4 and 5 may be seen examples of the throw-stick of Port Essington, one of which, fig. 4, is remarkable for the peculiarly-shaped handle. That of fig. 5 seems to be remarkably inconvenient, and almost to have been made for the express purpose of preventing the native from taking a firm hold of the weapon. Fig. 6 is an example of the throw-stick of Queensland, and, as may easily be seen, can be used as a club, provided that it be reversed, and the peg end used as a handle.

There is another form of throw-stick used in Northern Australia, an example of which may be seen at fig. 6. It is a full foot longer than that which came from the Murray, and is one of the "flattened sticks" which have been casually mentioned. It has a wooden spike for the handle. Two pieces of melon-shell

have been cut at rather long ovals, and have been fixed diagonally across the end of the weapon, one on each side. Black-boy gum has been profusely used in fixing these pieces, and the whole of the interior space between the shells has been filled up with it. A diagonal lashing of sinew, covered with the same gum, passes over the shells, and the handle is strongly wrapped with the same material for a space of five inches.

We will now proceed to see how the native throws the spear.

Holding the throw-stick by the handle, so that the other end projects over his shoulder, he takes a spear in his left hand, fits a slight hollow in its butt to the peg of the midlah, and then holds it in its place by passing the forefinger of the right hand over the shaft. It will be seen that the leverage is enormously increased by this plan, and that the force of the arm is more than doubled.

Sometimes, especially when hunting, the native throws the spear without further trouble, but when he is engaged in a fight he goes through a series of performances which are rather ludicrous to an European, though they are intended to strike terror into the native enemy. The spear is jerked about violently, so that it quivers just like an African assagai, and while vibrating strongly it is thrown. There are two ways of quivering the spear; the one by merely moving the right hand, and the other by seizing the shaft in the left hand, and shaking it violently while the butt rests against the peg of the throw-stick. In any case the very fact of quivering the spear acts on the Australian warrior as it does upon the African. The whirring sound of the vibrating weapon excites him to a pitch of frenzied excitement, and while menacing his foe with the trembling spear, the warrior dances and leaps and yells as if he were mad—and indeed for the moment he becomes a raving madman.

The distance to which the spear can be thrown is something wonderful, and its aspect as it passes through the air is singularly beautiful. It seems rather to have been shot from some huge bow, or to be furnished with some innate powers of flight, than to have been flung from a human arm, as it performs its lofty course, undulating like a thin black snake, and writhing its graceful way through the air. As it leaves the throw-stick, a slight clashing sound is heard, which to the experienced ear tells its story as clearly as the menacing clang of an archer's bowstring.

To me the distance of its flight is not nearly so wonderful as the precision with which it can be aimed. A tolerably long throw-stick gives so powerful a leverage that the length of range is not so very astonishing. But that accuracy of aim should be attained as well as length of flight is really

wonderful. I have seen the natives, when engaged in mock battle, stand at a distance of eighty or ninety yards, and throw their spears with such certainty that, in four throws out of six, the antagonist was obliged to move in order to escape the spears.

Beside the powerful and lofty throw, they have a way of suddenly flinging it underhand, so that it skims just above the ground, and, when it touches the earth, proceeds with a series of ricochets that must be peculiarly embarrassing to a novice in that kind of warfare.

The power of the spear is never better shown than in the chase of the kangaroo. When a native sees one of these animals engaged in feeding, he goes off to a little distance where it cannot see him, gathers a few leafy boughs, and ties them together so as to form a screen. He then takes his spears, throw-stick, and waddy, and goes off in chase of the kangaroo. Taking advantage of every cover, he slips noiselessly forward, always taking care to approach the animal against the wind, so that it shall not be able to detect his presence by the nostrils, and gliding along with studied avoidance of withered leaves, dry twigs, and the other natural objects which, by their rustling and snapping, warn the animal that danger is at hand.

As long as possible, the hunter keeps under the shelter of natural cover, but when this is impossible, he takes to his leafy screen, and trusts to it for approaching within range. Before quitting the trees or bush behind which he has been hiding himself, he takes his spear, fits it to the throw-stick, raises his arm with the spear ready poised, and never moves that arm until it delivers the spear. Holding the leafy screen in front of him with his left hand, and disposing the second spear and other weapons which cannot be hidden so as to look like dead branches growing from the bush, he glides carefully toward the kangaroo, always advancing while it stoops to feed, and crouching quietly behind the screen whenever it raises itself, after the fashion of kangaroos, and surveys the surrounding country.

At last he comes within fair range, and with unerring aim he transfixes the unsuspecting kangaroo. Sometimes he comes upon several animals, and in that case his second spear is rapidly fixed in the midrib and hurled at the flying animals, and, should he have come to tolerably close quarters, the short missile club is flung with certain aim. Having thrown all the missiles which he finds available, he proceeds to despatch the wounded animals with his waddy.

In the illustration No 1, on the 789th page, the action of the throw-stick is well shown, and two scenes in the hunt are depicted. In the foreground is a hunter who has succeeded in getting tolerably close to the kangaroos

by creeping toward them behind the shadow of trees, and is just poised his spear for the fatal throw. The reader will note the curious bone ornament which passes through the septum of the nose, and gives such a curious character to the face. In the background is another hunter, who has been obliged to have recourse to the bough screen, behind which he is hiding himself like the soldiers in "Macbeth," while the un-suspecting kangaroos are quietly feeding within easy range. One of them has taken alarm, and is sitting upright to look about it, just as the squirrel will do while it is feeding on the ground.

The reader will now see the absolute necessity of an accurate aim in the thrower — an accomplishment which to me is a practical mystery. I can hurl the spear to a considerable distance by means of a throw-stick, but the aim is quite another business, the spear seeming to take an independent course of its own without the least reference to the wishes of the thrower. Yet the Australian is so good a marksman that he can make good practice at a man at the distance of eighty or ninety yards, making due allowance for the wind, and calculating the curve described by the spear with wonderful accuracy; while at a short distance his eye and hand are equally true, and he will transfix a kangaroo at twenty or thirty yards as certainly as it could be shot by an experienced rifleman.

In some parts of Australia the natives use the bow and arrow; but the employment of such weapons seems to belong chiefly to the inhabitants of the extreme north. There are in my collection specimens of bows and arrows brought from Cape York, which in their way are really admirable weapons, and would do credit to the archers of Polynesia. The bow is more than six feet long, and is made from the male, i. e. the solid bamboo. It is very stiff, and a powerful as well as a practised arm is needed to bend it properly.

Like the spear shaft, this bow is greatly subject to being worm-eaten. My own specimen is so honeycombed by these tiny borers that when it arrived a little heap of yellow powder fell to the ground wherever the bow was set, and, if it were sharply struck, a cloud of the same powder came from it. Fortunately, the same looseness of texture which enabled the beetle to make such havoc served also to conduct the poisoned spirit which I injected into the holes; and now the ravages have ceased, and not the most voracious insect in existence can touch the weapon. The string is very simply made, being nothing but a piece of rattan split to the required thickness. Perhaps the most ingenious part of this bow is the manner in which the loop is made. Although unacquainted with the simple yet effective bowstring knot, which is so well known to our archers, and which would not suit the stiff and harsh rattan, the native has invented a knot which is

quite as efficacious, and is managed on the same principle of taking several turns, with the cord round itself just below the loop. In order to give the rattan the needful flexibility it has been beaten so as to separate it into fibres and break up the hard, flinty coating which surrounds it, and these fibres have then been twisted round and round into a sort of rude cord, guarded at the end with a wrapping of the same material in order to preserve it from unravelling.

The arrows are suitable to the bow. They are variable in length, but all are much longer than those which the English bowmen were accustomed to use, and, instead of being a "cloth yard" in length, the shortest measures three feet seven inches in length, while the longest is four feet eight inches from butt to point. They are without a vestige of feathering, and have no nock, so that the native archer is obliged to hold the arrow against the string with his thumb and finger, and cannot draw the bow with the fore and middle finger, as all good English archers have done ever since the bow was known.

The shafts of the arrows are made of reed, and they are all headed with long spikes of some dark and heavy wood, which enable them to fly properly. Some of the heads are plain, rounded spikes, but others are elaborately barbed. One, for example, has a single row of six barbs, each an inch in length, and another has one double barb, like that of the "broad arrow" of England. Another has, instead of a barb, a smooth bulb, ending gradually in a spike, and serving no possible purpose, except perhaps that of ornament. Another has two of these bulbs; and another, the longest of them all, has a slight bulb, and then an attempt at carving. The pattern is of the very simplest character, but it is the only piece of carving on all the weapons. The same arrow is remarkable for having the point covered for some two inches with a sort of varnish, looking exactly like red sealing-wax, while a band of the same material encircles the head about six inches nearer the shaft. The sailor who brought the weapons over told me that this red varnish was poison, but I doubt exceedingly whether it is anything but ornament.

The end of the reed into which the head is inserted is guarded by a wrapping of rattan fibre, covered with a sort of dark varnish, which, however, is not the black-boy gum that is so plentifully used in the manufacture of other weapons. In one instance the place of the wrapping is taken by an inch or so of plaiting, wrought so beautifully with the outside of the rattan cut into flat strips scarcely wider than ordinary twine, that it betrays the Polynesian origin of the weapons, and confirms me in the belief that the bow and arrow are not indigenous to Australia, but have only been imported from New Guinea, and have not

made their way inland. The natives of Northern Australia have also evidently borrowed much from Polynesia, as we shall see in the course of this narrative.

The bow is usually about six feet in length, though one in my possession is somewhat longer. Owing to the dimensions of the bow and arrows, a full equipment of them is very weighty, and, together with the other weapons which an Australian thinks it his duty to carry, must be no slight burden to the warrior.

Ferocity of countenance is very characteristic of the race, and, as we shall see when we come to the canoes and their occupants, the people are very crafty: mild and complaisant when they think themselves overmatched, insolent and menacing when they fancy themselves superior, and tolerably sure to commit murder if they think they can do so with impunity. The only mode of dealing with these people is the safe one to adopt with all savages: *i. e.* never trust them, and never cheat them.

We now come to that most wonderful of all weapons, the boomerang. This is essentially the national weapon of Australia, and is found throughout the West country. As far as is known, it is peculiar to Australia, and, though curious missiles are found in other parts of the world, there is none which can be compared with the boomerang.

On one of the old Egyptian monuments there is a figure of a bird-catcher in a canoe. He is assisted by a cat whom he has taught to catch prey for him, and, as the birds fly out of the reeds among which he is pushing his canoe, he is hurling at them a curved missile which some persons have thought to be the boomerang. I cannot, however, see that there is the slightest reason for such a supposition.

No weapon in the least like the boomerang is at present found in any part of Africa, and, so far as I know, there is no example of a really efficient weapon having entirely disappeared from a whole continent. The harpoon with which the Egyptians of old killed the hippopotamus is used at the present day without the least alteration; the net is used for catching fish in the same manner; the spear and shield of the Egyptian infantry were identical in shape with those of the Kanembo soldier, a portrait of whom may be seen on page 612; the bow and arrow still survive; and even the whip with which the Egyptian task masters beat their Jewish servants is the "*khoorbaash*" with which the Nubian of the present day beats his slave.

In all probability, the curved weapon which the bird-catcher holds in his hand, and which he is about to throw, is nothing more than a short club, analogous to the knob-kerry of the Kaffir, and having no returning power. Varying slightly in some of its details, the boomerang is identical in

principle wherever it is made. It is a flat-tish curved piece of wood, various examples of which may be seen in the illustration on the 731st page; and neither by its shape nor material does it give the least idea of its wonderful powers.

The material of which the boomerang (or bommereng, as the word is sometimes rendered) is made is almost invariably that of the gum-tree, which is heavy, hard, and tough, and is able to sustain a tolerably severe shock without breaking. It is slightly convex on the upper surface, and flat below, and is always thickest in the middle, being scraped away toward the edges, which are moderately sharp, especially the outer edge. It is used as a missile, and it is one of the strangest weapons that ever was invented.

In the old fairy tales, with which we are more or less acquainted, one of the strange gifts which is presented by the fairy to the hero is often a weapon of some wonderful power. Thus we have the sword of sharpness, which cut through every thing at which it was aimed, and the coat of mail, which no weapon would pierce. It is a pity, by the way, that the sword and the coat never seem to have been tried against each other. Then there are arrows (in more modern tales modified into bullets) that always struck their mark, and so on. And in one of the highest flights of fairy lore we read of arrows that always returned of their own accord to the archer.

In Australia, however, we have, as an actual fact, a missile that can be thrown to a considerable distance, and which always returns to the thrower. By a peculiar mode of hurling it the weapon circles through the air, and then describes a circular course, falling by the side of or behind the man who threw it. The mode of throwing is very simple in theory, and very difficult in practice. The weapon is grasped by the handle, which is usually marked by a number of cross cuts, so as to give a firm hold, and the flat side is kept downward. Then, with a quick and sharp fling, the boomerang is hurled, the hand at the same time being drawn back, so as to make the weapon revolve with extreme rapidity. A billiard-player will understand the sort of movement when told that it is on the same principle as the "screw-back" stroke at billiards. The weapon must be flung with great force, or it will not perform its evolutions properly.

If the reader would like to practice throwing the boomerang, let me recommend him, in the first place, to procure a genuine weapon, and not an English imitation thereof, such as is generally sold at the toy-shops. He should then go alone into a large field, where the ground is tolerably soft and there are no large stones about, and then stand facing the wind. Having grasped it as described, he should mark with his eye a spot on the ground at the distance of forty

yards or so, and hurl the boomerang at it. Should he throw it rightly, the weapon will at first look as if it were going to strike the ground; but, instead of doing so, it will shoot off at a greater or less angle, according to circumstances, and will rise high into the air, circling round with gradually diminishing force, until it falls to the ground. Should sufficient force have been imparted to it, the boomerang will fall some eight or ten yards behind the thrower.

It is necessary that the thrower should be alone, or at least have only an instructor with him, when he practises this art, as the boomerang will, in inexperienced hands, take all kinds of strange courses, and will, in all probability, swerve from its line, and strike one of the spectators; and the force with which a boomerang can strike is almost incredible. I have seen a dog killed on the spot, its body being nearly cut in two by the boomerang as it fell; and I once saw a brass spur struck clean off the heel of an incautious spectator, who ran across the path of the weapon.

It is necessary that he choose a soft as well as spacious field, as the boomerang has a special knack of selecting the hardest spots on which to fall, and if it can find a large stone is sure to strike it, and so break itself to pieces. And if there are trees in the way, it will get among the boughs, perhaps smash itself, certainly damage itself, and probably stick among the branches. The learner should throw also against the wind, as, if the boomerang is thrown with the wind, it does not think of coming back again, but sails on as if it never meant to stop, and is sure to reach a wonderful distance before it falls.

Nearly thirty years ago, I lost a boomerang by this very error. In company with some of my schoolfellows, I was throwing the weapon for their amusement, when one of them snatched it up, turned round, and threw it with all his force in the direction of the wind. The distance to which the weapon travelled I am afraid to mention, lest it should not be believed. The ground in that neighborhood is composed of successive undulations of hill and vale, and we saw the boomerang cross two of the valleys, and at last disappear into a grove of lime-trees that edged the churchyard.

In vain we sought for the weapon, and it was not found until four years afterward, when a plumber, who had been sent to repair the roof of the church, found it sticking in the leads. So it had first traversed that extraordinary distance, had then cut clean through the foliage of a lime-tree, and lastly had sufficient force to stick into the leaden roofing of a church. The boomerang was brought down half decayed, and wrenched out of its proper form by the shock.

Should the reader wish to learn the use

of the weapon, he should watch a native throw it. The attitude of the man as he hurls the boomerang is singularly graceful. Holding three or four of the weapons in his left hand, he draws out one at random with his right, while his eyes are fixed on the object which he desires to hit, or the spot to which the weapon has to travel. Balancing the boomerang for a moment in his hand, he suddenly steps a pace or two forward, and with a quick, sharp, almost angry stroke, launches his weapon into the air.

Should he desire to bring the boomerang back again, he has two modes of throwing. In the one mode, he flings it high in the air, into which it mounts to a wonderful height, circling the while with a bold, vigorous sweep, that reminds the observer of the grand flight of the eagle or the buzzard. It flies on until it has reached a spot behind the thrower, when all life seems suddenly to die out of it; it collapses, so to speak, like a bird shot on the wing, topples over and over, and falls to the ground.

There is another mode of throwing the returning boomerang which is even more remarkable. The thrower, instead of aiming high in the air, marks out a spot on the ground some thirty or forty yards in advance, and hurls the boomerang at it. The weapon strikes the ground, and, instead of being smashed to pieces, as might be thought from the violence of the stroke, it springs from the ground Antæus-like, seeming to attain new vigor by its contact with the earth. It flies up as if it had been shot from the ground by a catapult; and, taking a comparatively low elevation, performs the most curious evolutions, whirling so rapidly that it looks like a semi-transparent disc with an opaque centre, and directing its course in an erratic manner that is very alarming to those who are unaccustomed to it. I have seen it execute all its manœuvres within seven or eight feet from the ground, hissing as it passed through the air with a strangely menacing sound, and, when it finally came to the ground, leaping along as if it were a living creature.

We will now examine the various shapes of boomerangs, as seen in the illustration on the 731st page. Some of the specimens are taken from the British Museum, some from the collection of Colonel Lane Fox, some from my own, and the rest are drawn by Mr. Angas from specimens obtained in the country. I have had them brought together, so that the reader may see how the boomerang has been gradually modified out of the club.

At fig. 4 is the short pointed stick which may either answer the purpose of a miniature club, a dagger, or an instrument to be used in the ascent of trees. Just below it is a club or waddy, with a rounded head, and at fig. 6 the head has been developed into a point, and rather flattened. If the

reader will refer to figs. 6 and 7, he will see two clubs which are remarkable for having not only the knob, but the whole of the handle flattened, and the curve of the head extended to the handle.

The transition from this club to the boomerang is simple enough, and, indeed, we have an example (fig. 1) of a weapon which looks like an ordinary boomerang, but is in fact a club, and is used for hand-to-hand combat.

These figures show pretty clearly the progressive structure of the boomerang. The flattened clubs were probably made from necessity, the native not being able to find a suitable piece of wood, and taking the best that he could get. If, then, one of these clubs were, on the spur of the moment, hurled at an object, the superior value which this flatness conferred upon it as a missile would be evident as well as the curved course which it would take through the air. The native, ever quick to note anything which might increase the power of his weapons, would be sure to notice this latter peculiarity, and to perceive the valuable uses to which it could be turned. He would therefore try various forms of flattened missiles, until he at last reached the true boomerang.

The strangest point about the boomerang is, that the curve is not uniform, and, in fact, scarcely any two specimens have precisely the same curve. Some have the curve so sharp that it almost deserves the name of angle, for an example of which see fig. 8; others, as in fig. 9, have the curve very slight; while others, as in fig. 2, have a tendency to a double curve, and there is a specimen in the British Museum in which the double curve is very boldly marked. The best and typical form of boomerang is, however, that which is shown at fig. 3. The specimen which is there represented was made on the banks of the river Darling.

The natives can do almost anything with the boomerang, and the circuitous course which it adopts is rendered its most useful characteristic. Many a hunter has wished that he only possessed that invaluable weapon, a gun which would shoot round a corner, and just such a weapon does the Australian find in his boomerang. If, for example, he should see a kangaroo in such a position that he cannot come within the range of a spear without showing himself and alarming the animal, or say, for example, that it is sheltered from a direct attack by the trunk of a tree, he will steal as near as he can without disturbing the animal, and then will throw his boomerang in such a manner that it circles round the tree, and strikes the animal at which it is aimed.

That such precision should be obtained with so curious a weapon seems rather remarkable, but those of my readers who are accustomed to play at bowls will call to



mind the enormous power which is given to them by the "bias," or weighted side of the bowl, and the bold curves which they can force the missile to execute, when they wish to send the bowl round a number of obstacles which are in its way. The boomerang is used as a sort of aerial bowl, with the advantage that the expert thrower is able to alter the bias at will, and to make the weapon describe almost any curve that he chooses.

It is even said that, in case there should be obstacles which prevent the boomerang from passing round the tree, the native has the power of throwing it so that it strikes the ground in front of the tree, and then, by the force of the throw, leaps over the top of the branches, and descends upon the object at which it is thrown.

On page 739 is shown a scene on the river Murray, in which the natives are drawn as they appear when catching the shag, a species of cormorant, which is found there in great numbers. They capture these birds in various ways, sometimes by climbing at night the trees on which they roost, and seizing them, getting severely bitten, by the way, on their naked limbs and bodies. They have also a very ingenious mode of planting sticks in the bed of the river, so that they project above the surface, and form convenient resting-places for the birds. Fatigued with diving, the cormorants are sure to perch upon them; and as they are dozing while digesting their meal of fish, the native swims gently up, and suddenly catches them by the wings, and drags them under water. He always breaks the neck of the bird at once.

They are so wonderfully skilful in the water, that when pelicans are swimming unsuspectingly on the surface, the natives approach silently, dive under them, seize the birds by the legs, jerk them under water, and break both the wings and legs so rapidly that the unfortunate birds have no chance of escape.

Sometimes, as shown in the illustration, the natives use their boomerangs and clubs, knock the birds off the branches on which they are roosting, and secure them before they have recovered from the stunning blow of the weapon. When approaching cormorants and other aquatic birds, the native has a very ingenious plan of disguising himself. He gathers a bunch of weeds, ties it on his head, and slips quietly into the water, keeping his whole body immersed, and only allowing the artificial covering to be seen. The bird being quite accustomed to see patches of weeds floating along the water, takes no notice of so familiar an object, and so allows the disguised man to come within easy reach.

To return to the boomerang. The reader may readily have imagined that the manufacture of so remarkable an implement is

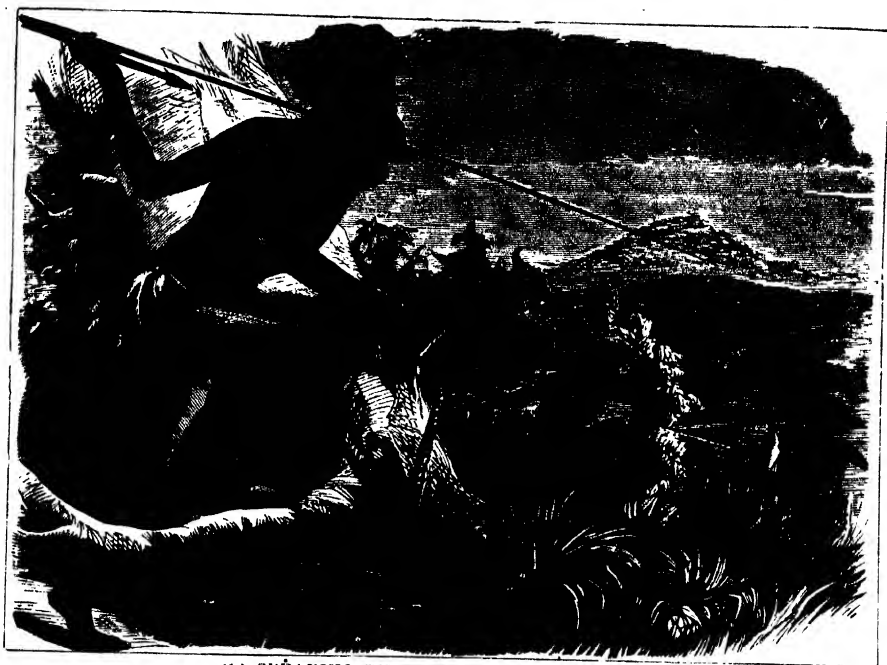
not a very easy one. The various points which constitute the excellence of a boomerang are so light that there is scarcely an European who can see them, especially as the shape, size, and weight of the weapon differ so much according to the locality in which it was made. The native, when employed in making a boomerang, often spends many days over it, not only on account of the very imperfect tools which he possesses, but by reason of the minute care which is required in the manufacture of a good weapon.

Day after day he may be seen with the boomerang in his hand, chipping at it slowly and circumspectly, and becoming more and more careful as it approaches completion. When he has settled the curve, and nearly flattened it to its proper thickness, he scarcely makes three or four strokes without balancing the weapon in his hand, looking carefully along the edges, and making movements as if he were about to throw it. The last few chips seem to exercise a wonderful effect on the powers of the weapon, and about them the native is exceedingly fastidious.

Yet, with all this care, the weapon is a very rough one, and the marks of the flint axe are left without even an attempt to smooth them. In a well-used boomerang the projecting edges of the grooves made by various cuts and chips become quite polished by friction, while the sunken portion is left rough. In one fine specimen in my possession the manufacturer has taken a curious advantage of these grooves. Besides marking the handle end by covering it with cross-scorings as has already been described, he has filled the grooves with the red ochre of which the Australian is so fond, and for some eight inches the remains of the red paint are visible in almost every groove.

So delicate is the operation of boomerang making, that some men, natives though they be, cannot turn out a really good weapon, while others are celebrated for their skill, and can dispose of their weapons as fast as they make them. One of the native "kings" was a well-known boomerang maker, and his weapons were widely distributed among the natives, who knew his handiwork as an artist knows the touch of a celebrated painter. To this skill, and the comparative wealth which its exercise brought him, the king in question owed the principal part of his authority.

A fair idea of the size and weight of the boomerang may be gained by the measurements of the weapon which has just been mentioned. It is two feet nine inches long when measured with the curve, and two feet six inches from tip to tip. It is exactly two inches in width, only narrowing at the tips, and its weight is exactly eleven ounces. This, by the way, is a war boomerang, and is



(1.) SPEARING THE KANGAROO. (See page 734.)



(2.) CATCHING THE CORMORANT. (See page 738.)  
(739)



shaped like that which is shown in "Boomerangs" on page 731, fig. 3. Another specimen, which is of about the same weight, is shaped like that of fig. 8. It measures two feet five inches along the curve, two feet one inch from tip to tip, and is three inches in width in the middle, diminishing gradually toward the tips.

IN order to enable them to ward off these various missiles, the natives are armed with a shield, which varies exceedingly in shape and dimensions, and, indeed, in some places is so unlike a shield, and apparently so inadequate to the office of protecting the body, that when strangers come to visit my collection I often have much difficulty in persuading them that such strange-looking objects can by any possibility be shields. As there is so great a variety in the shields, I have collected together a number of examples, which, I believe, comprise every form of shield used throughout Australia. Two of them are from specimens in my own collection, several from that of Colonel Lane Fox, others are drawn from examples in the British Museum, and the rest were sketched by Mr. Angas in the course of his travels through Australia.

As a general fact, the shield is very solid and heavy, and in some cases looks much more like a club with which a man can be knocked down, than a shield whereby he can be saved from a blow, several of them having sharp edges as if for the purpose of inflicting injury.

If the reader will look at the row of shields on page 742, he will see that figs. 2 and 3 exhibit two views of the same shield. This is one of the commonest forms of the weapon, and is found throughout a considerable portion of Western Australia. It is cut out of a solid piece of the ever useful gum-tree, and is in consequence very hard and very heavy. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, the form of the shield is somewhat triangular, the face which forms the front of the weapon being slightly rounded, and the handle being formed by cutting through the edge on which the other two faces converge. The handle is very small, and could scarcely be used by an ordinary European, though it is amply wide enough for the small and delicate looking hand of the Australian native. My own is a small hand, but is yet too large to hold the Australian shield comfortably.

The reader will see that by this mode of forming the handle the wrist has and can turn the shield from side to side with the slightest movement of the hand. This faculty is very useful, especially when the instrument is used for warding off the spear or the club, weapons which need only to be just turned aside in order to guide them away from the body.

One of these shields in my own collection is a very fine example of the instrument, and

its dimensions will serve to guide the reader as to the usual form, size, and weight of an Australian shield. It measures exactly two feet seven inches in length, and is five inches wide at the middle, which is the broadest part. The width of the hole which receives the hand is three inches and three-eighths, and the weight of the shield is rather more than three pounds.

The extraordinary weight of the shield is needed in order to enable it to resist the shock of the boomerang, the force of which may be estimated by its weight, eleven ounces, multiplied by the force with which it is hurled. This terrible weapon cannot be merely turned aside, like the spear or the waddy, and often seems to receive an additional impulse from striking any object, as the reader may see by reference to page 737, in which the mode of throwing the boomerang is described. A boomerang must be stopped, and not merely parried, and moreover, if it be not stopped properly, it twists round the shield, and with one of its revolving ends inflicts a wound on the careless warrior.

Even if it be met with the shield and stopped, it is apt to break, and the two halves to converge upon the body. The very fragments of the boomerang seem able to inflict almost as much injury as the entire weapon; and, in one of the skirmishes to which the natives are so addicted, a man was seen to fall to the ground with his body cut completely open by a broken boomerang.

It is in warding off the boomerang, therefore, that the chief skill of the Australian is shown. When he sees the weapon is pursuing a course which will bring it to him, he steps forward so as to meet it; and, as the boomerang clashes against the shield, he gives the latter a rapid turn with the wrist. If this manœuvre be properly executed, the boomerang breaks to pieces, and the fragments are struck apart by the movement of the shield.

Perhaps some of my readers may remember that "Dick-a-dick," the very popular member of the Australian cricketers who came to England in 1868, among other exhibitions of his quickness of eye and hand, allowed himself to be pelted with cricket balls, at a distance of fifteen yards, having nothing wherewith to protect himself but the shield and the leowal, or angular club, the former being used to shield the body, and the latter to guard the legs. The force and accuracy with which a practised cricketer can throw the ball are familiar to all Englishmen, and it was really wonderful to see a man, with no clothes but a skin-tight elastic dress, with a piece of wood five inches wide in his left hand, and a club in his right, quietly stand against a positive rain of cricket-balls as long as any one liked to throw at him, and come out of the ordeal unscathed.

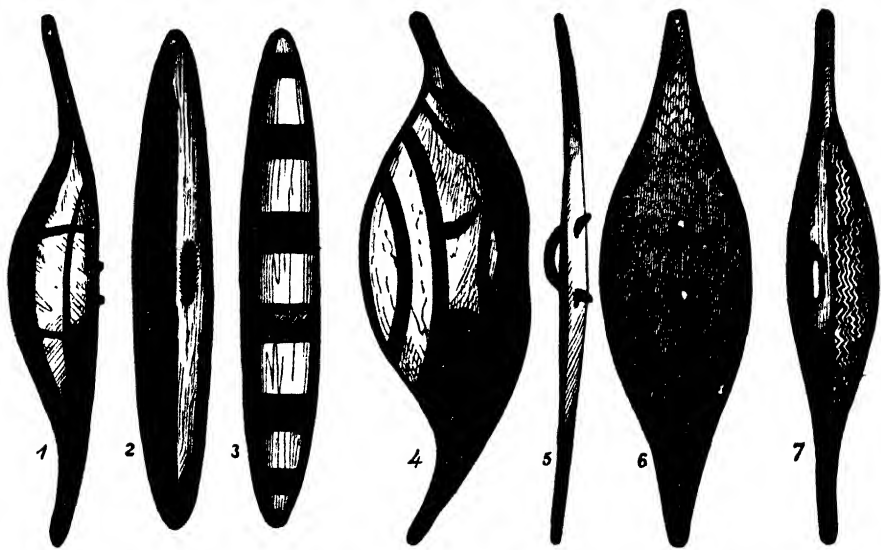
Not the least surprising part of the performance was the coolness with which he treated the whole affair, and the almost instinctive knowledge that he seemed to possess respecting the precise destination of each ball. If a ball went straight at his body or head, it was met and blocked by the shield; if it were hurled at his legs, the club knocked it aside. As to those which were sure not to hit him, he treated them with contemptuous indifference, just moving his head a little on one side to allow the ball to pass, which absolutely ruffled his hair as it shot by, or lifting one arm to allow a ball to pass between the limb and his body, or, if it were aimed but an inch wide of him, taking no notice of it whatever. The shield which he used with such skill was the same kind as that which has just been described, and was probably selected because its weight enabled it to block the balls without the hand that held it feeling the shock.

To all appearances, the natives expend much more labor upon the shield than upon the boomerang, the real reason, however, being that much ornament would injure the boomerang, but can have no injurious effect

grooves, and each groove has been filled with red ochre. The space between is filled in with a double zigzag pattern, and the effect of all these lines, simple as they are, is perfectly artistic and consistent.

The pattern, by the way, is one that seems common to all savage races of men, wherever they may be found, and is to be seen on weapons made by the ancient races now long passed away, among the Kaffir tribes of South Africa, the cannibal tribes of Central Western Africa, the inhabitants of the various Polynesian islands, the savages of the extreme north and extreme south of America, and the natives of the great continent of Australia.

At fig. 7 of the accompanying illustration may be seen a shield made of solid wood, in which the triangular form has been developed in a very curious manner into a quadrangular shape. The handle is made in the same manner as that of the former shield, *i. e.* by cutting through two of the faces of the triangle, while the front of the shield, instead of being a tolerably round face, is flattened out into a sharp edge. It is scarcely possible to imagine any instrument



SHIELDS.

upon the shield. By reference to the illustration, the reader will see that the face of the shield is covered with ornament, which, simple in principle, is elaborate in detail.

There is a specimen in my collection which is ornamented to a very great extent on its face, the sides and the handle being perfectly plain. It has a number of lines drawn transversely in bands, which, however, are seven instead of five in number. Each band is composed of three zigzag

that looks less like a shield than does this curious weapon, which seems to have been made for the express purpose of presenting as small a surface as possible to the enemy.

The fact is, however, that the Southern Australian who uses these shields has not to defend himself against arrows, from which a man can only be defended by concealing his body behind shelter which is proof against them: he has only to guard against the spear and boomerang, and occa-

sionally the missile club, all which weapons he can turn aside with the narrow shield that has been described.

One of these shields in my collection is two feet seven inches in length, rather more than six inches in width, and barely three inches thick in the middle. Its weight is just two pounds. Such a weapon seems much more like a club than a shield, and, indeed, if held by one end, its sharp edge might be used with great effect upon the head of an enemy. Like most Australian shields, it is covered with a pattern of the same character as that which has already been mentioned, and it has been so thoroughly painted with ochre that it is of a rich mahogany color, and the real hue of the wood can only be seen by scraping off some of the stained surface. The name for this kind of shield is tamarang, and it is much used in dances, in which it is struck at regular intervals with the waddy.

In the British Museum is a shield which is much more solid than either of those which have been described. The manufacturer evidently found the labor of chipping the wood too much for him, and accordingly made much use of fire, forming his shield by alternate charring and scraping. The handle is rather curiously made by cutting two deep holes side by side in the back of the shield, the piece of wood between them being rounded into a handle. As is the case

with most of the shields, the handle is a very small one. The face of the shield is much wider than either of those which have been noticed, and is very slightly rounded. It is ornamented with carved grooves, but rough usage has obliterated most of them, and the whole implement is as rough and unsightly an article as can well be imagined, in spite of the labor which has been bestowed upon it.

We now come to another class of shield, made of bark, and going by the title of Mulabakka. Shields in general are called by the name of Hieleman. Some of these bark shields are of considerable size, and are so wide in the middle that, when the owner crouches behind them, they protect the greater part of his body. As the comparatively thin material of which they are composed prevents the handle from being made by cutting into the shield itself, the native is obliged to make the handle separately, and fasten it to the shield by various methods.

The commonest mode of fixing the handle to a Mulabakka shield is seen at figs. 4 and 5, on page 742, which exhibit the front and profile views of the same shield. Another Mulabakka is shown at fig. 6. The faces of all the Mulabakka shields are covered with ornamented patterns, mostly on the usual zigzag principle, but some having a pattern in which curves form the chief element.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

REAL WAR UNKNOWN TO THE AUSTRALIANS — FEUDS AND THE CAUSES OF THEM — A SAVAGE TOURNAMENT — VENGEANCE FOR DEATH — THE TROPHY OF VICTORY — AUSTRALIAN VENDETTA — FIRE-SIGNALS — DEATH OF TARMEENIA — ORDEAL OF BATTLE — CANNIBALISM AS AN ADJUNCT OF WAR — DANCES OF THE ABORIGINES — THE KURI DANCE AND ITS STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENTS — THE PALT DANCE — THE CONCLUDING FIGURE — DANCE OF THE PARNKALLA TRIBE — ORDINARY CORROBOORES — THE KANGAROO DANCE — TASMANIAN DANCE.

THE mention of these various weapons naturally leads us to warfare; and that they are intended for that purpose the existence of the shields is a proof. Offensive weapons, such as the spear and the club, may be used merely for killing game; but the shield can only be employed to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy.

War, however, as we understand the word, is unknown among the Australians. They have not the intellect nor the organization for it, and so we have the curious fact of skilled warriors who never saw a battle. No single tribe is large enough to take one side in a real battle; and, even supposing it to possess sufficient numbers, there is no spirit of discipline by means of which a force could be gathered, kept together, or directed, even if it were assembled.

Yet, though real war is unknown, the Australian natives are continually fighting, and almost every tribe is at feud with its neighbor. The cause of quarrel with them is almost invariably the possession of some territory. By a sort of tacit arrangement, the various tribes have settled themselves in certain districts; and, although they are great wanderers, yet they consider themselves the rightful owners of their own district.

It mostly happens, however, that members of one tribe trespass on the district of another, especially if it be one in which game of any kind is plentiful. And sometimes, when a

tribe has gone off on a travelling expedition, another tribe will settle themselves in the vacated district; so that, when the rightful owners of the soil return, there is sure to be a quarrel. The matter is usually settled by a skirmish, which bears some resemblance to the *mêlée* of ancient chivalry, and is conducted according to well-understood regulations.

The aggrieved tribe sends a challenge to the offenders, the challenger in question bearing a bunch of emu's feathers tied on the top of a spear. At daybreak next morning the warriors array themselves for battle, painting their bodies in various colors, so as to make themselves look as much like demons, and as much unlike men, as possible, laying aside all clothing, and arranging their various weapons for the fight.

Having placed themselves in battle array, at some little distance from each other, the opposite sides begin to revile each other in quite a Homeric manner, taunting their antagonists with cowardice and want of skill in their weapons, and boasting of the great deeds which they are about to do. When, by means of interposing these taunts with shouts and yells, dancing from one foot to the other, quivering and poisoning their spears, and other mechanical modes of exciting themselves, they have worked themselves up to the requisite pitch of fury, they begin to throw the spears, and the combat becomes general. Confused as it appears, it is, how-

ever, arranged with a sort of order. Each warrior selects his antagonist; so that the fight is, in fact, a series of duels rather than a battle, and the whole business bears a curious resemblance to the mode of fighting in the ancient days of Troy.

Generally the combatants stand in rather scattered lines, or, as we should say, in wide skirmishing order. The gestures with which they try to irritate their opponents are very curious, and often grotesque; the chief object being apparently to induce the antagonist to throw the first spear. Sometimes they stand with their feet very widely apart, and their knees straight, after the manner which will be seen in the illustrations of the native dances. While so standing, they communicate a peculiar quivering movement to the legs, and pretend to offer themselves as fair marks. Sometimes they turn their backs on their adversary, and challenge him to throw at them; or they drop on a hand and knee for the same purpose.

Mr. McGillivray remarked that two spear-men never threw at the same combatant; but, even with this advantage, the skill of the warrior is amply tested, and it is surprising to see how, by the mere inflection of the body, or the lifting a leg or arm, they avoid a spear which otherwise must have wounded them. While the fight is going on, the women and children remain in the bush, watching the combat, and uttering a sort of wailing chant, rising and falling in regular cadence.

Sometimes the fight is a very bloody one, though the general rule is, that when one man is killed the battle ceases, the tribe to which the dead man belonged being considered as having been worsted. It might be thought that a battle conducted on such principles would be of very short duration; but the Australian warriors are so skilful in warding off the weapons of their antagonists that they often fight for a considerable time before a man is killed. It must be remembered, too, that the Australian natives can endure, without seeming to be much the worse for them, wounds which would kill an European at once. In such a skirmish, however, much blood is spilt, even though only one man be actually killed, for the barbed spears and sharp-edged boomerangs inflict terrible wounds, and often cripple the wounded man for life.

Other causes beside the quarrel for territory may originate a feud between two tribes. One of these cases is a very curious one. A woman had been bitten by a snake; but, as no blood flowed from the wound, it was thought that the snake was not a venomous one, and that there was no danger. However, the woman died in a few hours, and her death was the signal for a desperate war between two tribes. There seems to be but little connection between the two

events, but according to Australian ideas the feud was a justifiable one.

The natives of the part of Australia where this event occurred have a curious idea concerning death. Should any one die without apparent cause, they think that the death is caused by a great bird called *marralya*, which comes secretly to the sick person, seizes him round the waist in his claws, and squeezes him to death. Now the *marralya* is not a real bird, but a magical one, being always a man belonging to a hostile tribe, who assumes the shape of the bird, and so finds an opportunity of doing an injury to the tribe with which he is at feud. Having made up his mind that the snake which bit the woman was not a venomous one, her husband could not of course be expected to change his opinion, and so it was agreed upon that one of a neighboring tribe with whom they were at feud must have become a *marralya*, and killed the woman. The usual challenge was the consequence, and from it came a series of bloody fights.

Like most savage nations, the Australians mutilate their fallen enemies. Instead, however, of cutting off the scalp, or other trophy, they open the body, tear out the fat about the kidneys, and rub it over their own bodies. So general is this custom, that to "take fat" is a common paraphrase for killing an enemy; and when two antagonists are opposed to each other, each is sure to boast that his antagonist shall furnish fat for him. As far as can be learned, they have an idea that this practice endues the victor with the courage of the slain man in addition to his own; and, as a reputation for being a warrior of prowess is the only distinction that a native Australian can achieve, it may be imagined that he is exceedingly anxious to secure such an aid to ambition.

Not from deliberate cruelty, but from the utter thoughtlessness and disregard of inflicting pain which characterizes all savages, the victorious warrior does not trouble himself to wait for the death of his enemy before taking his strange war trophy. Should the man be entirely disabled it is enough for the Australian, who turns him on his back, opens his body with the quartz knife which has already been described, tears out the coveted prize, and rubs himself with it until his whole body and limbs shine as if they were burnished. Oftentimes it has happened that a wounded man has been thus treated, and has been doomed to see his conqueror adorn himself before his eyes. Putting aside any previous injury, such a wound as this is necessarily mortal; but a man has been known to live for more than three days after receiving the injury, so wonderfully strong is the Australian constitution.

Sometimes these feuds spread very widely, and last for a very long time. Before the declaration of war, the opposing tribes



refrain from attacking each other, but, after that declaration is once made, the greatest secrecy is often observed, and the warrior is valued the highest who contrives to kill his enemy without exposing himself to danger. Sometimes there is a sort of wild chivalry about the Australians, mingled with much that is savage and revolting. A remarkable instance of these traits is recorded by Mr. M'Gillivray.

An old man had gone on a short expedition in his canoe, while the men of his tribe were engaged in catching turtle. He was watched by a party belonging to a hostile tribe, who followed and speared him. Leaving their spears in the body to indicate their identity, they returned to shore, and made a great fire by way of a challenge. Seeing the signal, and knowing that a column of thick smoke is almost always meant as a challenge, the men left their turtling, and, on finding that the old man was missing, instituted a search after him. As soon as they discovered the body they lighted another fire to signify their acceptance of the challenge, and a party of them started off the same evening in order to inflict reprisals on the enemy.

They soon came upon some natives who belonged to the inimical tribe, but who had not been concerned in the murder, and managed to kill the whole party, consisting of four men, a woman, and a girl. They cut off the heads of their victims, and returned with great exultation, shouting and blowing conch-shells to announce their victory.

The heads were then cooked in an oven, and the eyes scooped out and eaten, together with portions of the cheeks. Only those who had been of the war-party were allowed to partake of this horrible feast. When it was over the victors began a dance, in which they worked themselves into a perfect frenzy, kicking the skulls over the ground, and indulging in all kinds of hideous antics. Afterward the skulls were hung up on two cross sticks near the camp, and allowed to remain there undisturbed.

Fire, by the way, is very largely used in making signals, which are understood all over the continent. A large fire, sending up a great column of smoke, is, as has already been mentioned, almost invariably a sign of defiance, and it is sometimes kindled daily until it is answered by another. If a man wishes to denote that he is in want of assistance, he lights a small fire, and, as soon as it sends up its little column of smoke, he extinguishes it suddenly by throwing earth on it. This is repeated until the required assistance arrives.

Some years ago, when the character and habits of the natives were not known so well as they are now, many of the settlers were murdered by the natives, simply through their system of fire-signalling. One or two natives, generally old men or

women, as causing least suspicion, and being entirely unarmed, would approach the farm or camp, and hang about it for some days, asking for food, and cooking it at their own little fires.

The white men had no idea that every fire that was lighted was a signal that was perfectly well understood by a force of armed men that was hovering about them under cover of the woods, nor that the little puffs of smoke which occasionally arose in the distance were answers to the signals made by their treacherous guests. When the spies thought that their hosts were lulled into security, they made the battle-signal, and brought down the whole force upon the unsuspecting whites.

The Australians are wonderfully clever actors. How well they can act honesty and practise theft has already been mentioned. They have also a way of appearing to be unarmed, and yet having weapons ready to hand. They will come out of the bush, with green boughs in their hands as signs of peace, advance for some distance, and ostentatiously throw down their spears and other weapons. They then advance again, apparently unarmed, but each man trailing a spear along the ground by means of his toes. As soon as they are within spear range, they pick up their weapons with their toes, which are nearly as flexible and useful as fingers, hurl them, and then retreat to the spot where they had grounded their weapons.

The Australians have a tenacious memory for injuries, and never lose a chance of reprisal. In 1849, some men belonging to the Badulega tribe had been spending two months on a friendly visit to the natives of Muralug. One of their hosts had married an Italega woman, and two of the brothers were staying with her. The Badulegas happened to remember that several years before one of their own tribe had been insulted by an Italega. So they killed the woman, and tried to kill her brothers also, but only succeeded in murdering one of them. They started at once for their home, taking the heads as proof of their victory, and thought that they had done a great and praiseworthy action.

A similar affair took place among some of the tribes of Port Essington. A Monobar native had been captured when thieving, and was imprisoned. He attempted to escape, and in so doing was shot by the sentinel on duty. By rights his family ought to have executed reprisals on a white man; but they did not venture on such a step, and accordingly picked out a native who was on good terms with the white man, and killed him. The friends of the murdered man immediately answered by killing a Monobar, and so the feud went on. In each case the victim was murdered while sleeping, a number of natives quietly surrounding

him, and, after spearing him, beating him with their waddies into a shapeless mass.

Should the cause of the feud be the unexpected death of a man or woman, the duty of vengeance belongs to the most formidable male warrior of the family. On such occasions he will solemnly accept the office, adorn himself with the red war-paint, select his best weapons, and promise publicly not to return until he has killed a male of the inimical tribe. How pertinaciously the Australian will adhere to his bloody purpose may be seen from an anecdote related by Mr. Lloyd.

He was startled one night by the furious barking of his dogs. On taking a lantern he found lying on the ground an old black named Tarmeenia, covered with wounds inflicted by spears, and boomerangs, and waddies. He told his story in the strange broken English used by the natives. The gist of the story was, that he and his son were living in a hut, and the son had gone out to snare a bird for his father, who was ill. Presently a "bungilcarney coolie," i. e. an enemy from another tribe, entered the hut and demanded, "Why did your son kill my wife? I shall kill his father." Whereupon he drove his spear into the old man's side, and was beating him to death, when he was disturbed by the return of his son. The young man, a singularly powerful native, knowing that his father would be certainly murdered outright if he remained in the hut, actually carried him more than four miles to Mr. Lloyd's house, put him down in the yard, and left him.

A hut was at once erected close to the house, and Tarmeenia was installed and attended to. He was very grateful, but was uneasy in his mind, begging that the constable might visit his hut in his nightly rounds, "cos same bungilcarney coolie cum agin, and dis time too much kill 'im Tarmeenia." The alarm of the old man seemed rather absurd, considering the position of the hut, but it was fully justified. About three weeks after Tarmeenia had been placed in the hut, Mr. Lloyd was aroused at daybreak by a servant, who said that the old black fellow had been burned to death. Dead he certainly was, and on examining the body two fresh wounds were seen, one by a spear just over the heart, and the other a deep cut in the loins, through which the "bungilcarney" had torn the trophy of war.

Occasionally a man who has offended against some native law has to engage in a kind of a mimic warfare, but without the advantage of having weapons. Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious example of such an ordeal.

"The only instance I ever witnessed of corporeal punishment being inflicted—evidently, too, by some legal process—was upon the person of a fine sleek young black, who, having finished his morning's repast,

rose in a dignified manner, and, casting his rug from his shoulders, strode with Mohican stoicism to the appointed spot, divested of his shield, waddy, or other means of defence. Nor, when once placed, did he utter one word, or move a muscle of his graceful and well-moulded person, but with folded arms and defiant attitude awaited the fatal ordeal.

"A few minutes only elapsed when two, equally agile savages, each armed with two spears and a boomerang, marched with stately gait to within sixty yards of the culprit. One weapon after another was hurled at the victim savage, with apparently fatal precision, but his quick eye and wonderful activity set them all at defiance, with the exception of the very last cast of a boomerang, which, taking an unusual course, severed a piece of flesh from the shoulder-blade, equal in size to a crown-piece, as if sliced with a razor, and thus finished the affair."

The *lex talionis* forms part of the Australian traditional law, and is sometimes exercised after a rather ludicrous fashion. A young man had committed some light offence, and was severely beaten by two natives, who broke his arm with a club, and laid his head open with a fishing spear. Considerable confusion took place, and at last the elders decided that the punishment was much in excess of the offence, and that, when the wounded man recovered, the two assailants were to offer their heads to him, so that he might strike them a certain number of blows with his waddy.

In the description of the intertribal feuds, it has been mentioned that the men who assisted in killing the victims of reprisal partook of the eyes and cheeks of the murdered person. This leads us to examine the question of cannibalism, inasmuch as some travellers have asserted that the Australians are cannibals and others denying such a propensity as strongly.

That the flesh of human beings is eaten by the Australians is an undeniable fact; but it must be remarked that such an act is often intended as a ceremonial, and not merely as a means of allaying hunger or gratifying the palate. It has been ascertained that some tribes who live along the Murray River have been known to kill and eat children, mixing their flesh with that of the dog. This, however, only occurs in seasons of great scarcity; and that the event was exceptional and not customary, is evident from the fact that a man was pointed out as having killed his children for food. Now it is plain, that, if cannibalism was the custom, such a man would not be sufficiently conspicuous to be specially mentioned. These tribes have a horrible custom of killing little boys for the sake of their fat, with which they bait fish-hooks.

Another example of cannibalism is de-

scribed by Mr. Angas as occurring in New South Wales. A lad had died, and his body was taken by several young men, who proceeded to the following remarkable ceremonies. They began by removing the skin, together with the head, rolling it round a stake, and drying it over the fire. While this was being done, the parents, who had been uttering loud lamentations, took the flesh from the legs, cooked, and ate it. The remainder of the body was distributed among the friends of the deceased, who carried away their portions on the points of their spears; and the skin and bones were kept by the parents, and always carried about in their wallets.

It may seem strange that the mention of the weapons and mode of fighting should lead us naturally to the dances of the Australians. Such, however, is the case; for in most of their dances weapons of some sort are introduced. The first which will be mentioned is the Kuri dance, which was described to Mr. Angas by a friend who had frequently seen it, and is illustrated on the next page. This dance is performed by the natives of the Adelaide district. It seems to have one point in common with the cotillon of Europe, namely, that it can be varied, shortened, or lengthened, according to the caprice of the players; so that if a spectator see the Kuri dance performed six or seven times, he will never see the movements repeated in the same order. The following extract describes a single Kuri dance, and from it the reader may form his impressions of its general character:—

"But first the *dramatis personæ* must be introduced, and particularly described. The performers were divided into five distinct classes, the greater body comprising about twenty-five young men, including five or six boys, painted and decorated as follows: in nudity, except the *goodna*, which is made expressly for the occasion, with bunches of gum-leaves tied round the legs just above the knee, which, as they stamped about, made a loud switching noise. In their hands they held a *kutta* or *wirri*, and some a few gum-leaves. The former were held at arm's length, and struck alternately with their legs as they stamped. They were painted, from each shoulder down to the hips, with five or six white stripes, rising from the breast; their faces also, with white perpendicular lines, making the most hideous appearance. These were the dancers.

"Next came two groups of women, about five or six in number, standing on the right and left of the dancers, merely taking the part of supernumeraries; they were not painted, but had leaves in their hands, which they shook; and kept beating time with their feet during the whole performance, but never moved from the spot where they stood.

"Next followed two remarkable characters, painted and decorated like the dancers, but with the addition of the *palyertatta*—a singular ornament made of two pieces of stick put crosswise, and bound together by the *mangna*, in a spreading manner, having at the extremities feathers opened, so as to set it off to the best advantage. One had the *palyertatta* stick sideways upon his head, while the other, in the most wizard-like manner, kept waving it to and fro before him, corresponding with the action of his head and legs.

"Then followed a performer distinguished by a long spear, from the top of which a bunch of feathers hung suspended, and all down the spear the *mangna* was wound; he held the *koonteroo* (spear and feathers) with both hands behind his back, but occasionally altered the position, and waved it to the right and left over the dancers. And last came the singers—two elderly men in their usual habiliments; their musical instruments were the *kutta* and *wirri*, on which they managed to beat a double note; their song was one unvaried, gabbling tone.

"The night was mild; the new moon shone with a faint light, casting a depth of shade over the earth, which gave a sombre appearance to the surrounding scene that highly conduced to enhance the effect of the approaching play. In the distance, a black mass could be discerned under the gum-trees, whence occasionally a shout and a burst of flame arose. These were the performers dressing for the dance, and no one approached them while thus occupied.

"Two men, closely wrapped in their opossum-skins, noiselessly approached one of the *wurries*, where the Kuri was to be performed, and commenced clearing a space for the singers; this done, they went back to the singers, but soon after returned, sat down, and began a peculiar harsh and monotonous tune, keeping time with a *kutta* and a *wirri* by rattling them together. All the natives of the different *wurries* flocked round the singers, and sat down in the form of a horse-shoe, two or three rows deep.

"By this time the dancers had moved in a compact body to within a short distance of the spectators; after standing for a few minutes in perfect silence, they answered the singers by a singular deep shout simultaneously: twice this was done, and then the man with the *koonteroo* stepped out, his body leaning forward, and commenced with a regular stamp; the two men with the *palyertattas* followed, stamping with great regularity, the rest joining in: the regular and alternate stamp, the waving of the *palyertatta* to and fro, with the loud switching noise of the gum leaves, formed a scene highly characteristic of the Australian natives. In this style they approached the singers, the spectators every now and then shouting forth



(1.) THE KURI DANCE. (See page 748.)



(2.) PALTU DANCE, OR CORROBOREE. (See page 762.)  
(749)



their applause. For some time they kept stamping in a body before the singers, which had an admirable effect, and did great credit to their dancing attainments; then one by one they turned round, and danced their way back to the place they first started from, and sat down. The *palyertatta* and *koonteroo* men were the last who left, and as these three singular beings stamped their way to the other dancers they made a very odd appearance.

"The singing continued for a short time, and then pipes were lighted; shouts of applause ensued, and boisterous conversation followed. After resting about ten minutes, the singers commenced again; and soon after the dancers huddled together, and responded to the call by the peculiar shout already mentioned, and then performed the same feat over again—with this variation, that the *palyertatta* men brought up the rear, instead of leading the way. Four separate times these parts of the play were performed with the usual effect; then followed the concluding one, as follows: after tramping up to the singers, the man with the *koonteroo* commenced a part which called forth unbounded applause; with his head and body inclined on one side, his spear and feathers behind his back, standing on the left leg, he beat time with the right foot, twitching his body and eye, and stamping with the greatest precision; he remained a few minutes in this position, and then suddenly turned round, stood on his right leg, and did the same once with his left foot.

"In the mean while the two men with the mystic *palyertatta* kept waving their instruments to and fro, corresponding with the motions of their heads and legs, and the silent trampers performed their part equally well. The *koonteroo* man now suddenly stopped, and, planting his spear in the ground, stood in a stooping position behind it; two dancers stepped up, went through the same manœuvre as the preceding party with wonderful regularity, and then gave a final stamp, turned round, and grasped the spear in a stooping position, and so on with all the rest, until every dancer was brought to the spear, so forming a circular body.

"The *palyertatta* men now performed the same movement on each side of this body, accompanied with the perpetual motion of the head, leg, and arm, and then went round and round, and finally gave the arrival stamp, thrust in their arm, and grasped the spear: at the same time all sunk on their knees and began to move away in a mass from the singers, with a sort of grunting noise, while their bodies leaned and tossed to and fro; when they had got about ten or twelve yards they ceased, and, giving one long semi-grunt or groan (after the manner of the red kangaroo, as they say), dispersed.

"During the whole performance, the singing went on in one continued strain, and,

after the last act of the performers, the rattling accompaniment of the singing ceased, the strain died gradually away, and shouts and acclamations rent the air."

There are many other dances among the Australians. There is, for example, the Frog-dance. The performers paint themselves after the usual grotesque manner, take their *wirris* in their hands, beat them together, and then squat down and jump after each other in circles, imitating the movements of the frog. Then there is the emu-dance, in which all the gestures consist of imitation of emu-hunting, the man who enacts the part of the bird imitating its voice.

In some parts of Australia they have the canoe dance, one of the most graceful of these performances.

Both men and women take part in this dance, painting their bodies with white and red ochre, and each furnished with a stick which represents the paddle. They begin to dance by stationing themselves in two lines, but with the stick across their backs and held by the arms, while they move their feet alternately to the tune of the song with which the dance is accompanied. At a given signal they all bring the sticks to the front, and hold them as they do paddles, swaying themselves in regular time as if they were paddling in one of their light canoes.

Another dance, the object of which is not very certain, is a great favorite with the Moorundi natives. The men, having previously decorated their bodies with stripes of red ochre, stand in a line, while the women are collected in a group and beat time together. The dance consists in stamping simultaneously with the left foot, and shaking the fingers of the extended arms. This dance is called *Pedeku*.

There is a rather curious dance, or movement, with which they often conclude the performance of the evening. They sit cross-legged round their fire, beating time with their spears and *wirris*. Suddenly they all stretch out their arms as if pointing to some distant object, rolling their eyes fearfully as they do so, and finish by leaping on their feet with a simultaneous yell that echoes for miles through the forest.

In his splendid work on South Australia, Mr. Angas describes a rather curious dance performed by the Parnkalla tribe, in which both sexes take part. Each man carries a belt made either of human hair or opossum fur, holding one end in each hand, and keeping the belt tightly strained. There is a slight variation in the mode of performing this dance, but the usual plan is for all the men to sit down, while a woman takes her place in the middle. One of the men then dances up to her, jumping from side to side, and swaying his arms in harmony with his movements. The woman begins jumping as her partner approaches, and then they dance

back again, when their place is taken by a fresh couple.

Some persons have supposed that this dance is a religious ceremony, because it is usually held on clear moonlight evenings. Sometimes, however, it is performed during the day-time.

The commonest native dance, or "corroboree," is that which is known as the Palti, and which is represented on the 749th page. It is always danced by night, the fitful blaze of the fire being thought necessary to bring out all its beauties.

Before beginning this dance, the performers prepare themselves by decorating their bodies in some grotesque style with white and scarlet paints, which contrast boldly with the shining black of their skins. The favorite pattern is the skeleton, each rib being marked by a broad stripe of white paint, and a similar stripe running down the breast and along the legs and arms. The face is painted in a similar fashion. The effect produced by this strange pattern is a most startling one. Illuminated only by the light of the fire, the black bodies and limbs are scarcely visible against the dark background, so that, as the performers pass backward and forward in the movements of the dance, they look exactly like a number of skeletons endued with life by magic powers.

This effect is increased by the curious quivering of the legs, which are planted firmly on the ground, but to which the dancers are able to impart a rapid vibratory movement from the knees upward. The *wirris*, or clubs, are held in the hands, as seen in the illustration, and at certain intervals they are brought over the head, and clashed violently together. The Palti, as well as the Kuri dance is conducted by a leader, who gives the word of command for the different movements. Some of the dancers increase their odd appearance by making a fillet from the front teeth of the kangaroo, and tying it round their foreheads.

Once in a year, the natives of some districts have a very grand dance, called the "cob-bongo corroboree," or great mystery dance. This dance is performed by the natives of the far interior. An admirable account of this dance was published in the *Illustrated London News* of October 3, 1863, and is here given. "The time selected for this great event is every twelfth moon, and during her declination. For several days previous a number of tribes whose territories adjoin one another congregate at a particular spot, characterized by an immense mound of earth covered with ashes (known amongst the white inhabitants as 'a black's oven') and surrounded by plenty of 'couraway' or water holes. To this place they bring numbers of kangaroos, 'possums, emus, and wild ducks, and a large quantity of wild honey, together with the grass from the seeds of which they make a sort of bread.

"Upon the evening on which the 'corroboree' is celebrated, a number of old men (one from each tribe), called by the natives 'wammaroogo,' signifying medicine men or charm men, repair to the top of the mound, where, after lighting a fire, they walk round it, muttering sentences and throwing into it portions of old charms which they have worn round their necks for the past twelve months. This is continued for about half an hour, when they descend, each carrying a fire-stick, which he places at the outskirts of the camp, and which is supposed to prevent evil spirits approaching. As soon as this is over, during which a most profound silence is observed by all, the men of the tribe prepare their toilet for the 'corroboree,' daubing themselves over with chalk, red ochre, and fat.

"While the men are thus engaged, the gentler sex are busy arranging themselves in a long line, and in a sitting posture, with rugs made of 'possum skins doubled round their legs, and a small stick called 'nulla-nulla' in each hand. A fire is lighted in front of them, and tended by one of the old charmers. As the men are ready, they seat themselves cross-legged like tailors, and in regular 'serried file,' at the opposite side of the fire to the women, while one of the medicine men takes up his position on the top of the mound to watch the rising of the moon, which is the signal for 'corroboree.' All is now still; nothing disturbs the silence save the occasional jabber of a woman or child, and even that, after a few minutes, is hushed. The blaze of the fire throws a fitful light along the battalion-like front of the black phalanx, and the hideous faces, daubed with paint and smeared with grease, show out at such a moment to anything but advantage.

"As soon as the old gentleman who has been 'taking the lunar' announces the advent of that planet, which seems to exercise as great an influence over the actions of these people as over many of those amongst ourselves, the 'corroboree' commences. The women beat the little sticks together, keeping time to a peculiar monotonous air, and repeating the words, the burden of which when translated may be—

"'The kangaroo is swift, but swifter is Ngoyulloman;  
The snake is cunning, but more cunning is Ngoyulloman,' &c.,

each woman using the name of her husband or favorite in the tribe. The men spring to their feet with a yell that rings through the forest, and, brandishing their spears, boomerangs, &c., commence their dance, flinging themselves into all sorts of attitudes, howling, laughing, grinning, and singing; and this they continue till sheer exhaustion compels them to desist, after which they roast and eat the product of the chase, gathered

for the occasion, and then drop off to sleep one by one."

The reader will see that this great mystery "corrobboree" combines several of the peculiar movements which are to be found in the various dances that have already been described.

A dance of somewhat similar character used to be celebrated by the Tasmanians at the occasion of each full moon, as is described by Mr. G. T. Lloyd. The various tribes assembled at some trysting-place; and while the women prepared the fire, and fenced off a space for the dance, the men retired to adorn themselves with paint, and to fasten bunches of bushy twigs to their ankles, wrists, and waists.

The women being seated at the end of this space, one of the oldest among them strode forward, calling by name one of the performers, reviling him as a coward, and challenging him to appear and answer her charge. The warrior was not long in his response, and, bounding into the circle through the fire, he proclaimed his deeds of daring in war and in the hunt. At every pause he made, his female admirers took up his praises, vaunting his actions in a sort of chant, which they accompanied by extemporized drums formed of rolled kangaroo skins.

Suddenly, upon some inspiring allegretto movement of the thumping band, thirty or forty grim savages would bound successively through the furious flames into the sacred arena, looking like veritable demons on a special visit to *terra firma*, and, after thoroughly exhausting themselves by leaping in imitation of the kangaroo around and through the fire, they vanished in an instant. These were as rapidly succeeded by their lovely gins, who, at a given signal from the beldame speaker, rose *en masse*, and ranging themselves round the fresh-plied flames in a state unadorned and genuine as imported into the world, contorted their arms, legs, and bodies into attitudes that would shame first-class acrobats. The grand point, however, with each of the well-greased beauties was to scream down her sable sister.

This dance, as well as other native customs, has departed, together with the aborigines, from the island, and the native Tasmanians are now practically extinct. There is before me a photograph of the three remaining survivors of these tribes, which some sixty years ago numbered between six and seven thousand. That they should have so rapidly perished under the influence of the white man is explained from the fact that their island is but limited in extent, and that they are altogether inferior to the aborigines of the continent. They are small in stature, the men averaging only five feet three inches in height, and they are very ill-favored in countenance, the line from the nose to the corners of the mouth

being very deep and much curved, so as to enclose the mouth in a pair of parentheses. The hair is cut very closely. This is done by means of two sharp-edged fragments of flint, broken glass being preferred since Europeans settled in the country. Cutting the hair is necessarily a tedious ceremony, only ten or twelve hairs being severed at a time, and upwards of three hours being consumed in trimming a head fit for a dance. Shaving is conducted after the same manner.

The general habits of the Tasmanian natives agree with those of the continent. The mode of climbing trees, however, is a curious mixture of the Australian and Polynesian custom. When the native discovers the marks of an opossum on the bark, he plucks a quantity of wire grass, and rapidly lays it up in a three-stranded plait, with which he encircles the tree and his own waist. By means of a single chop of the tomahawk he makes a slight notch in the bark, into which he puts his great toe, raises himself by it, and simultaneously jerks the grass band up the trunk of the tree. Notch after notch is thus made, and the native ascends with incredible rapidity, the notches never being less than three feet six inches apart.

Often, the opossum, alarmed at the sound of the tomahawk, leaves its nest, and runs along some bare bough, projecting horizontally from eighty to a hundred feet above the ground. The native walks along the bough upright and firm as if the tree were his native place, and shakes the animal into the midst of his companions who are assembled under the tree.

The natives never, in their wild state, wear clothes of any kind. They manufacture cloaks of opossum and kangaroo skins, but only in defence against cold. They are wonderful hunters, and have been successfully employed by the colonists in tracing sheep that had strayed, or the footsteps of the thief who had stolen them. The slightest scratch tell its tale to these quick-eyed people, who know at once the very time at which the impression was made, and, having once seen it, start off at a quick pace, and are certain to overtake the fugitive.

The untimely end of the aboriginal Tasmanians is greatly to be attributed to the conduct of a well-known chief, called Mosquito. He was a native of Sydney, and, having been convicted of several murders, was, by a mistaken act of lenity, transported to Tasmania, when he made acquaintance with the Oyster Bay tribe. Being much taller and stronger than the natives, he was unanimously elected chief, and took the command. His reign was most disastrous for the Tasmanians. He ruled them with a rod of iron, punishing the slightest disobedience with a blow of his tomahawk, not caring in the least whether the culprit were killed or not. He organized a series of depredations on the



property of the colonists, and was peculiarly celebrated for his skill in stealing potatoes, teaching his followers to abstract them from the ridges, and to rearrange the ground so as to look as if it had never been disturbed, and to obliterate all traces of their footmarks with boughs.

Under the influence of such a leader, the natives became murderers as well as thieves, so that the lives of the colonists were always in peril. It was therefore necessary to take some decided measures with them; and after sundry unsuccessful expeditions, the natives at last submitted themselves, and the whole of them, numbering then (1837) scarcely more than three hundred, were removed to Flinder's Island, where a number of comfortable stone cottages were built for them, infinitely superior to the rude bough huts, or miamiams of their own construction. They were liberally supplied with food, clothing, and other necessities, as well as luxuries,

and the Government even appointed a resident surgeon to attend them when ill. All this care was, however, useless. Contact with civilization produced its usual fruits, and in 1861 the native Tasmanians were only thirteen in number. Ten have since died, and it is not likely that the three who survived in 1867 will perpetuate their race.

That the singularly rapid decadence of the Tasmanians was partly caused by the conduct of the shepherds, and other rough and uneducated men in the service of the colonists, cannot be denied. But the white offenders were comparatively few, and quite unable themselves to effect such a change in so short a time. For the real cause we must look to the strange but unvariable laws of progression. Whenever a higher race occupies the same grounds as a lower, the latter perishes, and, whether in animate or inanimate nature, the new world is always built on the ruins of the old.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

#### DOMESTIC LIFE.

MARRIAGE—PURCHASE AND EXCHANGE OF WIVES—A ROUGH WOOING—TREATMENT OF THE WIVES—  
A BRUTAL HUSBAND—NARROW ESCAPE—A FAITHFUL COMPANION—AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS—  
TREATMENT OF THE NEW-BORN INFANT—PRACTICE OF INFANTICIDE—THE MOTHER AND HER  
DEAD CHILD.

WE will now proceed to the domestic life of the native Australian, if, indeed, their mode of existence deserves such a name, and will begin with marriage customs.

Betrothal takes place at a very early age, the girl being often promised in marriage when she is a mere child, her future husband being perhaps an old man with two or three wives and a number of children. Of course the girl is purchased from her father, the price varying according to the means of the husband. Articles of European make are now exceedingly valued; and as a rule, a knife, a glass bottle, or some such article, is considered as a fair price for a wife.

Exchange is often practised, so that a young man who happens to have a sister to spare will look out for some man who has a daughter unbetrothed, and will effect an amicable exchange with him, so that a man who possesses sisters by his father's death is as sure of a corresponding number of wives as if he had the means wherewith to buy them.

Until her intended husband takes her to wife, the betrothed girl lives with her parents, and during this interval she is not watched with the strictness which is generally exercised toward betrothed girls of savages. On the contrary, she is tacitly allowed to have as many lovers as she chooses, provided that a conventional amount of secrecy be observed, and her husband, when he marries her, makes no complaint. After marriage, however, the case is altered, and, if a former lover were to attempt a continuance of the

acquaintance, the husband would avenge himself by visiting both parties with the severest punishment. There is no ceremony about marriage, the girl being simply taken to the hut of her husband, and thenceforth considered as his wife.

In some parts of Australia, when a young man takes a fancy to a girl he obtains her after a rather curious fashion, which seems a very odd mode of showing affection. Watching his opportunity when the girl has strayed apart from her friends, he stuns her with a blow on the head from his waddy, carries her off, and so makes her his wife. The father of the girl is naturally offended at the loss of his daughter, and complains to the elders. The result is almost invariably that the gallant offender is sentenced to stand the ordeal of spear and boomerang. Furnished with only his narrow shield, he stands still, while the aggrieved father and other relatives hurl a certain number of spears and boomerangs at him. It is very seldom that he allows himself to be touched, but, when the stipulated number of throws has been made, he is considered as having expiated his offence, whether he be hit or not.

Polygamy is of course practised, but to no very great extent. Still, although a man may never have more than two or three wives at a time, he has often married a considerable number, either discarding them, when they are too old to please his taste, or perhaps killing them in a fit of anger. The last is no uncommon mode of

getting rid of a wife, and no one seems to think that her husband has acted cruelly. Indeed, the genuine native would not be able to comprehend the possibility of being cruel to his wife, inasmuch as he recognizes in her no right to kind treatment. She is as much his chattel as his spear or hut, and he would no more think himself cruel, in beating his wife to death than in breaking the one or burning the other.

Since white men came to settle in the country the natives have learned to consider them as beings of another sphere, very powerful, but unfortunately possessed with some unaccountable prejudices. Finding, therefore, that breaking a wife's limb with a club, piercing her with a spear, or any other mode of expressing dissatisfaction, shocked the prejudices of the white men, they ceased to mention such practices, though they did not discontinue them.

Quite recently, a native servant was late in keeping his appointment with his master, and, on inquiry, it was elicited that he had just quarrelled with one of his wives, and had speared her through the body. On being rebuked by his master he turned off the matter with a laugh, merely remarking that white men had only one wife, whereas he had two, and did not mind losing one until he could buy another.

Considering and treating the women as mere articles of property, the men naturally repose no confidence in them, and never condescend to make them acquainted with their plans. If they intend to make an attack upon another tribe, or to organize an expedition for robbery, they carefully conceal it from the weaker sex, thinking that such inferior animals cannot keep secrets, and might betray them to the objects of the intended attack.

The utter contempt which is felt by the native Australians for their women is well illustrated by an adventure which occurred after a dance which had been got up for the benefit of the white men, on the understanding that a certain amount of biscuit should be given to the dancers. When the performance was over, the biscuit was injudiciously handed to a woman for distribution. A misunderstanding at once took place. The men, although they would not hesitate to take away the biscuit by force, would not condescend to ask a woman for it, and therefore considered that the promised payment had not been made to them. Some of them, after muttering their discontent, slipped away for their spears and throwing-sticks, and the whole place was in a turmoil.

Fortunately, in order to amuse the natives, the white visitors, who had never thought of the offence that they had given, sent up a few rockets, which frightened the

dark recesses of the forest, they disclosed numbers of armed men among the trees, some alone and others in groups, but all evidently watching the movements of the visitors whose conduct had so deeply insulted them. A friendly native saw their danger at once, and hurried them off to their boats, saying that spears would soon be thrown.

There was much excuse to be found for them. They had been subjected to one of the grossest insults that warriors could receive. To them, women were little better than dogs, and, if there were any food, the warriors first satisfied their own hunger, and then threw to the women any fragments that might be left. Therefore, that a woman — a mere household chattel — should be deputed to distribute food to warriors was a gross, intolerable, and, as they naturally thought, intentional insult. It was equivalent to degrading them from their rank as men and warriors, and making them even of less account than women. No wonder, then, that their anger was roused, and the only matter of surprise is that an attack was not immediately made. Australian warriors have their own ideas of chivalry, and, like the knights of old, feel themselves bound to resent the smallest aspersion cast upon their honor.

Mr. McGillivray, who narrates this anecdote makes a few remarks which are most valuable, as showing the errors which are too often committed when dealing with savages, not only those of Australia, but of other countries.

"I have alluded to this occurrence, trivial as it may appear, not without an object. It serves as an illustration of the policy of respecting the known customs of the Australian race, even in apparently trifling matters, at least during the early period of intercourse with a tribe, and shows how a little want of judgment in the director of our party caused the most friendly intentions to be misunderstood, and might have led to fatal results.

"I must confess that I should have considered any injury sustained on our side to have been most richly merited. Moreover, I am convinced that some at least of the collisions which have taken place in Australia between the first European visitors and the natives of any given district have originated in causes of offence brought on by the indiscretion of one or more of the party, and revenged on others who were innocent."

Mr. McGillivray then proceeds to mention the well-known case of the night attack on Mr. Leichhardt's expedition. For no apparent reason, a violent assault was made on the camp, and Mr. Gilbert was killed. The reason of this attack did not transpire until long afterward, when a native attached to the expedition divulged, in a

state of intoxication, the fact that he and a fellow-countryman had grossly insulted a native woman.

Yet, in spite of this brutal treatment, the women often show a depth of affectionate feeling which raises them far above the brutal savages that enslave them. One remarkable instance of this feeling is mentioned by Mr. Bennett. She had formed an attachment to an escaped convict, who became a bushranger, and enabled him, by her industry and courage, to prolong the always precarious life of a bushranger beyond the ordinary limits.

The chief dangers that beset these ruffians are the necessity for procuring food, and the watch which is always kept by the police. Her native skill enabled her to supply him with food, and, while he was lying concealed, she used to fish, hunt, dig roots, and then to cook them for him. Her native quickness of eye and ear enabled her to detect the approach of the police, and, by the instinctive cunning with which these blacks are gifted, she repeatedly threw the pursuers off the scent. He was utterly unworthy of the affection which she bestowed on him, and used to beat her unmercifully, but, undeterred by his cruelty, she never flinched in her exertions for his welfare; and on one occasion, while he was actually engaged in ill-treating her, the police came upon his place of refuge, and must have captured him, had she not again misled them, and sent them to a spot far from the place where he was hidden. At last, he ventured out too boldly, during her accidental absence, was captured, tried and hanged. But up to the last this faithful creature never deserted him, and, even when he was imprisoned, she tried to follow him, but was reclaimed by her tribe.

When a native woman is about to become a mother she retires into the bush, sometimes alone, but generally accompanied by a female friend, and, owing to the strong constitution of these women, seldom remains in her retirement more than a day or so. Among the natives of Victoria, the ceremony attending the birth of a child is rather curious, and is amusingly described by Mr. Lloyd: "While upon the subject of the Australian aborigines, I must not omit to describe the very original *modus operandi* of the indigenous *sage femme*.

"The unhappy loobra (native woman) retired with her wise woman into some lone secluded dell, abounding with light sea-sand. A fire was kindled, and the wretched miamimim speedily constructed. Then came the slender repast, comprising a spare morsel of kangaroo or other meat, supplied with a sparing hand by her stoical coolie (male native), grilled, and graced with the tendrils of green opiate cow-thistles, or the succulent roots of the bulbous leaf 'mernong.'

"The sable attendant soon entered upon

her interesting duties. One of the first was, to light a second fire over a quantity of prepared sand, that had been carefully divested of all fibrous roots, pebbles, or coarser matter. The burning coals and faggots were removed from thence, upon some nice calculation as to the period of the unfortunate little nigger's arrival. When the miniature representative of his sable father beheld the light of day, a hole was scratched in the heated sand, and the wee russet-brown thing safely deposited therein, in a state of perfect nudity, and buried to the very chin, so effectually covered up as to render any objectionable movement on his or her part utterly impossible.

"So far as any infantine ebullitions of feeling are concerned, the learned *sages femmes* appeared to have a thorough knowledge as to the world-wide method of treating the mewling and puking importunities of unreasoning nurslings. They knew well that a two-hours' sojourn in the desert sand, warm as it might be, would do much to cool the new comer, and temper it into compliance. At the expiration of that time, having acquired so much knowledge of earthly troubles, the well-baked juvenile was considered to be thoroughly done, and thereupon introduced to his delighted loobra mamma."

Following the custom of many savage nations, the Australians too often destroy their children in their first infancy. Among the Muralug tribes the practice is very common. It has already been mentioned that the girls live very unrestrainedly before marriage, and the result is, that a young woman will sometimes have several children before her marriage. As a general rule, these children are at once killed, unless the father be desirous of preserving them. This, however, is seldom the case, and he usually gives the order "*Marana teio*," i. e. Throw it into the hole, when the poor little thing is at once buried alive. Even those children which are born after marriage are not always preserved. In the first place, a woman will scarcely ever take charge of more than three children, and many a female child is destroyed where a male would be allowed to live.

All children who have any bodily defect are sure to be killed, and, as a general rule, half-caste children are seldom allowed to live. The mothers are usually ashamed to acknowledge these murders, but in one case the unnatural parent openly avowed the deed, saying that the infant was like a waragul, i. e. the native dog or dingo. The fact was that its father was a sailor who had fiery red hair, and his offspring partook of the same rufous complexion. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, one of which may be found in the case of the poor woman who was so faithful to her convict mate. She had a male child, which was brought up by

the tribe to which she belonged, and they were so fond of him that they refused to give him up when some benevolent persons tried to obtain possession of him in order to educate him in civilization.

If, however, the child is allowed to live, the Australian mother is a very affectionate one, tending her offspring with the greatest care, and in her own wild way being as loving a parent as can be found in any part of the world. The engraving No. 2, on the next page, illustrates this devotion of Australian mothers to their children.

In nothing is this affection better shown than in the case of a child's death. Although she might have consigned it when an infant to a living grave without a pang of remorse, yet, when it dies after having been nurtured by her, she exhibits a steady sorrow that exhibits the depth of affection with which she regarded the child. When it dies, she swathes the body in many wrappers, places it in her net-bul, or native wallet,

and carries it about with her as if it were alive. She never parts with it for a moment. When she eats she offers food to the dead corpse, as if it were still alive, and when she lies down to sleep, she lays her head upon the wallet, which serves her as a pillow. The progress of decay has no effect upon her, and though the body becomes so offensive that no one can come near her, she seems unconscious of it, and never dreams of abandoning the dreadful burden. In process of time nothing is left but the mere bones, but even these are tended in the same loving manner, and even after the lapse of years the mother has been known to bear, in addition to her other burdens, the remains of her dead child. Even when the child has been from six to seven years old she will treat it in the same manner, and, with this burden on her back, will continue to discharge her heavy domestic duties.



(1.) AN AUSTRALIAN FEAST. (See page 763.)



(2.) AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS.

(See page 788.)



## CHAPTER LXXV.

### AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

#### FROM CHILDHOOD TO MANHOOD.

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN—CEREMONIES ATTENDANT ON BECOMING MEN—ADMISSION TO THE RANK OF HUNTER—CEREMONY OF THE KANGAROO—THE KORADJEES AND THEIR DUTIES—KNOCKING OUT THE TOOTH—TRIAL BY ENDURANCE—TEST OF DETERMINATION—THE MAGIC CRYSTAL—THE FINAL FEAST—INITIATION AMONG THE MOORUNDI AND PARAKALLA TRIBE—THE WITARNA, AND ITS DREADED SOUND—THE WHISPERERS—TAKING THE SECOND DEGREE—THE APRON AND HEAD-NET—THE THIRD AND LAST CEREMONY—ENDURANCE OF PAIN—A NAUO MAN—STORY OF GI'OM—MAKING KOTAIGA OR BROTHERHOOD.

AUSTRALIAN children, while they remain children, and as such are under the dominion of their mothers, are rather engaging little creatures. They cannot be called pretty, partly owing to the total neglect, or rather ignorance, of personal cleanliness, and partly on account of the diet with which they are fed. Their eyes are soft, and possess the half-wistful, half-wild expression that so peculiarly distinguishes the young savage. But they are never washed except by accident, their profuse black hair wanders in unkempt masses over their heads, and their stomachs protrude exactly like those of the young African savage.

In process of time they lose all these characteristics. The wistful expression dies out of their eyes, while the restless, suspicious glance of the savage takes its place. They become quarrelsome, headstrong, and insubordinate, and, after exhibiting these qualifications for a higher rank in life, they become candidates for admission into the rights and privileges of manhood. Among civilized nations, attaining legal majority is a simple process enough, merely consisting of waiting until the candidate is old enough; but with many savage nations, and specially with the Australians, the process of becoming men is a long, intricate, and singularly painful series of ceremonies.

These rites vary according to the locality in which they are celebrated, but they all

agree in one point, namely,—in causing very severe pain to the initiates, and testing to the utmost their endurance of pain. As many of these rites are almost identical in different tribes, I shall not repeat any of them, but only mention those points in which the ceremonies differ from each other.

One of these customs, which seems to belong to almost every variety of savage life, namely, the loss of certain teeth, flourishes among the Australians. The mode of extracting the teeth is simple enough. The men who conduct the ceremony pretend to be very ill, swoon, and writhe on the ground, and are treated after the usual method of healing the sick, *i. e.* their friends make a great howling and shouting, dance round them, and hit them on the back, until each sick man produces a piece of sharp bone.

This ceremony being intended to give the initiates power over the various animals, a series of appropriate ceremonies are performed. On the morning after the sharp bones have been mysteriously produced, the Koradjees, or operators, dress themselves up with bits of fur and other decorations, which are conventionally accepted as representing the dingo, or native dog. The wooden sword, which is thrust into a belt, sticks up over the back, and takes the place of the tail. The boys are then made to sit on the ground, while the koradjees run



round and round them on all fours, thus representing dogs, and giving the lads to understand that the succeeding ceremony will give them power over dogs. In token of this power, each time that they pass the boys they throw sand and dust over them.

Here it must be remarked that the Australian natives are great dog-fanciers, the dog being to them what the pig is to the Sandwich Islanders. There is scarcely a lad who does not possess at least one dog, and many have several, of which they take charge from earliest puppyhood, and which accompany their masters wherever they go. Besides their value as companions, these dogs are useful for another reason. They are a safeguard against famine; for when a man is in danger of starving, he is sure to rescue himself by killing and cooking his faithful dog. The animal has never cost him any trouble. It forages for itself as its best can, and always adheres to its owner, and is always at hand when wanted. The object, therefore, of the first part of the ceremony is to intimate to the lads that they are not only to have dominion over the dogs, but that they ought to possess its excellent qualities.

The next part of the ceremony is intended to give them power over the kangaroos.

Accordingly, a stout native now appears on the scene, bearing on his shoulders the rude effigy of a kangaroo, made of grass; and after him walks another man with a load of brushwood. The men move with measured steps, in time to the strokes of clubs upon shields, wherewith the spectators accompany the songs which they sing. At the end of the dance, the men lay their burdens at the feet of the youths, the grass effigy signifying the kangaroo, and the brushwood being accepted as a sign of its haunts.

The koradjees now take upon themselves the character of the kangaroo, as they formerly personated the dog. They make long ropes of grass in imitation of the kangaroo's tail, and fasten them at the back of their girdles. They then imitate the various movements of the kangaroo, such as leaping, feeding, rising on their feet and looking about them, or lying down on their sides and scratching themselves, as kangaroos do when basking in the sun. As they go through these performances, several men enact the part of hunters, and follow them with their spears, pretending to steal upon them unobserved, and so to kill them.

After a few more ceremonies, the men lie on the ground, and the boys are led over their prostrate bodies, the men groaning and writhing, and pretending to suffer horrible agony from the contact with uninitiates. At last the boys are drawn up in a row, and opposite to them stands the principal korad-je, holding his shield and waddy, with which he keeps up a series of regular

strokes, the whole party poisoning their spears at him, and at every third stroke touching his shield.

The operators now proceed to the actual removal of the tooth. The initiates are placed on the shoulders of men seated on the ground, and the operator then lances the gums freely with the sharp bone. One end of a wummerah, or throw-stick, is next placed on the tooth, and a sharp blow is struck with the stone, knocking out the tooth, and often a piece of gum also if the lancing has not been properly done.

Among another tribe, the initiate is seated opposite a tree. A stick is then placed against the trunk of the tree, with its other end resting on the tooth. The operator suddenly pushes the lad's head forward, when, as a matter of course, the tooth comes out. The blood is allowed to flow over the spot, and, as it is a sign of manhood, is never washed off.

The tooth being finally extracted, the boy is led to a distance, and his friends press the wounded gum together, and dress him in the emblems of his rank as a man. The opossum fur belt, or kumeel, is fastened round his waist, and in it is thrust the wooden sword, which he, as a warrior, is now expected to use. A bandage is tied round his forehead, in which are stuck a number of grass-tree leaves; his left hand is placed over his mouth, and for the rest of the day he is not allowed to eat.

In some parts of the country there is a curious addition to the mere loss of the tooth. The warriors stand over the lad, exhorting him to patience, and threatening him with instant death if he should flinch, cry out, or show any signs of pain. The operators then deliberately cut long gashes all down his back, and others upon his shoulders. Should he groan, or display any symptoms of suffering, the operators give three long and piercing yells, as a sign that the youth is unworthy to be a warrior. The women are summoned, and the recreant is handed over to them, ever after to be ranked with the women, and share in their menial and despised tasks.

Even after passing the bodily ordeal, he has to undergo a mental trial. There is a certain mysterious piece of crystal to which various magic powers are attributed, and which is only allowed to be seen by men, who wear it in their hair, tied up in a little packet. This crystal, and the use to which it is put, will be described when we come to treat of medicine among the Australians.

The youth having been formally admitted as a huntsman, another ring is formed round him, in order to see whether his firmness of mind corresponds with his endurance of body. Into the hands of the maimed and bleeding candidate the mysterious crystal is placed. As soon as he has taken it, the old men endeavor by all their arts to persuade

him to give it up again. Should he be weak-minded enough to yield, he is rejected as a warrior; and not until he has successfully resisted all their threats and cajoleries is he finally admitted into the rank of men.

The ceremony being over, a piercing yell is set up as a signal for the women to return to the camp, and the newly-admitted man follows them, accompanied by their friends all chanting a song of joy, called the *korinda braia*. They then separate to their respective fires, where they hold great feasting and rejoicings (see engraving No. 1, page 759); and the ceremonies are concluded with the dances in which the Australians so much delight.

As may be gathered from the account of these ceremonies, the lad who is admitted into the society of hunters thinks very much of himself, and addresses himself to the largest game of Australia; namely, the emu and the dingo. When he has succeeded in killing either of these creatures, he makes a trophy, which he carries about for some time, as a proof that he is doing credit to his profession. This trophy consists of a stick a yard or so in length, to one end of which is tied the tail of the first dingo he kills, or a huge tuft of feathers from the first emu. These trophies he displays everywhere, and is as proud of them as an English lad of his first brush, or of his first pheasant's tail.

Among the Moorundi natives, who live on the great Murray River, another ceremony is practised. When the lads are about sixteen years old, and begin to grow the beard and moustache which become so luxuriant in their after-life, preparations are quietly made by sending for some men from a friendly tribe, who are called, from their office, the *weeroos*, or pluckers. When they have arrived, the lads who have been selected are suddenly pounced upon by some one of their own tribe, and conducted to the place of initiation, which is marked by two spears set in the ground, inclining to each other, and being decorated with bunches of emu feathers. They are then smeared over with red ochre and grease, and the women flock round them, crying bitterly, and cutting their own legs with mussel-shells, until they inflict horrible gashes, and cause the blood to flow abundantly. In fact, a stranger would think that the women, and not the lads, were the initiates.

The boys lie down, with their heads to the spears, surrounded by their anxious friends, who watch them attentively to see if they display any indications of flinching from pain. The *weeroos* now advance, and pluck off every hair from their bodies, thus causing a long and irritating torture. When they have endured this process, green branches are produced, and fastened to the bodies of the lads, one being worn as an apron, and the others under the arms. Two kangaroo teeth are then fastened in the

hair, and the young men, as they are now termed, are entitled to wear a bunch of emu feathers in their hair.

With another tribe there is a curious variation. The initiate is brought to the selected spot by an old man, and laid on his back in the midst of five fires, each fire consisting of three pieces of wood laid across each other so as to form a triangle. An opossum-skin bag is laid on his face, and the various operations are then performed.

Among the Parnkallas, and other western tribes, there are no less than three distinct ceremonies before the boys are acknowledged as men.

The first ceremony is a very simple one. When the boys are twelve or fifteen years old, they are carried away from the women, and are blindfolded. The operators then begin to shout the words "Herri, herri" with the full force of their lungs, swinging at the same time the mysterious instrument called the *witarna*.

This mysterious implement is a small shuttle-shaped piece of wood, covered with carved ornaments, and being suspended, by a hole cut at one end, from a string made of plaited human hair. When swung rapidly in the air, it makes a loud humming or booming sound. The *witarna* is kept by the old men of the tribe, and is invested with sundry and somewhat contradictory attributes. Its sound is supposed to drive away evil spirits, and at the same time to be very injurious to women and children, no uninitiated being allowed to hear it. Consequently the women are horribly afraid of it, and take care to remove themselves and their children so far from the place of initiation that there is no chance of being reached by the dreaded sound.

When the *witarna* has been duly swung, and the blindfolded boys have for the first time heard its booming sound, the operators advance, and blacken the faces of the boys, ordering them at the same time to cease from using their natural voices, and not to speak above a whisper until they are released from their bondage. They remain whisperers for several months, and, when they resume their voices, assume the title of *warrara*.

They remain in the condition of *warrara* for at least two, and sometimes three years, when they undergo a ceremony resembling the circumcision of the Jews. Their hair is tied in a bunch on the top of the head, is not allowed to be cut, and is secured by a net.

The net used for this purpose is made out of the tendons drawn from the tails of kangaroos. When they kill one of these animals, the natives always reserve the tendons, dry them carefully in the sun, and keep them in reserve for the many uses to which they are put. The sinews taken from the leg of the emu are dried and prepared in the same manner. In order to convert the sinew

into thread, two of the fibres are taken and rolled upon the thigh, just as is done with the fibre of the bulrush root. A thread of many yards long is thus spun, and is formed into a net with meshes made exactly after the European fashion. Sometimes it is left plain, but usually it is colored with red ochre, or white with pipe-clay, according to the taste of the wearer. These tendons, by the way, are valued by the white colonists, who use them chiefly for whip-lashes, and say that the tendon is more durable than any other material.

The initiates of the second degree are also distinguished by wearing a bell-shaped apron, made of opossum fur spun together, and called "mabbirringe." This is worn until the third and last ceremony. The young men are now distinguished by the name of Partnapas, and are permitted to marry, though they are not as yet considered as belonging to the caste, if we may so call it, of warriors.

Even now, the young men have not suffered sufficient pain to take their full rank, and in course of time a ceremony takes place in which they become, so to speak, different beings, and change, not only their appearance, but their names. Up to this time, they have borne the names given to them by their mothers in childhood, names which are always of a trivial character, and which are mostly numerical. For example, if the first child be a boy, it is called Peri (*i. e.* Primus); if a girl, Kartanya (*i. e.* Prima). The second boy is Wari (or Secundus), the second girl Waruyau, and so on. Sometimes the name is taken from the place where the child was born, or from some accidental circumstance, such as the appearance of a bird or insect, or the falling of a shower of rain. But, when the youth becomes a man, he puts away this childish name, and chooses another for himself, which marks him out as a man and a warrior. The process of converting a lad into a man is admirably told by Mr. G. F. Angas:—

"In the third and last ceremony the young men are styled *Wilyalkunye*, when the most important rites take place. Each individual has a sponsor chosen for him, who is laid on his back upon another man's lap, and surrounded by the operators, who enjoin him to discharge his duties aright. The young men are then led away from the camp, and blindfolded; the women lamenting and crying, and pretending to object to their removal.

"They are taken to a retired spot, laid upon their stomachs, and entirely covered over with kangaroo skins; the men uttering the most dismal wail imaginable, at intervals of from three to five minutes. After lying thus for some time, the lads are raised, and, whilst still blindfolded, two men throw green boughs at them, while the others stand

in a semicircle around, making a noise with their *wirris* and voices combined, which is so horrible that the wild dogs swell the hideous chorus with their howlings. Suddenly one of the party drops a bough, others follow; and a platform of boughs is made, on which the lads are laid out. The sponsors then turn to and sharpen their pieces of quartz, choosing a new name for each lad, which is retained by him during life. These names all end either in *alta*, *ilti*, or *ulta*. Previous to this day they have borne the names of their birth-places, &c.; which is always the case amongst the women, who never change them afterward. The sponsors now open the veins of their own arms, and, raising the lads, open their mouths, and make them swallow the first quantity of blood.

"The lads are then placed on their hands and knees, and the blood caused to run over their backs, so as to form one coagulated mass; and when this is sufficiently cohesive, one man marks the places for the tattooing by removing the blood with his thumb nail. The sponsor now commences with his quartz, forming a deep incision in the nape of the neck, and then cutting broad gashes from the shoulder to the hip down each side, about an inch apart. These gashes are pulled open by the fingers as far as possible; the men all the while repeating very rapidly, in a low voice, the following incantation:—

" 'Kanya, marra, marra,  
Kano, marra, marra,  
Pilbirri, marra, marra.'

When the cutting is over, two men take the *witarnas*, and swing them rapidly round their heads, advancing all the time toward the young men. The whole body of operators now draw round them, singing and beating their *wirris*, and, as they reach the lads, each man puts the string of the *witarna* over the neck of every lad in succession. A bunch of green leaves is tied round the waist, above which is a girdle of human hair; a tight string is fastened round each arm just above the elbow, with another about the neck, which descends down the back, and is fixed to the girdle of hair; and their faces and the upper part of their bodies, as far as the waist, are blackened with charcoal.

"The ceremony concludes by the men all clustering round the initiated ones, enjoining them again to whisper for some months, and bestowing upon them their advice as regards hunting, fighting and contempt of pain. All these ceremonies are carefully kept from the sight of the women and children; who, when they hear the sound of the *witarna*, hide their heads, and exhibit every outward sign of terror."

The illustration No. 1, on page 765, is given in order to show the curious appearance



(1.) MINTALTA, A NAUO MAN.  
(See page 764.)



(2.) YOUNG MAN AND BOY. (South Australia.) (See page 771.)



(3.) SMALL STONE HUT.

(See p. 771.)



(4.) TOMB OF SKULLS. (Cape York.) (See page 766.)



of a Nauo man. Illustration No. 2, tiny stone structure shown in the illustration No. 3 is the curing place for the pair of dark eyes one can ever imagine. patients to lie in. And, illustration No. 4 shows a tomb of skulls as prepared by the North Australians. The elder associate is an unkempt but well-fed and contented young man belonging to the Parnkalla tribe. The



